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V O L. VII.

“ SCHAMYL.”

“ THE RUSSIANS OF THE SOUTH.”

“ A LOVE STORY.”

“ CONFESSIONS OF A WORKING MAN.”

SCHAMYL:
THE
SULTAN, WARRIOR, AND PROPHET
OF
THE CAUCASUS.

TRANSLATED.
FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. F. WAGNER AND F. BODENSTEDT,
BY LASCELLES WRAXALL.

Si l'on s'est trop appesanti sur quelques détails de combats et de prises de villes qui ressemblent à d'autres combats et à d'autres sièges, on en demande pardon au lecteur philosophe : et on n'a d'autre excuse, sinon que ces petits faits, étant liés au grand, marchent nécessairement à leur suite.—VOLTAIRE—(*Hist. de l'Empire de Russie.*)

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P R E F A C E .

THE history of few countries is so interesting, and yet so little known, as that of the Caucasus. A mysterious veil, very rarely, and then only partially, raised, has covered for centuries this land and its inhabitants. The reports which, from time to time, have reached Europe from these majestic mountains, have sounded like the echo of the myths of antiquity. We heard that the Russians had penetrated to the banks of the Phasis, to carry off the golden fleece of liberty from the evergreen forests of Colchis, and armed bands, contending with and destroying each other, sprang up from the human bones with which the Colchian plains were bestrewed.

We are aware that the Russians have converted the Caucasus into an immense camp—that war has been carried on there for a length of time—that the mountains are commanded by Russian forts in every direction; but why

the Emperor annually fills Daghistan with the corpses of his warriors—why, and with what right, Russia commenced this unholy war, whose end is still incalculable—we still require information. To furnish this, if only in a slight measure, is the purpose of my present work.

Any one who believes that the termination of this struggle depends on the destruction of stone forts, and the extirpation of a few forests, does not understand the nature of the Caucasian war.

The Russians may cover all the countries of the Caucasus with their armies—they may raze all the forts and burn the forests, and even melt the snow of the towering peaks with the fire of their artillery—and yet the unhappy war would not be terminated. They may search out the most hidden ravines in Daghistan, build new cabins in the desolate abodes of the ancient heroes, and extirpate the entire population of the mountains—and still the flame of war, ever fanned afresh, will continue to burn for ages. For this struggle is not merely one between man and man—it is a contest between the mountain and the steppe.

The population of the Caucasus may be changed; but the breeze of liberty blowing from its mountains will ever remain the same. Strengthened by this breeze, even Russian mercenaries would grow into patriots, and a new hero-race would spring up from their descendants.

to turn their arms against the same serfdom, in the extension of which their fathers were once the blind instruments.

As for my own share in this little book, I can only lay claim to the merit of selection and arrangement: the materials I found ready to hand in several German works. My original intention had been to render a simple version of a pamphlet published in Germany, within the year, and called *Schamyl, als Feldherr, Sultan, und Prophet des Kaukasus*. Finding, however, during the progress of my task, that Dr. Wagner's work did not furnish that guarantee of solidity which could alone render it acceptable to the English reader, I was compelled to add copious extracts from Friedrich Bodenstedt's splendid book, *Die Völker des Kaukasus*, which has, indeed, been a source of inspiration to *all* recent writers on the Caucasus, not excepting Dr. Wagner himself.

LASCELLES WRAXALL.

SCHAMYL.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROPHETS OF THE CAUCASUS.

SCHAMYL AT HIMRI.—HIS THREE MYSTERIOUS ESCAPES FROM DEATH.—MANSUR BEY, THE FIRST PROPHET OF THE CAUCASUS.—KASI MULLAH, SCHAMYL'S INSTRUCTOR.—HIS HEROIC DEATH IN THE BREACH.

It was on the 18th October, 1832, that the Russians made their last and victorious attack upon the Caucasian fortress of Himri, into which the enemy, under the command of the chieftain Kasi Mullah, and of the Murid* Schamyl, had thrown themselves. The conflict had been raging for several days with unexampled bravery on both sides; but, despite the numerical superiority of the Russian forces, and the terrible ally they possessed in their artillery, every summons to surrender was rejected by the dauntless mountaineers. In their wild fanaticism, chanting verses of the Koran, they poured their death-dealing shower of bullets on the foes. The triple wall of this eyry had been already breached. The towers of the fortress had been destroyed by the Russian cannon; but Kasi Mullah and Schamyl obstinately rejected any thought of surrender. At sunrise, on the 18th October, the fortress was at length stormed, and after a most sanguinary and murderous hand-to-hand contest, it fell into the power of the Russians. Kasi Mullah, and a great number of the Murids, were killed at Schamyl's side: the latter was himself wounded by a bullet, and received a bayonet thrust; but he

* The Murids are members of a sacred corps, who have consecrated themselves to death for their faith.

cut a path through the combatants, disappeared in an extraordinary manner, and in two years the Caucasus once again resounded with the glory of his name.

It has been frequently asserted, and in various quarters, that Schamyl was taken prisoner at Himri by the Russians, carried to St. Petersburg, and, after receiving a commission in the Russian army, sent to fight against his own countrymen. In consequence of an insult he received from his superior officer, he took advantage of the first opportunity to rejoin the enemies of Russia. It is even asserted that, at a later date, a wounded Russian officer, who had been taken prisoner, had been led before him, and that Schamyl, recognising in him his most intimate friend during his residence in St. Petersburg, restored him to liberty, after a lengthened conversation. This pretended conversation was naturally repeated with a variety of details, which invested it with a highly interesting character.

The anecdote we have just mentioned is certainly true, though with this distinction, that the hero of it was not Schamyl, but Daniel Bey, who is now Schamyl's friend and comrade in arms. Daniel Bey had indeed been made a Russian general, but deserted, and went from Tiflis to Sklissia, of which country he was Sultan, and where he again raised the banner of revolt. The Russian colonel, Belgard, marched against him with a large body of troops, and took Sklissia by storm. Daniel, however, escaped, and joined Schamyl, who appointed him one of his staff-officers.

It may be easily conjectured that Schamyl's miraculous escape furnished the mountaineers with materials for the most extraordinary rumours. Among these, one was current, that Schamyl had really been killed at Himri, but Allah had recalled him to life, in order to give a visible sign, by the resurrection of the prophet, that he was the chosen leader of his co-religionists.

In the year 1834, Schamyl's life was for the second time preserved in a marvellous manner. The scene of this occurrence was Chunsak, the residence of the Khan of the Avarians. The Khanum, Pashubike, who was devoted to the Russian interest, refused to join Kasi Mullah in 1830. At a later date,

Hamsad Bey, the successor of this prophet, took possession of Chunsak, and after treacherously killing the two sons of the Khanum, who had come to his tent for the purpose of negotiation, ended the tragedy by executing their mother.

But there is never any lack of avengers in Daghistan, and the new leader of the Murids was fated to fall by the hands of two of his most faithful and distinguished comrades.

The two brothers, Osman and Hadji Murad, had been brought up with Omar Khan, the eldest son of the Khanum of Chunsak. At the instigation of their own father, they avenged the death of their friend, by cutting down Hamsad Bey in the mosque. Osman fell by the sabres of the Murids, but his brother inflamed the nation to rise in insurrection. A great number of Murids were assassinated in the mosque, and those who escaped took refuge in the tower. Schamyl, who had followed Hamsad Bey to the mosque, was among the number. They defended themselves with the courage of despair. Hadji Murad gave orders to set the tower on fire, and only two Murids escaped the flames. One was the betrayer of the plot, who had sworn on the Koran to keep it secret, but had revealed it to Hadji Murad. He was recaptured, however, and burnt alive. The other was Schamyl himself, who again disappeared without leaving a trace, and in a most marvellous fashion.

Schamyl's third escape from impending death was not a whit less extraordinary. It took place in the year 1839, at the storming of the fortress of Achulko, where the most dauntless bravery and contempt of death were again displayed on either side. The wives of the Tchetchenzes stood on the surrounding rocks in their fluttering robes, hurling down immense masses of stone on the assailants, and incited their husbands by their wild cries. "I cannot understand how," a Russian officer who was engaged in the struggle afterwards wrote—"I cannot understand how every thing then appeared to me so natural. But the most cowardly among us were at that moment as wild as panthers, and more terrible lightning flashed from our eyes than from our muskets. We bathed in blood, we clambered over corpses, and the groans of the dying were our music. I saw

every thing, but did not regard it humanly, as would otherwise have been the case: for the god within me was dead, and only the devil alive."

The fortress had been taken, but Schamyl himself, the object of all this toil, was neither among the killed nor the prisoners. Above the Russians a few Tchetchenzes were still visible in the rocky cliffs, and after a while some deserters came down, who, on cross examination, confessed that Schamyl was there, and intended to let himself down by ropes during the night. Trustworthy soldiers were immediately selected to guard the place which the deserters had indicated. At midnight a slight noise was heard. A Lesghi was let down, who, after careful examination of the terrain, gave a signal, and a second Caucasian came down from the heights with the activity of a cat. He was followed by a third, wrapped up in a white cloak, such as Schamyl usually wore: the Russians burst from their hiding-place, and hurriedly conducted the three prisoners to their general's tent. Here, however, it was soon discovered that the fugitive they had taken for Schamyl, was an entirely different person; while the real Schamyl, at the moment when the Russians left the spot, descended from his eyry, and reached the banks of the Koïssu. Showers of bullets were in vain sent after him: he gained the opposite bank, and disappeared.

Schamyl himself never revealed in what manner he succeeded in escaping from Achulko; for it was of the utmost importance for him to increase the sanctity that attached to his name, and cause the people to believe that a miracle would always be performed, whenever his life or liberty was imperilled.

However, before we proceed to give any account of Schamyl's history, it will be advisable, in order to comprehend what we shall have to say about him, to give a short account of two men, who distinguished themselves before his advent as leaders of the forces opposed to the Russians.

In the East, and indeed in every partially civilized country, where no written history exists, or, at the most, is utterly unknown, the oral traditions are interwoven with a multitude of fables, and it is always difficult to separate the chaff from the

tares—the gold from its alloy. In addition to this, the more marvellous a story is, the more attractive is it to the many. In no country is this propensity so evident as in the Caucasus, where stories, as they pass from mouth to mouth, are more and more adorned, so that it at last becomes a matter of extreme difficulty to separate truth from fiction.

Elja Mansur takes a prominent place among those chieftains about whom the most extraordinary stories are in circulation. His real name was Dervish Muhammad, and Daghistan the first place where he actively appeared. At the head of an army of Lesghis and Tchetchenzes, he made an attack on Kisliar, where, however, he was driven back with a great loss: the same fate he also experienced at Navur, where the wives of the Cossacks fought by the side of their husbands.

Mansur Bey was the first who strenuously exerted himself to unite the several tribes of the Caucasus, in order to cope with the Russians with a greater chance of success. He preached the Koran, and succeeded in converting the princes and nobles of the Ubychs and of Daghistan, who, since that time, have remained faithful to the Muhammadan religion.*

Mansur Bey was a man of talent, and addicted to the severest temperance—qualities which doubtlessly heightened the magic of his name, and it still lives in the remembrance of the mountaineers. He had several imitators and successors in his holy mission; but neither Gus Bey nor Djimbulat attained the high reputation which he acquired. It would therefore be a waste of time to inquire into the deeds and lives of these two chieftains.

A much more important part, however, was played by the already mentioned Kasi Mullah, a man of short stature, with small eyes, a scanty beard, and a face disfigured by pockmarks. He had been brought up by the Mullah of the aoul (village) of Bereckeï in Koïssu-bula. This chieftain discovered extraordinary abilities in the young man, and consequently sent him to Kadi Muhammad, in the territory of the Khan Aslan.

* Mansur was taken prisoner by the Russians in 1791, at the siege of Anapa, and carried to the convent of Solovetki, on the Black Sea, where he soon died.

In the year 1821, however, this Khan expelled both teacher and pupil from his country, and Kasi then became a travelling scribe, an occupation which furnished him opportunities of forming an accurate acquaintance with all the peculiarities of the country, which afterwards was filled with the glory of his name.

A short time afterwards, in the year 1830, he was seen at the head of a band of Murids, whom he had himself instructed in strategy. With this little corps he declared war against the Russians. Naurus Bey, who was confined as a prisoner in Derbend, effected his escape, and became a partisan of Kasi. The Mullah did not, like other chieftains, bear arms himself, and took no active part in the contest, save by inciting the faithful by the fire of his eloquence.

At this time Paskievitch had just left to open the campaign against the Poles, and his command had been entrusted to General Pancratieff, upon which the prophet appeared before Tarku with a band of Lesghis and Tchetchenzes. The citadel of this town, called Burnaya—or the stormy—was commanded by Major Fodosseyef, and was only occupied by a weak garrison. If Kasi Mullah had attacked it from the mountain side, he would undoubtedly have taken it: but he preferred a blockade of the town, which lies further to the east. In this he had two important objects in view. The first was to gain possession of the wells, which exclusively furnish the town with water, and the second, to capture the powder magazine, which lay in the immediate vicinity.

His undertaking was entirely successful: but at the moment when the mountain warriors burst into the powder magazine, a grenade was fired at it from the citadel. The magazine exploded, and hundreds of the Tcherkess lost their lives in consequence.

In the meanwhile, the garrison made repeated and furious sallies, but they suffered horribly from thirst, and appeared to have no other choice except to give up the citadel or bury themselves under the ruins. In this necessity a Tartar offered to inform General Kachanoff of the desperate position in which Tarku was. He sprang down from the walls: the Russians fired at

him, and he returned their fire. In consequence of this ruse he was looked upon as a deserter, and was allowed to continue his journey unimpeded. A few days later, General Kachanoff received a note in a gun-barrel, informing of the danger which impended over the menaced fortress. He hurried off immediately to their assistance, and the delight of the garrison was very great when they heard the thunder of the Russian cannon. The battle was a terrible one, and raged for two days; on the 30th May, however, Kasi Mullah raised the siege, and retired to Tabasseran, to induce the inhabitants to join the insurgents. Colonel Miklacheffski was sent to disperse his troops, in which he succeeded after a brilliant campaign, which only lasted a fortnight, and through which the commander of the expedition received the title of the "Black Colonel" from the mountaineers, in consequence of the terror he caused them. At the same time they altered Kasi Mullah's name into Tasi Mullah, or dog, to express the sufferings to which he exposed them.

In the face of this defeat, Kasi Mullah commenced on the 19th August the siege of Derbend—a town of considerable importance, in which he had some confederates. Major Vasle-croff, however, the commandant of the fort Narynkali, inflamed the courage of the inhabitants with such success, that the Tartars came to him and demanded arms, and indeed gave the Russians powerful assistance in their sallies. A murderous contest took place here, in which the Russians, although inferior in numbers, were the victors. Every stratagem which Kasi Mullah now employed, only served to lower him in the estimation of the nation; and when he received information, on the 27th August, of the approach of General Kachanoff, he raised the siege and fled to the mountains.

The Russians, in return for these inroads, took the aouls of Duvek, Madjalis, Erpeli, and Tcherkey, from which they carried off an immense amount of booty; for the Lesghis had concealed their valuables there, under the impression that they would be in perfect safety. At the capture of Hurment-juk, another populous aoul, Abd-ur-Achman, one of Kasi Mullah's captains, burnt alive in a tower, together with about fifty Murids.

All these defeats, however, did not prevent Kasi Mullah from surprising the town of Kisliar in broad daylight, on the 1st November. He acquired a considerable amount of booty, more especially by raising a forced contribution from the Armenian merchants. On the 2nd December, the Russians made an attack on the aoul of Tjum Kesun. Colonel Mikeeffski was killed upon this expedition; but, before drawing his last breath, he said to his soldiers, "Take it," and they took the aoul by storm, and murdered the whole of the inhabitants.

On the 17th October, 1832, General Rosen, after traversing the defile of Himri, which the mountaineers had asserted to be impassable except after rain, attacked the village and fortress of the same name, and on the following day the storm took place, which we referred to at the commencement of this chapter. The volunteers from the regiment of sappers took the last tower at the point of the bayonet, and Kasi Mullah perished in the breach, in a manner worthy the hero and the prophet. Covered with wounds, bathed in blood, and fully prepared for death, he sank on his knees, and cheered on his followers by his invocations to Allah. He received the deathblow undauntedly, holding his beard by the left hand, and the other raised to heaven.

His comrade in arms, whose lot it was to escape from this scene of horror, was SCHAMYL, whose life we purpose to describe, after giving a short account and history of the theatre of his deeds, upon which this wonderful man has for the last thirty years been playing a part, which has filled both friend and foe with astonishment and admiration.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAUCASUS AS KNOWN TO THE ANCIENTS.

MOUNT ARARAT AND THE DELUGE.—THE AMAZONS.—THE ARGONAUTS.—ALEXANDER OF MACEDON.—MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS.—THE DOMINION OF THE ROMANS.—INFORMATION ABOUT THE CAUCASUS DERIVED FROM BYZANTINE AND ARABIAN HISTORIOGRAPHERS.—THE MONGOLIANS.—CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES.—THE GENOESE.

THERE are few countries in which nature developes so great an amount of poetry as in the Caucasus. Its natural beauties are on a more magnificent scale than those of the Alpine world, and its inhabitants justly enjoy the reputation of being the handsomest race of beings the earth can any where produce.

The country watered by the Tigris and Euphrates does not form a portion of the Russian empire—the cradle of humanity has not yet been conquered by the Muscovite; but the territory which, according to tradition, was punished by the deluge, has been for some time in the power of the Russians.

Erivan, the capital of Russian Armenia, signifies in that language “whole,” for Noah’s ark was seen here in its entirety. *Nahit-jevan* signifies the “half,” and *Echmiadzin* the “quarter.” These different denominations indicate the passage of the ark over various districts. Before the ark reached Ararat, it is said to have rested on the Elb-rouss, and the inhabitants of this province assert, that it split the summit of the mountain into the two peaks which are now visible.

Grecian mythology made the Caucasus the scene of a very important event in its annals. Prometheus was chained to a rock in this range of mountains, as a punishment for stealing fire from heaven. This myth still lives in the memory of the inha-

bitants, who narrate it with a few very unimportant variations.

Herodotus places the Amazons in the Caucasus. The Scythians, according to his account, were not able to conquer the Amazons ; they, therefore, commenced negotiations with them, and were at length united in matrimony. The Sarmatians were the result of this alliance. Popular tradition fully accords with the narration of the "Father of History," and states that the Circassians or Tcherkess originally inhabited Tauris, and after proceeding to the Caucasus, and finding their inability to conquer the Amazons, they put an end to the contest by marrying them.

The manners and customs of the Circassian women of the present day, are perfectly adapted to confirm this tradition ; for they share all the fatigues and dangers of the war with their husbands. The sunnite women are more especially distinguished by their courage ; and at the capture of Achulko, the Russians regarded in astonishment 400 women, who, after performing the bravest actions, preferred death to captivity. As soon as they saw that all was irremediably lost, they hurled themselves down from the precipices into the abyss that yawned beneath them.

Herodotus had a very accurate acquaintance with the Caspian Sea. He gives its length and breadth with great exactitude, and declares that it is an "isolated lake ;" while Ptolemæus afterwards propagated the erroneous opinion, that it communicated with other bodies of water.

Colchis was the present Mingrelia : here was the Golden Fleece, to obtain which the Greeks made two expeditions, those of Phryxus and of the Argonauts. The former settled in Kytai or Kutais, the present capital of Mingrelia, and his children welcomed Jason, the leader of the Argonauts, who landed with his comrades at the mouth of the Phasis, and traversed the territory of Circe. According to Herodotus, Jason carried off the treasures of Æetes and his daughter Medea, whom the Greeks declined to restore. To avenge this insult, Darius Hystaspes took up arms against the Greeks.

Alexander of Macedon, on his march to India, completed the subjugation of Georgia, (Iberia,) and Tzcheta was the only town

which offered him a long and heroic resistance. After the conquest of the town, he ordered the walls to be levelled with the ground ; all the children below the age of fifteen to be killed, and the inhabitants carried off as prisoners. One of his captains, Ason by name, he appointed governor of Iberia. Before any great lapse of time, however, Pharnaces, a descendant of the almost extinct royal family, found a hidden treasure, with which he raised a numerous band of partisans. He took up arms against Ason, and, after killing him, restored the independence of his country.

Mithridates, King of Pontus and the Bosphorus, took possession of Colchis and Abasia ; and Atagus, King of Iberia, and Oraces, King of Albania, became tributary to him. Tigranes, King of Armenia, and his son-in-law, supported him in his war against the Romans. He was defeated by Pompey, 65 B.C., when he fled to the mountains of the Caucasus ; while Athalus, the governor of Colchis, graced the victor's triumphal procession.

The Romans subjugated Georgia and Colchis, but these countries were of very little service to them, and they contented themselves with the nomination of the kings selected from the people. This state of things lasted till the overthrow of the Roman Empire.

The apostles, Simon of Cana, and Andrew, preached in Abasia and Colchis, but apparently with slight success. As Strabo had an uncle, Moaphernes, who was one of the prefects of King Mithridates, this circumstance materially assisted him in obtaining accurate accounts of the Caucasus. "Iberia," he states, "was inhabited by four different castes of men. To the first belong the kings ; to the second, the priests ; to the third, the husbandmen ; and to the fourth, the servants or slaves."

Strabo speaks of the Kerketæ or Terutæ, who are the Tcherkess of the present day ; of the Soanes ; of the Legæ, who are now known by the name of the Lesghis ; and of the Aorsi, who are, with great probability, the Avarians on the Caspian Sea (*Aior* in the Scythian language means *man*).

Albanians were the neighbours of the two latter tribes.

The Aorsi carried on commerce with India, and aided the Romans in annihilating the Siraces.

The river Kuban was called by Strabo the Hypanis, and the mountain chain he mentions as Koh-chaf, or Casp. The Pilsæ Caspiæ of Pliny are found in the pass of Dariel, which Ptolemæus calls "the Sarmatian Gate." A few remains of a wall have indeed led to the inference that a gate formerly existed in this defile, which could be closed and defended with such ease, that a single man could check the passage of a whole army.

The ancients called the river Kur, the Cyrus: the Koïssu, the Cassius: and the river Jorak or Jorrochi, by the name of the Apsarus. The present Rion was the Glauchus of Strabo, the Surium of Pliny, and the Rheone of Procopius. The river called by the ancients the Phasis, now bears the name of Kvirila. The Romans believed that the Cyrus and the Rion were navigable, and that the Indian trade could be carried by this route; but it is now proved, that these rivers had only sufficient depth of water for vessels at their mouths.

The information relative to the Caucasus, handed down to us by the Byzantine historiographers, is remarkably scanty. Constantine, however, was acquainted with the Abkasians or Abchasians, and the Zichæ. Procopius gave the Alans the name of Goths, and Eustathius informs us that their name signified "inhabitants of the mountains." Massudi, Eben-Haual, and Jakaut, are our chief Arabic sources of information; but they are notorious for their love of exaggeration and credulity, and must, therefore, be read with caution.

To narrate in a few words what is derived from these sources, we will mention that they call the Caucasus "Kabokh," a word which has considerable affinity with the Chabkoth of the Armenians, and which is also found again in the Kabardah, which the Tcherkess distinguish by the name of Aghlo-Cabac. The province of Schirvan derived its name from that of the Persian prince, to whom King Nuschirevan intrusted the administration of that country. Kosroë confirmed several Caucasian princes in their governments, and invested them with the title of Schah. Herarzan-Schah, Tilan-Schah, Tabarseran-Schah, Charijan-

Schah, and Tran-Schah, were the princes of Nodi and Zeren-geran.

In the country of the Lesghis, the Arabian authors make mention of two towns, Tachar and Sinass, and add that the inhabitants lived on Yult, a species of corn, which bears some resemblance in appearance to barley, but tastes like wheat. Iran, a province of the Caucasus, was situated between Derbend and Schirvan. Arran was the name of the country extending from the Araxes to Derbend; but at the present time the name is restricted to the strip of land between the Araxes and the Kur. The Caspian Sea was then known by the name of the "Sea of the Chazars," but it was also called Schirvan Guilan, and after other provinces in its immediate vicinity. Derbend was called the city of the Gates—El Bah-el-Evab—the city with the iron gates.

Kesora Nuschirevan, in order to protect his dominions from the inroads of the Chazars, Alans, and other barbarous nations, is said to have built a wall through the whole of the Caucasus, and defended it with iron gates and towers at those places where roads intersected it. There were twelve of them, and their defence was intrusted to the several tribes.

The Georgia of the present day was called in former times Djorsan, which the Arabians took possession of in the year 650 B.C., and held Tiflis in their power till 514. The Arabians were also acquainted with the Abchasians, who were Christians, and tributary to the Alans and the Chalifes. The present town Tarku was formerly called Samander, and was under this name the principal city of the Chazars. This tribe was settled along the Kur, and carried on sanguinary wars with the Arabians and Persians. In their constitution the principle was dominant, that the king should reign but not govern (*le Roi regne mais ne gouverne pas*). The government was in the hands of a regent, who called himself the successor of the king. The court was Israelite; but there were as many Muhammadans among the Chazars as there were Pagans and Christians. Silan was a town in Chazar; but the title of Silan-schah belonged to the King of Serir.

Conterminous with Serir was the country called Sirhguiran, a word signifying in Persian "the manufacturers of breastplates," and Reinegg, in his description of the Caucasus, finds their descendants in the Curtjis, a race of famous armourers, who assert that they are of Christian origin. To the north of Serir lay the country of the Kумыks of the present day, who, till the eighteenth century, were Jews. The chief city of the Alans was Margar, and the king of that country maintained an army of 30,000 horsemen. The Kajakis are the inhabitants of the Casatjia, or the actual Tcherkess. The Arabians admired their beauty, and spoke in high terms of praise of the Tala, a species of linen which the Kajakis made, and which was sold at a very high price.

Oleg, a Russian prince, interdicted the Severian and Slavonic tribes from paying tribute to the Chazars. Sviatoslar carried on a war in 965 against the Chosarvians, took their fortress Belaia-Bess, which had been built by Greek engineers, and ravaged the town of Samander. A short time afterwards the Russians seized on Taman or Tamartagas, a city belonging to the Chazars on the Bosphorus, and changed its name to Tmtorokan. In the year 1022, Mistislar waged war against the Kajakis, and rendered them tributary in the ensuing year. They fought afterwards beneath his banners against duke Jaroslav, his brother.

In the year 1222, the Mongolians made their first inroad into the Caucasus: one of the chieftains of Jengis Khan's army received the submission of the Prince of Georgia, who resided in Tauris, and the plain of Mughan was for many years the object of the Mongolian expeditions. In addition to this, Tjutji, another chieftain of the Khan's, crossed the Caucasus by means of the pass of Derbend, and subjugated the Alans.

In the following century another powerful warrior rose among the Mongolians. Timur, whose name signifies "iron," received in the year 1386 on the plains of Karabak the submission of the Prince of Georgia, who was suffered to retain his throne, under the condition that he abjured Christianity. The Prince of Schirvan brought him nine times nine presents, for nine is a

sacred number among the Mongolians. Thaherten, Prince of Armenia, dared to oppose him, and after a siege of nineteen days, the fortress of Van fell into the hands of the Mongolians. The brave defenders were hurled down an abyss, and the walls pulled down—a very laborious task, for which no less than ten thousand men were required.

In the year 1399, Timur marched on his retreat from Persia against Melek Gurgin, Prince of Georgia, who refused to deliver up to him the fugitive Prince of Bagdad. Melek intrenched himself in the mountains, and in order to conquer him, Timur employed the same method he had found so successful on his passage across the Indian mountains. Ropes three hundred yards in length were manufactured, and baskets fastened to them, in which soldiers were stationed and let down in the neighbourhood of the Circassian hiding-places. The Mongolians then either drove the Tcherkess away with their darts, or set fire to their places of refuge.* After Timur had in this manner subdued the mountaineers, he ordered all the fortresses to be demolished, and the inhabitants destroyed.

According to Strabo, and the Arabians who wrote after him, there are seventy-two different tribes in the Caucasus, or the same number as Russia contains. At the present moment the number of the Circassian clans is still very great,—a fact which can only be explained by the hypothesis, that the mountains of the Caucasus served as an asylum for the remnants of all the various migrations. It is also very probable that no small number of the Crusaders sought shelter in the Caucasus ; and the immense quantity of arms, which from this date began to be found among the Tcherkess, appears to confirm this view, unless we prefer the supposition, that the mountaineers obtained them from the Ottomans.

The Christian missionaries, who at different times visited the Mongolians, Chinese, and Hindus, also passed through various portions of the Caucasus, and have imparted to us the knowledge of the country they derived in this manner, which, however, has been greatly augmented by the statements of other travellers, as well as by consulting the Georgian and Armenian chronicles.

After the Genoese had founded colonies in the Crimea, they extended their commerce over Astrakhan to Persia, and had mines worked in Mingrelia on their account. In the year 1475, however, Kaffa fell into the power of the Turks, and the communication by this route between the East and Europe was destroyed.

CHAPTER III.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE CAUCASUS.

DERIVATION OF THE NAME CAUCASUS.—EXTENT.—MOUNTAINS.—THE PASSES.—
 THE BLACK SEA.—THE CASPIAN SEA.—RIVERS.—NATURAL PRODUCTIONS.—
 THE TOWNS OF THE CAUCASUS: TIFLIS, TZCHETA, GORI, KUTAIS, REDUT-
 KALEH, SUCHUM-KALEH, ISUKSA, ANAPA, ERIVAN, STAVROPOL, MOSDOK, KIS-
 LIAR, PIATIGORSK, GEORGIEVSK, BAKU, DERBEND, KUBAN.—INDIAN FIRE-
 WORSHIPPERS.

THE word Caucasus is, according to Pliny, derivable from the Scythian word Graukasus, signifying "white with snow." Nothing, however, has been brought forward in support of this derivation. We consider it more in accordance with analogy, to derive the word from Koh Chaf, or Casp, meaning the Caspian mountains. The Turks call it Kaf Daghi, the latter word signifying a mountain. The natives themselves call it Elb-rouss, a Persian word, which means mountains of ice.

The chain of the Caucasus extends from the Black Sea to the Caspian, and is divided into two portions, northern and southern. Its extreme length from Anapa to Baku is 150, but its breadth only 15, geographical miles, if the lower Caucasus—that is, Ararat—is omitted from the mensuration. The highest mountains are the Elbrouss and the Kasbeck. The height of the first, Lang states to be 16,330 feet; and that of the second, according to Parrot and Engelhardt, is 14,400.

The Circassians give the Elbrouss the name of Djin-Padischah, or ruler of the spirits, and also Noghai Hoja, meaning the mountain of the Noghais (Tartars). The Tartars themselves call it Kaf Dag; but in the Hungarian language, from which the word Elbrouss may possibly be derived, Elboruloz means, "cast

thyself down before this sacred mountain." The Kasbeck is called by the natives Mkinvari, or Urs Coch, which signifies "the white mountain." The word Kasbeck has originated several errors, which are sufficiently important to merit discussion.

Klaproth writes in his description of the Caucasus: "Gamba is mistaken in his opinion that it was General Kasbeck who gave his name to the village and the mountain;" and the anonymous author of the "Letters from the Caucasus and Georgia," states: "When we reached the place called Kasibeck, we were very politely received by Colonel Kasibeck, who is so called from the mountain of that name, at the foot of which he resides."

It is certainly possible that a general should give his name to a mountain; for in the map published in St. Petersburg by General Schubert, the mountain Merkotschi is so called after the name of General Wilyaminoff, who is so well known in the Caucasus. But Kasbeck is no proper name, but is the Persian title of Kasi Bey or Beg, hereditary in the family of Zobitjan Tjvili, which is intrusted with the defence of the pass and the administration of the plains in the district of Chebi, on the upper Terek. The Russians gave the steppe, the mountain, and the village, the name of Stephan Zminda Kasbeck, and as the Zobitjan family, which is of Ossetic origin, has entered the Russian service, it can be no matter of surprise if a traveller formed the acquaintance of a colonel of the name of Kasbeck.

The Elbrouss is remarkable for its two peaks, while the Kasbeck has only one, of a conical form. The former mountain was scaled on the 23rd July, 1829, by a Kabardian, Khillar, who formed part of the expedition General Emmanuel undertook for the express purpose. According to a tradition, Noah's ark rested on the Elbrouss before reaching Ararat, and the cradle of our Saviour is to be found on the Kasbeck, where it stands above the tent of Abraham, which is suspended in the air. The same tradition states that there is a large amount of treasure concealed on this mountain; but all those who have tried to discover it have been immediately punished by the loss of sight. The natives look upon these mountains as deities, and pay them

divine honours. The Ossetians pay especial reverence to the Sigara, or peaks of the Brut Salsdi.

The highest peaks are generally called the white or snowy mountains, while, by the name of the "black mountains," are meant those of secondary rank, and which are on either side of the chain, near the Black and Caspian Seas. To the east of the Elbrouss a group of five mountains rises, which is called very correctly Beshdagh (*vulg.* Bejtau), for *bes* means five, and *dagh* a mountain. In Russian the same group is called Piätigorie, from *piät* five, and *gora* mountain. The Majut is the highest of them: then comes the Gelesnaya Gora or Iron Mountain, and the Smeinaya Gora, or Mountain of Serpents. To the east of these are situated Barbel, Schah Dag, Dast Dag, Barba Dag, and, finally, in the vicinity of the Caspian Sea, Besh Barnaki Dag, or the Mountain of the Five Fingers, whose height is 3000 feet.

The Kasbeck is of volcanic formation, and its declivities are covered with lava and scoria. Porphyry in the upper strata and granite below it form the nucleus, which on the eastern side merges into strata of lime or clay.

Six passes intersect the higher portion of the Caucasian chain, of which, however, only two are in general use. One of them is the pass of Dariel, which General Todleben first traversed with a convoy of ammunition and military stores, and which was known to the ancients by the name of "Portæ Caucasæ." The other route runs along the Caspian Sea, and through the pass of Derbend, from Kisliar to Baku. The most convenient communication with the Caucasus, however, is effected by water. We must here remark that the Black Sea did not derive its ominous name from the colour of its water, but from the terrible storms which rage there during the greater portion of the year. The sailors of antiquity were notorious for their fear of the Pontus Euxinus, and, in fact, countless accidents have taken place on this sea. The most remarkable in modern times occurred in the year 1838, when several Russian ships were driven on shore, near Suchum Kaleh. The Caspian Sea is, probably, even more dangerous for navigation, and we shall have an opportunity to return to this subject presently.

As the Caucasus is bathed by these two seas, the Russians find no difficulty in asserting their supremacy over the two opposite coasts of the country, and in carrying on the war without interruption. In fact, while the stores they require are brought to them with great facility, they can cut off the enemy's communication by means of a strict blockade. The result, however, has not responded to the anticipations which were formed, and the expense for garrisons and ships far exceeded the amount which was at first considered sufficient.

The Russians bring their provisions down the Volga, and derive their ammunition from Siberia. Both articles, however, are rarely of the best quality; for, as they pass through the hands of various agents, their condition is considerably deteriorated before they reach the place of consumption. Nor must we omit mentioning, that the English and Turks found means, in spite of the blockade, to provide the Tcherkess with ammunition through the port of Suchum Kaleh.

There is no sea without rivers which pour their waters into it. These rivers are so many arteries, which bear the enemy into the heart of the country. The rivers of the Caucasus, however, all have a narrow bed, and the majority of them a very rapid current, which is unsuited for navigation. Rising but a short distance from the sea, they hurry along their stony bed towards it. Besides this, in the spring they overflow their banks, and large tracts of land are under water.

Another peculiarity of the Caucasus is the want of lakes, of which there is only a small one on Mount Khoi, through the whole extent of the country. The reason for this may be found in the fact, that the mountains are too precipitous and too close together, to allow water to collect and remain stationary between them.

The three largest rivers of the Caucasus are the Kuban, the Terek, and the Kur. The first rises in the Elbrouss, and, after flowing a distance of 500 versts, divides into three arms, two of which fall into the sea of Azov, the other into the Euxine. The little and great Selenjuck, the Laba, and the Urub, are confluent of the Kuban. The Terek rises in the Kasbeck, and flows a

distance of 400 versts. It traverses the pass of Dariel, and falls into the Caspian Sea at Kisliar. Its principal confluent is the Malka and the Suntja.

The Kur flows for a distance of 800 versts. It is the deepest of all, but generally very narrow. It rises in Turkey in the mountains of Kars, and after receiving the Hippius, Tjeni-Tjali, and the Kririla, falls into the Black Sea at Poti. The Koïssu traverses Daghistān under the names of Andi, Avar, Kara, Kasi Kumyk, Koïssu, and Sulak.

In natural productions Caucasia is not so rich as it might become with proper cultivation and a season of peace. It possesses a great abundance of mineral wealth, which, however, has till now been turned to no advantage. The forests are extensive and magnificent, and consist of oak, beech, chestnut, walnut, and fig trees, and in addition to these, wild mulberry-trees grow in great profusion. Peach, apricot, apple, pear, and cherry trees, are cultivated with great care.

The wheat of Derbend is well known for its large kind of grain, and general fertility. In addition to this, rye, wheat, millet, and tobacco, are planted, and every variety of vegetable grows well. The inhabitants of the northern Caucasus sow wheat, barley, millet, and Indian corn.

Of the productions of the animal kingdom, we must give the chief place to the horses, which are remarkable not only for their beauty, but for their long endurance of fatigue. The mountain oxen are also harnessed like the donkeys or mules, and employed as carriers. The sheep are principally of the Kalmuck breed, with large heavy tails. Among the wild beasts of the Caucasus are found bears, wolfs, jackals, panthers, boars, foxes, stags, antelopes, buffaloes, wild-cats, moles of a very large size, &c. Pheasants are shot and killed in large quantities, in the dry osier beds, thickets, and forests. There are also eagles of the usual size, various breeds of falcons, hawks, wild-pigeons, and deer, &c.

We will conclude this chapter with a cursory glance at the principal towns in Caucasia.

Tiflis, according to the Georgian chronology, was built in the

year 453 of the Christian era. The old city lay on the right bank of the Kur, and was destroyed by the Persian Schah, Aga Muhammad Khan. The new town, situated on the left bank, has only been in existence since the Russians settled here. Its name, Tiphliissi, is derived from the hot springs and mineral waters which bubble out beneath a bridge near the entrance to the town. Tiflis has about 30,000 inhabitants. In its general aspect it bears some resemblance to Prague, and with reference to the mode of living and the commerce which goes on there, is similar to Cairo. The streets are not so handsome as the squares or market-places. It contains forty-three churches, but the domes of the Armenian and Georgian churches are conical, and not round like those of the Russian churches.

The palace of the governor-general in the new town is a handsome building, which was erected from the ruins of the old palace of the Georgian kings, and the gardens which surround it are open on Sunday to the public. The theatre, which was commenced a short time back, is probably completed by this time. There is also a botanic garden, but it will require many improvements before it deserves the name. The bazaar, which is the meeting-place of the numerous population formed of so many different elements, offers an interesting and highly attractive scene. Here are seen the Georgian and Armenian, the Immeritian and the Circassian, the Russian soldier and the Tartar; all easily distinguished by their different garb. Here Europe and Asia are mingled together, and display the most striking contrast between their physiognomies and language. Turks, Tartars, Spanish-speaking Jews, and German-spluttering colonists, carry on their business here. The artisans work in the open streets, near the tradesmen who sell their productions.

The Georgian woman with her black eyes, her aquiline nose, and painted cheeks, looks, either with or without her jadra, or veil, much better at a distance than when near, and handsomer on the terrace of a house than in the street. Ida Pfeiffer is perfectly correct in saying, that the Persian harems are filled with more beautiful women than the Turkish are, though there are many Circassians in the latter. The Persian woman, in

truth, is the Frenchwoman of the east, through her amiability; while the Circassian, with her regular features, may be regarded as the Italian.

There is no lack of wood in Georgia, although this is the case in Armenia, and the neighbourhood of Baku. This will be the best opportunity to tell our readers in what manner the inhabitants of the Caucasus warm their abodes. Stoves are a great rarity, and even chimneys are not to be met with every where. A vessel filled with burning charcoal is placed under a table covered with a cloth; the persons visiting the house sit round this table, and their feet are warmed by the heat issuing from the vessel. As the shoes worn by the natives are very light, they are easily penetrated by the heat; but, at the same time, this mode of heating is accompanied by some very considerable evils.

On the road from Tiflis to Kutaïs the first post is Tscheta, the ancient capital of Iberia, and the next Gori, which was formerly a larger town than Tiflis. Gori is situated on the Liachva, whose water is greatly celebrated; probably because that of all the other streams is bad and unhealthy.

With reference to the women of Gori, the following tradition is current. "Allah," the legend says, "wished to stock his celestial harem with the fairest daughters of earth. He therefore commissioned an Imam, who was a great connoisseur in female beauty, to cull for him forty of the loveliest women he could find. The Imam journeyed to Frankistan, into the country of the Ingliz, whence he carried off the king's daughter. The English monarch pursued him; but Allah, who protected his servant, threw dust in the eyes of the pursuer, and thus checked him. From England the Imam proceeded to Germany, where he selected many lovely maidens; but when he reached Gori, he fell in love with one of the beauties he had chosen for the celestial harem, and remained there with the whole bevy. Allah punished the treachery of the Imam by death, but the beautiful maidens all remained in Gori, where they assisted in the procreation of a splendid race of mortals."

Kutaïs is the capital of Immeritia, and is situated on the Rion.

It is remarkable for the antiquities which are to be found in its vicinity, although some of them are not what they are believed to be. Thus, for instance, in the convent of Gelati, the traveller is shown the cemetery of King David, and one wing of the iron gate, which the inhabitants of the convent insist that he carried off from Derbend, although the Coptic inscription on the gate dates from the æra of the emir of Tabin, and states that it was brought to this place from Ani, the ancient capital of Mingrelia. This half gate is thirteen feet high, and six in breadth.

In Mingrelia there is not a single place that deserves the name of a town. Even Sukdidè, the winter, and Isalchino, the summer residence of the princes, are nothing but miserable villages. Redut Kaleh is a poor seaport, which was opened in 1827. The Russian government pays for the privilege of carrying on trade here, an annual sum of 2300 silver rubles to the Prince of Mingrelia.

Suchum Kaleh, situated in the Abchasian territory, is a place of more importance. Taken by the Russians in the year 1810, it ought, by the treaty of 1811, to have been restored to Turkey with the other districts. However, as the war assumed a more favourable aspect in 1812, orders were sent not to deliver up these harbours. The command, however, came too late, except for the retention of Suchum Kaleh, which was not restored, and has since remained in the hands of the Russians.

Isuksa, the capital of Abchasia, is a town of no consequence. Anapa was built by the Turks in 1784. Six years later, General Bibikof tried to take this fortress by storm, but was repulsed. In 1791, however, General Gudovitch captured it after a siege of six weeks; and on the 29th April, 1807, the Russian squadron, under the command of Traversey and Pastoshkin, forced it to surrender in a single day. It was again taken in 1809, and for the last time by Prince Mentschikoff, in 1828. By the treaty of Adrianople, Anapa became definitively an integral portion of the Russian dominions. Under the Turkish government it was the chief emporium of the Circassian slave trade.

Erivan is the capital of Russian Armenia. The fortress was built by the Turks in 1582, and taken by the Persians in 1604,

who increased its strength so greatly, that the Turks in 1615, and the Russians under Zizianoff in 1804, were compelled to raise the siege. Paskievitch, however, was more fortunate in 1827, for he was supported by the Armenians, who desired to become Russian subjects in consequence of their religious affinity. At last, when a bullet struck the cathedral in which the inhabitants had taken shelter, they were seized with a superstitious fear, and surrendered the town.

There were formerly two Armenian churches, very handsomely built of coloured bricks. The Russians converted one of them into an arsenal, and the other into a Greek church. The harem of the Serdars of Erivan has been metamorphosed into barracks ; and at the same place, where the Odaliskues formerly reclined, inhaling the fragrance of flowers and perfumes, the Russian soldiers now diffuse their peculiar odour. The town itself is dirty and badly built, but there is a splendid view from the citadel over the surrounding country. There are some very splendid apartments in the citadel, which are adorned with mirrors and the portraits of the Persian Schahs.

Stavropol, the capital of Cis-caucasia, was founded in 1777, but was not raised to the rank of a town till 1785. Its situation is high and healthy, and it protects the country between the Kumak and the Kuban. Two fairs are held here annually, at which considerable quantities of merchandise are disposed of. In the vicinity of the town is a prison, in which all the criminals of the entire province are confined. They work here in the open air, and are generally loaded with heavy chains. Stavropol is situated on the Atjile, and is surrounded by Kalmuks, nomadic Noghais, and Cossack stanitzas. The garden, forming a portion of the governor's hotel, owes its beauty to General Emmanuel. This town is now of no great importance, but it may eventually become so.

The government of Stavropol is formed of four districts: Stavropol, Piätigorsk, Mosdok, and Kisliar. Mosdok, built on the frontier of the Kabardah in 1764, contains 4500 inhabitants, and is situated on the banks of the Terek. Kisliar was built during the reign of the Empress Anne, and lies at a distance of

seventy versts from the Caspian Sea. It derives its name from an arm of the Terek, and signifies in the Tartar language "a drowned maiden." It contains about 10,000 inhabitants, and a considerable amount of trade is carried on. Piätigorsk is celebrated for its mineral waters.

Georgievsk has lost its former importance since 1822, when the seat of government was transferred to Stavropol, and since Piätigorsk has become the chief town of the district. Mosdok has also suffered considerably, since the high-road to Tiflis was carried through Stavropol.

Baku or Badku (the Mountain of the Winds) is continually exposed to a violent northern wind, and the climate is generally bad. The town contains 800 houses, 4000 inhabitants, and a garrison of 400 soldiers. The port of Baku, built by Peter the Great, is of considerable strength, and was formerly washed by the sea, which has gradually retired. The harbour is good, and the bazaar handsomer than the one at Derbend. The Maiden's Tower is a very remarkable building, erected to keep off the inroads of the Truchmenes on the eastern shore. The two coasts of the Caspian Sea were formerly connected by an isthmus, which divided it into two seas, and of which the Island of Nargin formed a portion: but at the present time the sea is deeper round this island than elsewhere. A town of the name of Schava also appears to have existed here in ancient times, but every trace of it has disappeared. Baku carries on a considerable trade with Persia, from which country silks, carpets, and the wines of Shamachi, are obtained. These wines have much similarity with the better sorts of the south of France, and their preparation merits greater attention than is paid to them.

Russian products are very dear in Baku, but on the other hand fruit is extraordinarily cheap. Grapes are sold for about one penny a pound, and a gallon of wine can be purchased for about four shillings and sixpence. There is a great scarcity of vegetables, and, as no great quantity of corn is grown, food for cattle is very dear. In the neighbourhood large quantities of naphtha are found, which is used to coat the roofs of the houses,

although it does not render them quite waterproof against the incessant spring rains. Naphtha is also burnt instead of candles, but the smell is very unpleasant. As there are no corn crops here, the bread is not of a first-rate quality.

Twelve versts from Baku, on the peninsula of Apscheron, there is a colony of Indian fire-worshippers. They keep up a whitish yellow flame, which exudes from the ground. It is free from the unpleasant qualities possessed by naphtha, and appears to be alimented by hydrogen gas. On the walls of their temples the flames are seen burning, and in the interior the whole of the ground is covered with little jets. If a quantity of atmospheric air is here compressed, and then brought into contact with fire, a tremendous explosion takes place. These Indians are in the habit of amusing their visitors with experiments of this nature.

Derbend contains 1800 houses, and 26,000 inhabitants. Its climate is mortal for the Russian garrison, which loses nearly one half of its number annually by fevers and contagious diseases. The majority of the inhabitants are Tartars. The town itself is in a very picturesque situation. It extends along a narrow strait of the sea towards the mountains, is surrounded by a wall, and defended by a citadel. The palace of the Schah is in ruins, and there are a number of Medjeds, whose minarets improve the appearance of the town.

Kuban, on the river of the same name, is the chief place in the important district of Daghistān. This district contains about three hundred villages.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRIBES OF THE CAUCASUS.

THE NUMBER OF THE POPULATION—BEAUTY OF THE CIRCASSIAN RACE—ORIGIN AND MEANING OF THE NAME TCHERKESS—THE ADIGHE—LESQHIS—TCHETCHENZES—ABCHASIANS—UBYCHS—TCHIGETES—OSSETIANS—SUANES—INGUSHIS—KABARDIANS—BALKARIANS—RISINGLI—GEORGIANS OR GRUSINIANS—IMMERITIANS—MINGRELIANS—ARMENIANS—TARTARS OR NOGHAIS—KUMYKS—COSSACKS—MAGYARI—GERMAN COLONISTS—THE EGYPTIAN MAMLUKS.

THE number of the entire population of the Caucasus can only be given approximatively; for the Tcherkess laugh at the custom among other nations, of counting men like a herd of cattle. The Russian lists only possess a certain value as regards subjugated tribes, and the population of the whole isthmus varies, according to different authors, from one and a half to three millions. The truth is probably, as in many other cases, in the medium; and we believe, after a comparison of the different statements that have been made on this subject, that we shall be nearest the truth if we assume a population of rather over two millions.

But if the number of fighting Tcherkess could be raised at the commencement of the war to 700,000, this is no longer the case, for the Kabardah has since declined to take part in the war. This number would certainly allow a population of three and a half millions to be inferred, if we could assume that all the men capable of bearing arms are actually warriors. But this is not the case; for, although women are sometimes seen fighting in the ranks of the Tcherkess, the peasants are only called to arms in exceptional cases, and consequently, after taking into account the latest acquisitions Russia has formed

from Turkey and Persia, the population under the authority of the governor-general of Tiflis cannot be estimated at more than three millions.

The greater portion of this population, however, is either at peace, or allied, with the Russians. The Armenians, Georgians, Mingrelians, and Immeritians, are on the side of the Russians, who have formed a body of militia among the Ossetians, Georgians, and other tribes. We have, therefore, fair grounds to take a cipher from the above 700,000, and to reduce it to 70,000.

If by the title of the Caucasian race, which is applied to the whole population of Europe, it were meant that all the inhabitants of Europe came from the Caucasus, this would be a great error; for this chain of mountains could never have had a population to render such an immense migration possible. In addition to this, many tribes which are now inhabitants of the Caucasus, are the children of another soil; and we consequently mean by the Caucasian race only the regular type of the white race.

The beauty of the Tcherkess, which is really surprising, has, however, been praised rather too highly, and the renown which they have acquired on this account is, in reality, only shared by the higher classes and the females; for the great body of the population is not free from ugly and ill-shapen individuals, although they are not met with in so large a ratio as in other countries. The Circassians have contrived to keep themselves as free as possible from any commingling with other races; and it is a very remarkable fact, that when such a fusion has taken place, the Circassian blood has retained its predominance, and the inferior class has gained by it. There is not a trace of the visit paid by the Kabardians to the Crimea, or of the commingling of the Chazar with the Tartar blood; while the Circassian women have rendered great assistance in beautifying the Turks and Russians. This fact is permanently confirmed in the stanitza Tchermenaya, whose original colonists—Russian soldiers—carried off Circassian wives; for a race of men has sprung from this connection who are far superior to their neighbours in beauty.

We will now proceed to an examination of the several Caucasian tribes, and will commence with the explanation, that the

Circassians do not call themselves Tcherkess, a word which in the Turkish language signifies "robbers, or cut-throats." In other languages this word is a corruption of "Circetes," the title given in antiquity to one of the most numerous Circassian tribes. *Tcher* means in Persian a warrior, and *Kes*, somebody. The Russians call all the mountaineers by the collective name of Tcherkess; they are divided into many tribes, among which the Adighè, or Adechè (the nobles), occupy the first rank, and are regarded as the purest Circassian race. Pagans are much more numerous among them than Muhammadans, and only the nobles and princes have embraced the confession of Islam. The peasants worship a god of thunder and of war, Thiblè: a god of fire, a god of water, a god of the forest, and a god of travellers. They regard the law of the blood-revenge, and exercise the rights of hospitality and shelter, which is the case with all the Circassian tribes. They consider celibacy and corpulence to be a disgrace. The princes divide the land with the nobles. The warriors form a distinct caste; and, although all the peasants bear arms, they only march into the field on extraordinary occasions. These different classes are distinguished by the colour of their slippers or shoes. Those worn by the princes are red, by the nobles, yellow, and by the peasants, black.

As regards marriage customs, virgins are sewn up in deer skins, which the bridegroom cuts open on the marriage night with his dagger. Their slaves are prisoners captured in war. The Adechè are natives of Kuban, and Anapa is the most important town in their territory.

The Lesghis inhabit Daghistan, and cause the Russians the most trouble. They are subdivided into a great number of tribes, and their whole number amounts to about four hundred thousand.

The Tchetchenzes at the most amount to twenty-five thousand; but, in spite of that, are in a state of almost continual revolt against the Russians, by whom they are no sooner defeated than they commence their inroads again. The Russians have attempted to write the Circassian language by employing the Turkish alphabet; but the universal language among the Cau-

casian tribes, who each possess a different dialect, is the Tartar, or the Turkish.

The Abchasians are distinguished from the above-mentioned tribes, not only by their features, but by their customs. Less warlike than the Circassians, they are more inclined to acknowledge the Russian authority; but they are the oldest inhabitants of the Caucasus, and are said to be descendants of the Abyssinians. In religious matters they are quite indifferent; and, although Christianity was introduced among them in the reign of the Emperor Justinian, their religion is still nothing but a mixture of Paganism and Islamism. They pay special reverence to the oak. The monarchical principle has taken very deep root amongst them; but the present dynasty is more attached to the interests of the Russians than to those of the nation.

The Ubychs and Jigetes form the confederation of the Shapsugs, and are two warlike tribes who live along the coast of the Black Sea. As we will show presently, they have repulsed many of the Russian generals, and have taken several of their forts.

The Ossetians are the Jazygi of the Russians, and consequently a Sclavonic race. Although they opposed the attempt, in the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, to convert them to Christianity, this is no longer the case, for the number of converts is greater than that of the whole population. This has its origin in the circumstance, that one and the same individual, seduced by the rewards offered by the Russian government, which consist of a silver ruble, a cross of the same material, and a few articles of clothing, allowed himself to be converted at different times and various places—a trick which was rendered considerably easier of accomplishment, through the carelessness with which the priests keep their register. But, although so frequently converted to Christianity, the Ossetians have always remained good Mussulmans.

At the foot of the Elbrouss, on the river Inkar, and extending nearly forty geographical miles, lies Suanethia, a country where the winter lasts nearly nine months. The Suanians, or inhabitants of this district, are tall and powerful, and can endure

immense privations and fatigue. They are industrious and peaceable as long as the country provides them with the necessities of life; but when that is not the case, they plunder, and sell their children as slaves.

Christian temples are found in their territory, as is the case among the Abchasians; and it is asserted that they were built by Tamar, Queen of Georgia. The Suanians are, however, very slightly, perhaps not at all, imbued with religious sentiments. The Suanians conceal their wives very carefully, which is quite contrary to the practice among the Lesghis. Polygamy, however, is not allowed among them, and every one is bound to marry his brother's widow.

The Ingushis are also Pagans, although traces of primitive Christianity may be found in their manners and customs. They observe Sunday, and several other holidays of the Greek church. They believe in the immortality of the soul, and in a future life, while the Suanians believe in transmigration.

Kabardah is divided by the Terek into two parts, called the Greater and Lesser Kabardah. This country, which is very accessible to the Russians, is entirely subject to them; but in spite of that, the inhabitants are in their hearts good Mussulmans. Their customs have great similarity with those of the Adechè; and their princes are of Arabic descent. Even in the time of Louis Quatorze, the Russian czars considered themselves lords of the Kabardah, as is proved by a remark that monarch let fall.

The Karatshai, Balkarians, and Risingli, assert that they are descendants of the Magyars: but their language is very different from the Hungarian; and, as regards their physical resemblance to the Magyars, the same is also found among the

The Georgians, called by the Russians Grusinians, could never be converted to Islamism, through their extraordinary partiality for pork and wine; but the Georgians of the district of Achal Ziche were converted by compulsion, while the Armenians enjoy perfect religious liberty.

The Georgians are an agricultural nation; and their ploughs

are frequently drawn by ten or twelve oxen or buffaloes; but their houses are miserable huts. They manufacture silk, and rear large herds of cattle. Their bridges over the Kur are built after the same simple fashion as was practised in the time of Cambyses. Hides of the same species as those employed for the manufacture of wine-skins, are sewn together, blown out, and hermetically closed, then they are fastened together, so as to cover the river from one bank to the other, and boards are laid upon them.

The Georgians soon attain puberty, and their daughters are married at the age of eleven, and become mothers.

The Georgian costume bears an affinity to the Persian and Circassian. The outer coat is called the kaba, and covers the arholuh and the jarvali, which has also become the fashion in Russia. Shirts are made of silk or cotton. The Georgians dye their hair, and display as much skill in the process as the Persians do.

At the present time the Immeritians make bread, which is quite as bad as that which may be procured in Daghistan.

Mingrelia was the Colchis of the ancients. Ruins are still visible; but the rivers no longer appear to produce gold. The country is poor, and the only valuable production is a species of wood called Jinai, which is very hard and well adapted for ship-building; but considerably more profit might be derived from it than is at present the case. The princes of this country, who are called Dadiani, are entirely devoted to Russian interests, scarcely bestow a thought on the welfare of their country, and the people vegetate in utter ignorance of the most common necessities of life. Since Chardin's time, however, who did not even find the use of money to be prevalent among them, this country has made some slight progress.

The two provinces of Erivan and Nachitjevan were incorporated with Russia by the treaty of Turkmantjai in 1828, and now form part of the government of the Caucasus. The Araxes forms the southern frontier of Russian Armenia, which contains a population of 165,000 inhabitants. The Armenians have acquired a great reputation by their skilfulness in commercial matters; in fact, they are not only the exclusive traders through a great portion of the Caucasus, but also possess large settlements for the promotion of trade through the whole of Russia, where their number may be estimated at about 400,000. There is a Turkish proverb, that it requires no less than one Kopt, two Greeks, and three Jews to cheat an Armenian; and when Peter the Great was asked whether the Jews might be permitted to settle in Russia, he answered, "Let them come and see if they can make any profit out of my people."

Another numerous tribe in the Caucasus is the Tartars or Noghais. Klaproth and Bodenstedt both assert that the Russians distinguish the Turkish tribes in the Caucasus incorrectly by this name, and require that they should be called Turcomans or Turks; but what are the Turks themselves? The Turk is only a Tartar, ennobled by the introduction of Circassian blood; and the Turkish language is originally Tartaric, but much more elegant, as it has borrowed the beauties of the Persian and

Arabic languages. Tartars and Turks understand each other; but the Tartaric is not an epistolary language, while there is a written Turkish language, which is spoken by many of the Caucasian Tartars, and is regarded as a sign of superior education.

The Tartars or Noghais dwelling in the Caucasus, are of purely Tartaric descent. Their name is derived from Noghai, a descendant of Jenghis Khan, who formed a powerful empire on the northern and eastern coasts of the sea of Azof, about the end of the thirteenth century. He afterwards waged war against the Circassians, with the assistance of the Russians of Tmutorukan, who recognized his authority. After the conquest of Astrakan, a portion of the Noghais marched in 1557 into the Caucasus, expelled the Circassians, and settled on the Kuban under the name of the "black Noghais." When the Crimea fell into the power of the Russians in 1771, many of their countrymen joined the Tartars, so that their number now amounts to about 70,000.

The Kумыks dwell in Daghistān, and a populous, industrious aoul, called Andir, is the chief place in this country. The Russians have built the fort of Vensnapnaya, in the vicinity of this village. There are now about 70,000 Kумыks, and their district extends as far as the shamhalad of Tarku; the chiefs of this territory are in the Russian service.

The Cossacks form a considerable portion of the population of the Caucasus. The first five stanitzas or villages were founded by Peter the Great on the Terek in 1711; a year later, Peter built on the Sulak the fort of the Holy Cross, which was, however, afterwards destroyed, in consequence of the treaty of Belgrade, and the garrison removed to Kisliar. Afterwards Cossacks of the Don, a family from each stanitza—and hence called family Cossacks, (Semeini)—were settled on the banks of the Terek. In 1770, these were followed by Cossacks of the Volga, and, after the treaty of Kudjuk Kaimardji, the forts Georgievsk, Ekatirinograd, Stavropol, ~~Moskov~~, and Donsk, were built and garrisoned with Cossacks of the Volga.

In the year 1794, the line of the Kuban was advanced from

Georgievsk to Redut Nedreman, and strengthened by six new stanitzas. In the year 1792, several new redoubts were built on the line of the Malka; and in 1805 the Cossacks, called the little Russians, founded four new stanitzas from Ustlabinsk to Kaukask. In 1833, two of the four Cossack regiments of the Ukraine, which the nobility of that country had raised at their own expense for the Polish campaign, were transferred to the line. In the year 1807, 10,850 more were added. At the present moment there are not less than 40,000 Cossacks in the Caucasus, a sixth part of whom follow the operations of the army. These Cossacks have assumed the Circassian dress and manner of fighting, and consequently the mountaineers fear them more than the regular Russian troops.

There was formerly an Hungarian colony by the name of Magyar; but even the ruins of this town, which, according to Klaproth, was built by the Arabs, in whose language Magyar signifies an emigrant, have entirely disappeared, as the Russians employed them as materials for building Fort Ekatirinograd. At a distance of twenty-five versts from old Magyar, we find Kiss Magyari, or Burgundy Magyari, which was founded by General Stariynski, formerly governor of Astrakan. He gave it the name of Burgundy, from the wine that was produced here, and which tasted very much like Chambertin; and Catherine II., who probably also discovered this, ordered the general, on making him a present of the estate, to give it that title. We must not omit mentioning, however, that the vines which are here cultivated, were originally introduced from Burgundy.

The German colonies in Transcaucasia were founded in 1818 by Suabian emigrants, whose number at present amounts to about 4000. Helenendorf is the most populous colony, but not the most flourishing. Katharinenfeld appears to be in better circumstances, and the nearest to Tiflis is called New Tiflis. These Germans provide the market of Tiflis with butter and the better sorts of vegetables.

It is an interesting fact to judge the Circassian character, and one not generally known, that the Ægyptian Mamluks were of Circassian origin. Melek Schah, who was jealous of his vassals,

sent for a large number of Christian slaves from Circassia and Mingrelia. He formed an army of them, and, as they remained slaves, they received the name of Mamluks. The Mamluks could do nothing against the French squares, and for the same reason the Circassians rarely attack the Russian columns. Napoleon is said to have remarked: A single Mamluk can do as much as ten French cavalry soldiers; but a hundred infantry can put a thousand Mamluks to flight.

There are a great number of smaller Circassian clans which we have omitted mentioning, as they take no prominent part in the history of the Caucasus.

CHAPTER V.

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR IN THE CAUCASUS.

KING MITHRIDATES.—PRINCE SVIATOSLAR.—IVAN IV.—THE TZAR ALEXIS MICHAELOVITCH.—PETER THE GREAT.—THE EMPRESSES ANNE, ELIZABETH, AND CATHARINE 'II.—PAUL I.—PRINCE ZIZIANOFF.—GENERAL YERMOLOFF.—AMULAD BEY.—PASKIEVITCH.—PANKRATIEFF.—WILLIAMINOFF.—SASS.—ROSEN.—KASI MULLAH.—HAMSAD BEY.—SCHAMYL.—CAPTURE OF FORT ACHULKO.—THE VISIT OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS TO TIFLIS.—GENERAL GRABBE.—THE SECOND CAPTURE OF ACHULKO.—GENERAL ANREP.—BATEFSKI.—PRINCE DOLGORUCKI.—GENERAL NEIDHARDT.—PRINCE WORONZOFF.—DEFEAT OF THE RUSSIANS IN THE FOREST OF ITCHKERI.—CHANGE IN THE SYSTEM OF THE WAR.—THE GRAND DUKE, HEIR APPARENT.—NEW PROSPECTS FOR THE CIRCASSIANS, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE RUPTURE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

THE successors of Mithridates were expelled from the kingdom of the Bosphorus by Russian princes, who remained in possession of this portion of the Caucasus until the appearance of the Huns. The Russian prince, Sviatoslar, founded Tmoturukan, and the Russians maintained their ground in western Caucasus, until they were expelled from it at the beginning of the eleventh century by the Polovzians. In the sixteenth century they reappeared, however, in the Caucasus; but on this occasion they came from the side opposite to the mouth of the Volga.

The Circassians fought under the banner of Ivan IV., before Astrakan and in Livonia. In 1586, the Russians founded the town of Tiumen on an arm of the Terek, which flows into the Caspian Sea; but they quitted it again two years later on the request of Sultan Selim, who had been instigated by the Tartars, and the Cossacks, who were called after the name of the town, Terki, were allowed to take possession of it.

Toward the end of the sixteenth century, the Russians built the fort Koissa. In 1604, they were driven by the Turks out of Daghistan, and Butorlin, their leader, murdered. Still Terki remained faithful to the Turks. This occurred during the government of the voivode Golovin, who was striving to check the influence of Demetrius the Pretender, in Astrakan. Through the treaty of 1792, Persia gave up the eastern and southern shores of the Caspian Sea to Russia.

The principal, or at least the easiest conquest made by the Russians in the Caucasus, was that of Immeritia, under the Tzar Alexis Michaelovitch. Alexander, the sovereign of the Immeritians, who, like his predecessors, bore the title of "King of Kings," determined on following the example of Alexander II., king of the Cachetes, and surrendered himself and his territory to Russia. In the year 1650, he therefore took the oath of fidelity to the Tzar of Moskow, and all the people swore in a loud voice that they would be his slaves. Mingrelia and Immeritia, however, were not declared Russian provinces till the government of the Tzar Alexander I.

As several families of Russian traders were murdered by the Lesghis in 1711, Peter the Great marched ten years later against them, at the head of 20,000 men, who were supported by a fleet on the Caspian Sea. He defeated the Lesghis, founded Fort Sviatoikrest on the Sulak, took Derbend, and selected the most favourable places for the erection of forts.

The Empress Anne lost all her possessions in the Caucasus, and founded Kisliar on an arm of the Terek of the same name, which became the frontier of the Russian territories in the Caucasus. The Empress Elizabeth sent missionaries to the Ossetines, who, however, made but very few proselytes. The Empress Catharine II. increased her dominions in the Caucasus to a considerable extent. She occupied Kabardah, and founded Mosdok. The Saporogues, who had joined the Turks, were at length subjugated by the Russians, and settled along the banks of the Kuban and the Terek.

In 1780, Potemkin made an inroad into Piätigorsk; in 1784, Constantinogorsk and Vladikawkas were built. In 1785, Gen-

eral Lazareff defeated Omar Iman, as well as Alexander, the Georgian Tzarevitch, on the river Torq, and Georgia was now definitively occupied. Anapa and Suchum Kaleh were at that time in the power of the Turks, who kept up a garrison there. These forts were taken by the Russians during the war with the Turks, but after the peace restored to the Sultan.

Georgia, which was ravaged by the Persians and Lesghis, was united in the reign of Paul I., by the treaty of 28th September, to Russia, and was afterwards declared an imperial province; and in 1813, Scassi, a Genoese, established manufactories in Gulendjik and Pjad. These factories, however, were destroyed by the Circassians, and hostilities recommenced.

Prince Zizianoff, a Georgian by birth, and general in the Russian service, proved that more can be effected by wise and cautious policy than by force. He brought Abchasia under the Russian dominion, and maintained his ground there by a sensible administration. In addition, he took possession of Port Gangia, to which he gave the name of Elizabethopol. On the 8th February, 1806, he was treacherously assassinated by the Persians, at the moment when he advanced to receive the keys of Fort Baku. He lies buried in the cathedral of Tiflis, beneath a monument which the Marquis Paulucci, commander-in-chief of Georgia, raised to his memory in 1812.

About this time General Yermoloff assumed the command of the Caucasus, and has left behind him the reputation of an excellent general. We must not, however, omit mentioning, that the hostilities in his time had not reached that extent which they have acquired since his day. As the several Circassian tribes were then disunited by internal feuds, Yermoloff behaved in a magnanimous and liberal manner to the allied tribes, but was terrible and inexorable toward those who opposed him.

The Schamyl of that day was Amulad Bey, who caused Daghistan to rise in revolt. He was taken prisoner, but his life was spared. He took advantage of the first opportunity that presented itself, to escape. Yermoloff put a price upon his head, and suppressed the insurrection. Amulad Bey, however, had

disappeared without leaving a trace, and was never heard of afterwards.

In the year 1818, Yermoloff built in the Tchetchnia, or Tchetchenia, Forts Grosnaya and Usmatjan Yurt; but the Tchetchenzenes seized the fort Amir Hadji Yur by stratagem, and cut down the garrison. The two Russian generals, Grekoff and Lissanevitch, advanced to besiege the fortress. The Tchetchenzenes defended themselves till their power was exhausted, when they cut their way through the Russian troops, sabre in hand. It was now considered advisable to enter into negotiations with them. A single mullah was permitted to appear at the council of war. The dauntless Tchetché accepted the proposition; but when the generals spoke of treason and perjury, the proud chief returned the accusation, and gave vent to his hatred of the oppressors in the most violent language. "Silence, traitor!" cried General Grekoff, "or I will have you hanged!" "Do you honour the law of hospitality in that manner?" the furious Tchetché replied, rushed on the general and stabbed him with his kindjal. Sabres rattled, pistols were fired, soldiers rushed into the room; but General Lessarevitch, a colonel, and two other Russian officers, fell by the mullah's dagger before the Russians could cut him down. General Yermoloff, however, avenged the death of his officers by destroying the aouls along the Argun and the Sundja.

When General Yermoloff was recalled, he was followed by Paskievitch, who soon commenced a war against the Persians, which resulted in a portion of Caucasia, the provinces of Erivan and Nachitjevan, being incorporated with Russia. In 1828, Paskievitch carried on the campaign in Turkey in Asia with great renown: but he was not at all successful in the Caucasus. The expedition which he undertook in 1831 against the Abchasians, was followed by very trifling results. The war which, in the meanwhile, broke out in the other extremity of the Russian empire, in consequence of the Polish revolution, recalled him from the Caucasus. General Pankratieff assumed the temporary command, and distinguished himself in several expeditions. In the

same year, however, General Pullah suffered a great defeat in the Devil's Pass, the Gibraltar of the Tchetchenzes.

General Wiliaminoff, who commanded the Transcaucasian army, inherited a portion of Yermoloff's popularity. He was a talented and well-educated man, but died in 1839, during his residence in the Caucasus, of a natural death. It is true that he undertook a fruitless expedition in 1834 against the Eastern Circassians, but he established the fort of Nicolayevski. He was enabled to obtain obedience from the Tchetchenzes, and used to say in his journal: "The vagabond Tchetchenzes have revolted again." Various passages in his proclamations, as for instance—"And if the sky were to fall in, the Russian bayonets would be able to support it," may appear to us exaggerated and even ridiculous; but find their justification in the fact, that the nations to whom they were addressed, like all the Easterns, are partial to the use of similar hyperboles.

General Sass rendered himself so terrible through several expeditions, cleverly contrived and rapidly executed, that the Circassians made use of his name to frighten their disobedient children. This, however, had also been the case with Medem and Zizianoff, and even Yermoloff was called by the Circassians "the Russian devil."

General Paskievitch's definitive successor as governor-general of the Caucasus, was General Rosen. In the meanwhile, the war had extended immensely, especially since the appearance of Kasi Mullah, who, like the Prophet, marched at the head of his forces with the flag of insurrection in one hand, and the Koran in the other. He incited Daghistan to rebel, attacked the most considerable Russian redoubts on the Caspian—for instance, Tarku and Derbend—and plundered the country around Kisliar. In addition to this, he threatened an inroad into Tchetchenia; but General Rosen determined on dealing him a decisive blow, and destroying his forces in Himri, the birthplace of the prophet. For this purpose, he put himself at the head of the expedition, in September, 1832; but the glory of the victory at Himri belongs to General Wiliaminoff, under whose immediate command the battle took place. On the 18th of October the

Leaghis were defeated, the Murids cut down, and Kasi Mullah also killed; while Schamyl, whose later celebrity dates from this day, escaped in the mysterious manner we have already mentioned in our introduction.

About twenty-five versts from Himri was situated, at that time, the redoubt of Timur Khan Jura, so called from the name of the village, which immortalizes the memory of the renowned Timur. At that time, it was fancied that the war in the Caucasus was ended; but Hamsad Bey assumed the place of Kasi Mullah; and, in order to protect Avaria against him, General Lanskoï marched, in 1834, once again against Himri, the inhabitants of which place had joined the new mullah. When they heard of the approach of a Russian division, they intrenched themselves near the bridge leading across the Koïssu, in order to keep up an uninterrupted communication between both banks of the river. About twenty volunteers stormed the intrenchment at the head of the column—the enemy took to flight, and Himri was utterly destroyed. And yet this place rose again, as if by magic, from its ruins; and two years later there was not a trace to be seen of the horrors of desolation. Justice commands us to mention, that the victory was gained by the clever and cautious tactics of Colonel Kluge von Klugenau, who was in consequence promoted to the rank of general.

Schamyl's followers and renown waxed greater every day, and to prevent him from making an inroad into Avaria, General Fesi marched against the aoul of Tititle, whither Schamyl Bey had retired with his uncle, Kibet Makon. This campaign is known by the name of the Avarian expedition. After the Russians had converted Chunsak into a fortress, to the great dissatisfaction of their allies, they marched to Andi, and appeared on the 9th June, 1837, before Ashiltach, a village containing 300 saklis,* in a naturally very strong position, where

* Sakli—a house roughly built of masses of stone, sometimes partly, sometimes entirely, subterraneous. Places especially suited by their position are generally selected. Stones are piled up at the entrance of grottoes, caves, &c., and the sakli is formed. A traveller may, in the dark, ride over a village composed of these saklis, without seeing houses or inhabi-

5000 Circassians afforded the most obstinate resistance for a whole day. Ashiltach was taken, but not without considerable loss on the part of the victors.

The inhabitants of this village, as well as those of Tchirkada, had hidden their treasures in the grottoes of Achulko, whither Schamyl's family had also fled for shelter. It was a natural fortress—a rocky nest inaccessible on any side. After the Russians had destroyed the towers of old Achulko with their cannon, a battalion of the Apscheron regiment took possession of the fort, and carried off sixty Amanates (Avarian hostages) whom Schamyl retained near him. Schamyl, however, suddenly received large reinforcements, and the Russians had no alternative but to commence their retreat on the 16th June. The Circassians pursued them with shouts of victory as far as the pass of Achalta, which is scarcely two miles distant from Achulko. The sixth company of the regiment Kur, however, saved the division, by defending the defile until the Russians were able to raise some cannon on to the heights, and thence fire on the enemy. Simultaneously with this a battalion arrived from Himri, and repulsed the mountaineers. On the 3rd July the Russians made an attack upon Titile; on the following day a general assault took place, and the battle lasted the whole day. The 5th and 6th were spent in negotiations with Schamyl, who gave his nephew Hamsad as a hostage, and promised submission and fidelity, though, of course, only with the intention of gaining time.

In the same year, 1837, the Emperor Nicholas paid a visit to the Caucasus. The aspect of the "Russian Sultan," however, had not that effect upon the sons of the mountains which had been anticipated from it. He was suffering at the time from an inflammation in his face, and when he told the Circassians that

tants. We need scarcely mention that the style of building is always in accordance to the requirements of the inhabitants, and, in districts menaced by war, they assume a very different character from that which they have in more peaceable countries; for instance, in Tiflis, where the saklis of the Grusians are gradually growing above the earth, are losing their primitive rough form, and are with each successive year becoming more like habitable dwellings,—Bodenstedt, "*Die Völker des Caucasus.*"

he had powder enough to blow up all their mountains, they considered that such a thing was not exactly possible.

The Emperor was greatly annoyed at the system of corruption which several of his officers practised, and confirmed his desire of punishing these irregularities with his own hands; for at a review he tore off the gold lace, which the staff-officers wear as a mark of distinction, from the breast of Prince Dadianoff, the son-in-law of the general commanding, but not wishing to punish him too severely, he gave it to his son. However, this occurrence was the cause of mutual dissatisfaction. Rosen was recalled in 1838, and the Emperor entrusted the command of the army of the Caucasus to General Golovine, who had previously filled the office of minister of public instruction at Warsaw. The new commander-in-chief, whose army was raised to 75,000 men, was determined to deal a decisive blow, and gave General Grabbe orders to take Achulko.

Achulko is a Tartarian word, signifying "a meeting-place in time of disturbance." The Russians call it a castle, as it is enclosed on all sides, is formed of a compact mass of rocks, and is divided into two parts—Old and New Achulko. On one side this mass of rock rises perpendicularly over the Koïssu to a height of 600 feet, and on the other it is defended by impassable ravines, intercepted by rapid streams.

Schamyl had learned a lesson from his former defeats, and rendered this terrible position still stronger. In doing this, he had recourse to modern strategics, and had high walls built and subterraneous passages made at the most exposed points, under the direction of foreign engineers. But, not entirely satisfied with these preparations, he sent two divisions to check the further progress of the Russian army. They first attacked the enemy at Buturnay, but was repulsed; and the second, consisting of 10,000 men, fought on the 30th and 31st May at Arguani, but was also driven back with a loss of 1500 men.

Grabbe besieged Achulko for two months with eight battalions, which were reinforced by five more on the 15th July. When three fine battalions of the regiment, Count of Erivan (Paskievitch) marched in, the officers said, "To-morrow two of them will no

longer exist," and, in fact, an unsuccessful assault was undertaken the next day, and only one battalion of this regiment returned from it. On the 15th August the external works of New Achulko were taken, which was followed by a murderous engagement that lasted five days; and on the 22nd of the same month, the anniversary of the Emperor's coronation, the Russians marched into Achulko. General Grabbe sent a son of General Golovine's to carry these victorious news to the Tzar, who immediately ordered medals to be struck in commemoration of this brilliant deed, and distributed them among the soldiers who had taken part in this battle. Golovine was promoted to the rank of general *en chef*. In order to hold permanent possession of the captured fortress, Grabbe ordered the erection of a line of forts, of which, however, only one was completed, that of Girsel Aoul.

As it was impossible to grant the Tchetchenzes the promised amnesty after the threats made by Schamyl, it was necessary to carry the war into their country. General Goloseff undertook this, and suffered a severe defeat at the river Valerik, for which Kluge von Klugenau retaliated a few days later, by defeating a division under the personal command of Schamyl.

The year 1840 was distinguished by a number of simultaneous and successive attacks which the Circassians made on the various Russian forts forming the Kuban line. They took the most important of these all by storm, Nicolayevski, which commands the Gulendjik line; but the fort Michaeloff offered an heroic resistance, and, when this was no longer possible, the soldiers set fire to the powder magazine, and destroyed the victors as well as themselves. The Russian garrisons were greatly weakened by the contagious diseases which prevailed during the winter; but the Circassians, remembering the brave resistance they had found, made no attempt for a lengthened time to take these forts. General Anrep, who followed General Rayevski in the command of the right wing, undertook to punish the Circassians for the loss of this fort. He led an expedition against the Ubychs and Djigetes, and did them some injury by the assistance of gunboats. Ali Oku was killed; his grandfather,

Hadji Dochum Oku, the veteran leader of the Ubychs, however, renewed the contest, and the Russians were forced to retreat. In the spring of 1841, General Golovine himself, with a small detachment, of which he left a portion on the banks of the Koïssu, under the command of General Vogelsang, joined Grabbe at Tcherkey. This operation has been repeatedly criticized, and yet it decided the fall of Tcherkey; for while the main army was laboriously scaling the mountains under a shower of bullets, and Schamyl contested every inch of ground, General Vogelsang crossed the river and took Tcherkey, but paid for the victory with his own life.

Tchetchenia was again desolated; but Schamyl took advantage of the Russian army returning to its winter quarters, collected an army of 15,000 Tchetchenzes, made an incursion into the country of the Kumyks, who were in alliance with the Russians, and menaced Kisliar. The colonel in command at this fort, advanced against them with a thousand men and two guns, but was utterly defeated. The commandants of Grosnaya and Tchervlenna marched with their troops against Schamyl, who, however, very skilfully prevented their junction, defeated them in detail, and carried off an immense amount of booty, principally consisting of cattle.

With the design of punishing Schamyl for this victory, Grabbe in the following year transferred the seat of war to the country of the Gorumlatians. The chief object of this expedition was to take Dargo, one of Schamyl's residences, who, however, went to Andalal when he heard that the Russians were *en route*. The Naïb, Hadji Yagvia, was defeated by the Russian vanguard, and a detached corps under the command of Prince Argutinski Dolgurucki, after taking possession of Jirak and Kumyk, brought the neighbouring population under Russian subjection.

Grabbe was only ten versts from Dargo when he gave orders for retreat; for his loss had been very considerable, his troops were continually attacked by the enemy, and were perfectly exhausted by privations and fatigue. In the forests of Itchkeri, however, the Russian army was almost entirely annihilated; for the Circassians, when they saw the Russians in retreat, were

animated with fresh courage, and rushed with terrible impetuosity on the foe. A captured Russian drummer was compelled to beat the *reveille*, and many Russian soldiers, who were deceived by it, fell into the ambuscade which had been prepared for them. More than one half the officers were killed, and the bonds of discipline were almost severed, when suddenly, on seeing the Circassians capture several guns, the Russians were filled with such fury that they recovered the guns, and the column returned to the forts whence it had started, with a loss of 8000 men.

The Russian minister at war, Prince Tchernicheff, was at this moment on a journey of inspection through the Caucasus, and saw the return of these troops. General Grabbe was recalled, although the Emperor himself allowed that the defeat was rather owing to the elements than to the general. At the same time, however, the commander-in-chief, although he had not approved of Grabbe's expedition, also fell into disgrace. He retired from the command, leaving as a reminiscence a powerful fort in the vicinity of the Caspian sea, which was called after him. His successor was General Neidhardt, who had been governor-general of Moscow *ad interim*, while Golovine was soon after appointed governor-general of Riga, and afterwards a member of the Imperial Senate.

General Sass was also compelled to leave Prochnoyokop, from which place he had carried on a most destructive guerilla war against the mountaineers. However, the Circassians, by means of their spies, had learned how to defend themselves against his *razzias*. General Golovine, during the latter part of his administration, had expressed himself in favour of a defensive system, which Prince Woronzoff also afterwards carried into effect, after a second unsuccessful expedition against Dargo. The plan which was considered the best was, to surround the enemy with a net-work of forts, await the result, and confine the Russian operations to *razzias*.

Up to this time, all the defeats and unsuccessful expeditions had been ascribed to the jealousy, which existed not merely among the several generals in command of divisions, but between these and the commander-in-chief. The Emperor, there-

fore, came to the conclusion of preventing this dangerous state of things, by investing Woronzoff, who was then only a count, with absolute authority, and he even went so far as to make him irresponsible to the minister at war. It was certainly said, and perhaps not unjustly, that the governor-general of Tiflis was much too distant from the seat of war to know what was taking place there. Grabbe's opinion was refuted by the terrible defeat of Itchkeri. Sass ever acted too much in accordance with his own views; and even at this time a certain liberty of action is conceded to the commanders of the different provinces, for Prince Bariatinsky has undertaken several expeditions on his own responsibility.

General Neidhardt, whom the Russians called the "German Pedant," is asserted to have shown himself to be only great in small matters, while he did not effect much in a military point of view. In 1844, Schamyl took the fort of Unsorilla, and Kluge von Klugenau, who hastened to its relief with a small body of troops, was utterly defeated. Schamyl desolated the whole of Avaria. In the following year, Neidhardt took the field against him, in order to carry out a cleverly contrived plan, which, however, was frustrated by the Fabian policy of the Russian general. Schamyl was enclosed in a defile: Neidhardt, who attended to precautionary measures too much, sent orders to attack a day too late, and Schamyl had time to escape from the snare. General Neidhardt was recalled and went to Moscow, where he died of grief.

Count (afterwards Prince) Woronzoff was appointed in his place, and the army was augmented to 150,000 men. No one had believed that the Emperor's choice would fall on Woronzoff. Some fancied that the aged Yermoloff, although weighed down by his years, would be recalled to the scene of his former victories; others conjectured that the minister at war, Tchernitcheff, would himself superintend affairs in the Caucasus, if only for a few years. No one thought of Count Woronzoff, the governor-general of New Russia, who was said not to be in especial favour at Court; and in the Crimea it was an universally propagated rumour, that he was surrounded by spies in his suite,

his staff, his palace, and even at table, who were enjoined to report his every word to the Emperor; and that an opportunity was only awaited in order to ruin a man who had made so many irreconcilable enemies by the freedom of his sentiments.

All these rumours were proved to be false by Woronzoff's appointment to the command in chief. Since the favourite of Catharine II., the all-powerful Potemkin, no Russian subject had been invested with such unlimited authority. The Emperor gave him absolute power over the countries situated between the Pruth and the Araxes; he can punish all the natives with death; he can appoint and remove the officials to the sixth class at his pleasure; he can give rewards and distinctions to the army without first demanding the Emperor's confirmation; and finally, he can bring officers and officials of every class before a court-martial. Such absolute authority is almost unparalleled in Russian history, and even Paskievitch, as governor of Poland, did not possess it.

Woronzoff received orders from the Emperor, at the commencement of his command, to take Dargo at any price; and he began this expedition, which he would probably have declined, had it not been for the Emperor's expressed wish. Schamyl, who found himself unable to defend this fortress, allowed it to be taken, more especially as it was of no great strategic value. But when the Russian army had commenced its retreat, he attacked it in the forest of Itchkeri with such impetuosity, that Woronzoff and his forces were almost entirely annihilated. He would have had great difficulty in escaping, had not two Circassian spies succeeded in carrying an order to General Freitag, bidding him hasten to the assistance of his chief with the utmost speed. The Russians lost in this defeat 4000 men, and three generals—Passeck, Fock, and Voinoff—were among the fallen. Eyewitnesses state, that the soldiers wept with joy when they saw Freitag's division come up to save them from utter destruction.

But, however great this defeat was, the Emperor saw that Woronzoff had displayed the most undeniable signs of bravery and ability, and raised him to Prince by rank. The loss of

Passeck was irrecoverable. The soldiers loved him, and he had, during his short and brilliant career, furnished proofs of the most distinguished abilities as a commander. The Circassians cut off his head, and carried it about for several days on a lance, as a symbol of victory. The negotiations commenced by Prince Woronzoff, were followed by the Naïb Hadji Murad joining the Russians, though only in pretence; for, as soon as he had discovered all in the Russian camp that he desired to know, he fled with fourteen Murids to Schamyl.

After the dearly purchased victory at Dargo, Prince Woronzoff had a conference with the Emperor at Sebastopol, in which he explained, that in future he intended to give up the two systems till now followed by the Russians—of a defensive war and expedition suddenly carried out—and the campaign would be adapted to the nature of the circumstances. A merely defensive position would certainly confine the Caucasians in their mountains, but allowed them to unite, while the Russian *razzias* offered a very uncertain chance of success. Before all, the national unity must be destroyed, which had been foolishly allowed to increase. This bond must be ruptured, and Schamyl's army broken up, which could only be possible if the Russian forces suddenly appeared at different points, and compelled the Tchetchenzi horsemen to disperse. Prince Woronzoff declared it to be a useless attempt to subjugate the Caucasus by a single decisive blow, which the whole Russian army could not effect; but, on the contrary, the enemy should be gradually exhausted, and for that, patience and time were required.

The Emperor perfectly agreed with the Prince's plan, and gave orders that it should be carried into effect immediately and energetically. The light columns began to traverse the Caucasus in every direction, and the success they met with was considerable enough to summon up a desperate resistance on the part of Schamyl. While the Russian columns were preparing for fresh expeditions in 1846, the prophet summoned not only his standing army, but all the riders of the aouls under arms, quitted the scene of the campaign, traversed two lines of forts, crossed two great rivers, by which he considerably endangered his retreat, and fell upon

Kabardah. The Kabardians are the Tcherkess of the plains, just as the Adeche or Adige are the mountain Tcherkess, and inhabit part of Western Caucasus. We have already remarked that they have been for a long time subject to the Russians, for they are exposed on all sides, and cannot possibly prevent it. Schamyl's intention in thus attacking them, was evidently to terrify the vacillating tribes, and compel them to join the national cause. This was a piece of unparalleled boldness; for even if he had, as was said, 20,000 horsemen under his orders, still he could be surrounded by the Russian army in the plains, and be utterly annihilated at one blow. However, the daring scheme was successful; Schamyl plundered the Kabardah, burnt the crops, carried off hundreds of prisoners, and, with the speed of light, recrossed the Russian lines with a daily increasing army.

In the following year, 1847, fortune was less favourable to him. He made an attack upon Fort Golovine, in the country of the Ubychs: the sons of the mountain were so terribly repulsed, however, and their loss was so considerable, that they punished the Polish deserter, who had advised the expedition to be undertaken, with death.

A few months later, Schamyl crossed the Sundja with 20,000 horsemen and several guns, to make a sudden attack on the Russian centre. As soon as General Freitag received information of this, he collected six battalions of infantry and a thousand cavalry in Fort Grosnaya. Acting in unison with Generals Nestoroff and Savadovsky, he exerted himself to enclose the prophet within a narrow pass; so that Schamyl, to make his escape, was forced to disperse his infantry, and hurry off through the woods as quickly as possible. Nestoroff forced his way through the pass of Sontjin, cut down the forests between the Assa and the Fortanga, and destroyed eleven villages. In the meanwhile, the Russians could not prevent Schamyl crossing the Terek, and it is also conjectured that Muhammad Omosoroff, a chieftain of the Kabardah, placed many impediments in the way of the Russians, on their retreat between the Assa and the Puta.

Schamyl crossed the Sundja a second time, and menaced the Russian line on the Terek. Lieutenant-colonel Slepztzoff repulsed

him, and, by the employment of Congreve rockets, spread death and terror through the ranks of the Circassians; General Schwartz defeated Daniel Bey in the neighbourhood of Katael. Schamyl, on the other hand, tried to cut off the retreat of the Russians, who had just taken the aoul of Gergebil. Prince Argutenski Dolgurucki attacked him in spite of the numerical disproportion, and if the Russians, under the command of this brave and talented leader, did not gain any decisive advantage, this was owing to the outbreak of the cholera with fresh fury, the snow, which rendered the roads impassable, and the diversion which Schamyl effected by his attack on the Le-gli line.

The Grand Duke, heir-apparent, took part in the Circassian war of 1850, and had an opportunity to distinguish himself in an attack made by a band of Tcherkess upon his escort. His bravery was of great effect in reanimating the courage of the Russian army. Prince Bariatinsky, commander of Fort Vosvichenski, carried out a brilliant expedition on the 16th August, 1852. 1500 men found their way through the pass of Argun, called the "Devil's Pass," and marched against the aoul of Kankaleh, while one half the troops remained behind to guard the pass. This precaution proved to be only useful, for the whole of the detachment would else have been destroyed. As soon as they had completed their *razzias*, cut down all in the aoul who offered any resistance, and made a few prisoners, they hurried back to the pass, where they found the rearguard actively engaged with the enemy. Within twenty minutes they lost twelve officers and seventy privates, but they succeeded in effecting their retreat through the pass.

On his departure from the Kabardah, Schamyl announced that he would speedily return; but such blows are not dealt twice. For six years Prince Woronzoff has held the Tchetchenzes encompassed by a belt of iron, and it is a question whether Schamyl will ever again be able to collect a body of 20,000 men, as he did in 1846. Still he is now the prophet, chieftain, and sultan, whose word creates heroes; and, despite his years, the enthusiasm of youth and manly determination still animate him, but the field of his restless activity has been considerably re-

stricted. The Russians assert that it is daily growing more limited; but any one who is personally acquainted with this wildly romantic country, may entertain a reasonable doubt whether the inexorable cordon which Woronzoff has drawn round the Tchetchenzes, will finally extend beyond a certain limit, and Schamyl is protected by natural fortresses, behind which his warriors will defend themselves for years. He will succeed more than once again in breaking through the Russian lines, destroying their fortresses, punishing those tribes who desert the cause, as he did in 1850, despite the exertions of General Dolgorucki. The more restricted territory in which the prophet is now confined, is thence more secure from sudden attacks; and Schamyl is ever at liberty to choose the most favourable time and place to strike a blow.

The last attack made by the Circassians was in the west, on the redoubts and forts on the Black Sea, from Redut Kaleh to the fortress of Naroginskoi; and in the east, upon the detached posts and military cordons which cover the banks of the Terek and several positions in Daghistan. For a time, Prince Woronzoff was completely surrounded by the Circassians, and could not liberate himself until troops were sent to his assistance from the Turkish frontier.

The present war between Turkey and Russia has also given fresh impulse to the movements of the Circassians. Sheikh Schamyl has announced to Omer Pacha, the commander-in-chief of the Turkish army, that he is ready to act in conjunction with him at the head of 20,000 men. Simultaneously with this, Sifar Bey, a celebrated Circassian chief, who was kept for twenty years a prisoner at Adrianople, has found his way to the shores of the Black Sea, in order to organize an insurrection among his countrymen.

Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid, perceiving the error of his predecessors, who, by giving up the littoral of the Black Sea to the Russians, decided the fate of the Circassians, has now formed an offensive and defensive alliance with Schamyl. Guyon has lately taken Fort St. Nicholas, though not without a considerable loss, which was, however, in some measure compensated by the immense

quantity of ammunition found in the fort. If the Turks carry on the war in Georgia with energy, the Tchetchenzes will doubtlessly play an important part in it, and affairs in the Caucasus may assume an aspect which will either realize or utterly destroy the hopes of Schamyl's friends.

The Russians accuse the mountaineers of treachery and cowardice, because they have repeatedly broken their treaties, and only risk their lives when absolutely necessary. "The Tcherkess," they say, "always attack us from an ambuscade, kill our men singly by stratagems or unforeseen attacks, and only dare to engage in a regular battle when no other mode of salvation is left them. But, if there is any way of escape, they think it no disgrace to fly."

Certainly, if all the warlike tribes of Daghistan were to descend from their mountains, and oppose the enemy in the open field, the Russians would soon destroy them with their excellent artillery, and gain the prize after a few battles, for which they have struggled in vain during half a century. But, if Schamyl's care is to keep his band united, if he cautiously avoids every useless skirmish, and only engages in regular battle when pressing necessity compels him, or if he can gain a certain advantage from it, we must not on that account call him a coward ! When the Russians lose an army, another is always in readiness to take its place ; their soldiers grow up like mushrooms in a single night, at the all-powerful autocrat's bidding ; they need not count the thousands who have already found their grave in the yawning ravines of Daghistan—and, in truth, they do not count them. But Schamyl has only *one* army to lose ; if this army is destroyed, all is lost, and he has only a span of earth which he can call his own, and, if this span be taken from him, he has not where to lay his head. The whole country where the warlike mountaineers live, is intersected by Russian military roads, and covered with Russian forts. The great towns of Daghistan, commanding the Caspian Sea, are in the

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hands of the Russians. It is plain, what an immense superiority the latter must acquire from all the victories they gain. We must add to this, that the mountaineers are almost continually in want of the materials of war—the Russians conquer by their cannon and muskets, while the Tcherkess can only gain their victories sword in hand.

It would be superfluous to mention in detail all the advantages the Russians, who are supported by a treasury filled from three quarters of the world, have over their little band of enemies. And is the man who has been enabled to protect this band from the overspreading wings of the Russian eagle, during the last ten years, to be called a coward? Schamyl is much too clever not to know, as well as ourselves, that the Russians frequently prefer a great victory *on paper*, to a little one in *reality*. He gladly leaves his enemies the renown, if he can only obtain the advantage. He does not fight for promotion or orders, or to trumpet his victories through Europe in the newspapers; he fights for the sole purpose of defending the liberty and belief of his nation, and of taking revenge on his enemies.

CHAPTER VI.

SCHAMYL AS CHIEFTAIN, SULTAN, AND PROPHET.

RELIGIOUS FANATICISM IN THE CAUCASUS.—SCHAMYL'S BIRTHPLACE—HIS TEACHER—HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE—HIS ELOQUENCE.—SCHAMYL AS A LEGISLATOR.—THE ORGANIZATION OF HIS ARMY—HIS BODY-GUARD.—TCHETCHENZI ORDERS AND HONORARY REWARDS.—SCHAMYL'S REVENUE.—HIS CRIMINAL CODE.—THE NARRATIVE OF A TOWNSMAN OF MOSDOK ABOUT A VISIT TO SCHAMYL'S RESIDENCE.—SCHAMYL'S MODE OF LIFE.—HIS WIVES.—HIS MOTHER FALLS A VICTIM TO HIS FANATICISM.—THE BLOOD-REVENGE.

THE soul of the struggle, which forces the tribes ever to hold the sword in readiness for battle if they would not perish, is, in its fundamental principles, religious fanaticism. But this fanaticism is not of that rough nature which we might expect to find among "barbarians;" for the Caucasians possess theological schools, which, in boldness of ideas and inexorable logic, are seldom surpassed. A fusion of warm feelings of nationality and of religious sentiments, must, in every mind addicted to solitude, produce a certain mystical tendency; and mystics of this nature have been found among the Lesghis and Tchetchenzes for the last thirty years. The dogmas of the Muhammadan theologians and philosophers were known to the religious teachers of the Caucasus; and the doctrine of trances or transfiguration, called Sufism, after its founder Sufi,* by which its apostles assert that they can enter into immediate communication with the Deity, had been introduced from Persia among these warlike countries, and had fanned the embers of patriotism into a flame. Sunk in these intoxicating visions, the ulema of Daghistan founded a new religion, as it were, or, to speak more correctly, they reformed Islam-

* A more detailed account of this religion will be found in the Appendix.

ism, and gave it a form which rose above the law of Muhammad, in which the two old sects of Ali and Omar disappear, and which at the present moment forms the foundation of the state constructed by Schamyl.

We will, however, remark here, that this religious fanaticism, although certainly the principal, is not the sole, support of his power. The fear of his severity has probably effected as much as religion in keeping the different aouls under his authority; for he punishes traitors and rebels in the severest manner. We shall be mistaken if we fancied that all the tribes that obey him are satisfied with his rule. He raises regular and irregular contributions in money, men, and provisions, which now and then are felt to be very oppressive. Every tenth man is bound to assemble beneath his banners, and the others to be in readiness to attend his first summons; every family pays a capitation tax of one silver ruble; and the tithes of the harvest are carried into the chieftain's magazines.

Schamyl was born in 1797, at the aoul of Himri, which was also the birthplace of his great predecessor, Kasi Mullah. In his earliest youth Schamyl was distinguished, so the aged men of Himri say, by a solemn, reserved manner, by an unbending temper, by curiosity, pride, and ambition, from all his playmates. His naturally tender and weak body he tried to strengthen by gymnastic exercises of every description. If, in the martial games of Daghistan, another carried off the prize in shooting or in running, his features would be awfully contracted, and he would not be seen for weeks in the public places, through shame and fury at the thought that he had not been the victor. Of the numerous stories which circulate in Daghistan about the youthful life of our hero, we will find room for one.

He was, even when a child, an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature, and was accustomed each evening, in favourable weather, to climb the barren rocks of Himri, whose wild beauty exercised a great influence upon him. Near the highest of these rocks, which, cut into the most extraordinary shapes, boldly rise in the centre of a boundless forest, there is a desolate and arid plateau, which is known and revered through Daghistan

in consequence of the terrible stories which attach to it. The inhabitants of the aoul say, that bright flames frequently burst forth from the ground at night, and rise high above the rocks of Himri. There Simurg, the gigantic white bird of Solomon, who has been enthroned for centuries in Kafdagh, soars on his rustling wings to these rocks, and the air seems to weep and bewail through the sound of his terrible flight; and the Peris, the blessed dwellers in Djinnistan, the fairyland, dance merrily around the glistening flame. At this sacred spot, which was always shunned after sunset, Schamyl was wont to remain half the night, sunk in his dreams and fancies.

On one occasion, some of his playmates, who had been insulted by his arrogant, sarcastic remarks, determined to take their revenge upon him. They waited for him in a secret spot, which he must pass on his return from his wonted walk, and fell upon him as soon as he appeared: a furious contest ensued, in which Schamyl naturally yielded to numbers, and received a severe wound in the stomach, in addition to several contusions in his head and arm. He arrived at home quite exhausted by the loss of blood, bound up his wounds as well as he could, had some curative herbs secretly brought him by an old woman, and remained for several weeks ill in his bed, without telling any one a syllable about the real state of the case. Only his revered teacher, the wise mullah, Jilal Eddin, found out on inquiry the cause of his illness. This learned mullah, to whom Schamyl owes the foundation of his comprehensive knowledge of Arabic literature, plays a great part in the life history of our hero. He was the only person to whom Schamyl was obedient, the only one who could boast of possessing the young man's unlimited confidence. He employed his pupil's zeal at an early age to make him susceptible for the study of the Koran and of the Arabic philosophers. Through his stories from the lives of the old heroes of Islamism, he sought to enkindle a passion for mighty deeds in his scholar. Himself a zealous follower of Sufism, it flattered his self-love to have a pupil who, as it were, was born for Sufism, and he exerted himself to impart greater firmness to Schamyl's natural attachment to this widely diffused sect.

But Schamyl is a worthy chieftain of the fiery sect which has chosen him as its prophet. He is of middle height, has light hair, grey eyes, covered by bushy, finely formed eyebrows, a regular, handsomely shaped nose, and a small mouth. His face is distinguished from that of his countrymen by the extraordinary whiteness and softness of the skin. The elegant shape of his hands and feet is equally remarkable. The apparent immobility of his arms in walking, shews his reserved character. His carriage is thoroughly noble and dignified. He is perfectly master of himself, and exercises a certain supremacy over all who come into his presence. Adamantine calmness rests on his features, which does not desert him even in moments of the greatest danger. He utters a decree of death with the same imperturbability as that with which he gives his bravest Murid a mark of distinction after a sanguinary engagement. Traitors or criminals, whose death he has determined, he speaks to without the least sign of anger or revenge. He is convinced that his actions and words are the immediate inspirations of the Deity; he eats little, drinks only water, sleeps a few hours, and spends his hours of relaxation in reading the Koran and in prayer; but when he speaks, he has, as the Daghistani poet, Bersek Bey, sings, "lightning in his eye and flowers on his lip."

He is, in fact, perfect master of that Oriental eloquence which is adapted to inflame the Mussulmans, and the exaggerations which the Russian generals are guilty of in their proclamations, are far inferior to his. When the Russians say that they are as numerous as the sands of the sea, Schamyl replies that the Circassians are the waves which wash away this sand. In his proclamation to the warriors of the two Kabardahs, he says, *inter alia* :—

"Do not believe that God favours the greatest number! God is on the side of good men, and these are always less numerous than the godless. Look around you, and you will every where find a confirmation of what I say. Are there not fewer roses than weeds? is there not more dirt than pearls, more vermin than useful animals? is not gold rarer than the ignobler metals? And are we not much nobler than gold and roses, than pearls and horses,

and every useful animal put together ? for all the treasures of the world are transitory, while eternal life is promised us.

“ But if there are more weeds than roses, shall we then, instead of rooting out the former, wait till they have quite overgrown and choked the noble flowers ? and, if our enemies are more numerous than we, is it wise for us to suffer ourselves to be caught in their nets ?

“ Do not say our enemies have taken Tcherkey, besieged Achulko, and conquered all Avaria ! If the lightning strike a tree, do all the other trees bow their heads before it ? do they fall down through fear of being also struck ! O ye of little faith, follow the example given you by the trees of the forest, which would put you to shame if they had tongues and could speak. And if a fruit is devoured by worms, do the other fruits also rot through fear of being attacked in the same way ?

“ Do not alarm yourselves because the infidels increase so quickly, and continually send fresh warriors to the battle-field, in the place of those whom we have destroyed. For I tell you, that a thousand poisonous fungi spring out of the earth before a single good tree reaches maturity. I am the root of the tree of liberty : my Murids are the trunk, and you are the branches. But do you believe that the rottenness of *one* branch must entail the destruction of the entire tree ? God will lop off the rotten branches, and cast them into the eternal fire. Return, therefore, penitently, and enrol yourselves among the number of those who fight for our faith, and you will gain my favour, and I will be your protector.

“ But if you persist in giving more belief to the seductive speeches of the Christian dogs than to my exhortations, then I will carry out what Kasi Mullah formerly threatened you with. My bands will burst upon your souls like a thunder-cloud, and obtain by force what you refuse to friendly persuasion. I will wade in blood, desolation and terror shall follow me ; for what the power of eloquence cannot obtain, must be acquired by the edge of the sword.”

The Kabardians, however, who feared the Russians more than Schamyl, remained motionless in spite of this proclamation ; and

when the chieftain, Ashverdu Mahoma, was sent into this country, he was killed by a tribe friendly to the Russians. Schamyl, however, kept his word, quitted the Russian forts for a time, and fell upon the Kabardah, laying it under ashes. More than eighty souls were a prey to the flames, and he carried off an immense amount of booty, and a considerable number of prisoners.

During the first year of his career, Schamyl lived in the little fortress of Achulko, when, strange to say, he had a two-storied house built for him by Russian deserters, entirely after the European fashion. Here he was at first in such poverty, that his soldiers were obliged to procure him the necessary provisions, and still the force of religious enthusiasm made him as powerful as if he had an Eldorado at his command. He needs only to give the signals, and his Murids are ready to rush to death. None of the Daghistani chieftains, his predecessors, ever achieved such a reputation. Even Sheikh Mansur, who carried the banner of insurrection through the whole of the Caucasus, was only a celebrated and much-feared warrior: but Schamyl is not only the general and sultan of the Tchetchenzes, but their prophet as well, as, since 1834, Daghistan's war-cry has been:—"Muhammad is Allah's first prophet, and Schamyl his second!"

At the very moment when General Grabbe thought he had destroyed Schamyl's prestige and himself, by the capture of Achulko, the power of the daring chieftain rose to its highest point. Let us imagine the apparition of the prophet among the tribes who had just received the news of the entire destruction of Achulko. It was already believed that he was buried beneath the ruins, and suddenly he stood there among them, like one raised from the dead! His divine mission could not possibly be any longer doubted, and a victory could hardly have done him more good than his heroic defeat.

After the loss of Achulko, Schamyl formed the determination of preaching the sacred war to the Tcherkess, and summoning them to join him. He had not been successful in 1831, in an attempt of the same nature which he made upon the Avarians, a tribe of Daghistan who had been for years subjected to the Russians. He had hoped to effect a junction of the Caucasians

of the Black Sea with those of the Caspian ; for the latter, with the sole exception of the Avarians, had collected beneath his standard, and now formed one nation.

Assuredly, if he had succeeded in inducing the Tcherkess to commence the war simultaneously with the Tchetchenzes, a terrible blow might have been dealt to the Russian forces. Schamyl proceeded in person to the Ubychs and Adighi, and was honourably received by them, though he obtained no decided result. The hatred of the Russians is undeniably a mighty bond between the tribes on either side of the Caucasus ; but long, lasting jealousy between the several tribes has loosened this bond, and will do so still more. Besides this, there was a considerable impediment to the common action which the dauntless chieftain desired to summon into life, in the difference of languages ; and Schamyl was only comprehended by the chiefs and mullahs, as he was obliged to preach the crusade in Turkish, and could not impart that effect to his eloquence which he is usually wont to give it.

At last, especially after the great defeat of the Russians at Dargo, the Tcherkess of the Black Sea, inflamed by the news of Schamyl's victories, made several attacks on the Russians, and broke more than once through the line of defence, guarded by the Cossacks. They even took four forts, but satisfied themselves with plundering them, and did not leave a garrison in them. However, three or four victories on the part of the Russians, followed up with energy and strength, compelled the Tcherkess very speedily to confine themselves to passive resistance.

When Prince Woronzoff assumed the chief command in the Caucasus, Schamyl was no longer the insignificant chief he had been while still obeying Hamsad Bey. His power was immense. The Avarians, the Kists, the Kumyks, and several other tribes, had been overpowered by the prophet's eloquence, and forgot their old animosities to unite with the Lezghis and Tchetchenzes. At first, lord of a proportionately small number of tribes, he had now become the sovereign of an entire nation. It is evident that to produce such a result, the most unceasing exertions of a politic and active genius must be presupposed.

But Schamyl is not merely a brave warrior, but a wise legislator; and this was necessary to create and organize a nation, for the task he had before him was to subjugate the princes, found a theocratic monarchy amid the barbarism of partial slavery, reconcile hostile nations, give them all one belief, accustom wild horsemen to regular tactics, and establish permanent institutions. All this he really effected. The new doctrine of faith which he preached, reconciled the sects of Omar and Ali; his victories blinded the sons of the mountain, and humiliated the pride of their princes. The tribes which had coalesced for one and the same religious war, were now united by him beneath one and the same civil law, and all the old territorial distinctions disappeared.

At the present time, the country occupied by Schamyl is divided into twenty provinces, each of which is governed by a Naïb. These Naïbs are not all invested with equal authority; but only four, the prophet's most confidential and trustworthy followers, are regarded as absolute rulers of their subjects, while the rest must lay their decree before the Imâm for confirmation.

A masterpiece of cleverly designed precision, is the organization of the army; for it is entirely calculated and adapted to render discipline possible, without in any way quenching the martial flame. Every Naïb must maintain 300 mounted warriors, who are selected under the following regulations:—one soldier is furnished by every ten houses of an aoul: the family to whom he belongs is free from all taxation as long as he lives; the equipment and maintenance of the soldier falls to the share of the other nine families. The warriors must never take off their arms, even when sleeping, so that they may be prepared for battle at a moment's notice. The whole of Schamyl's regular mounted troops in 1843, were estimated at 5000 men. Hamsad Bey was the first who formed a separate corps of Russian and Polish deserters, among whom were several officers. Schamyl has greatly increased and improved this body, which now consists of 4000 men. He has also formed a small park of artillery out of the guns taken from the Russians.

But beside the regular troops, the remaining male inhabitants of every aoul, from the 15th to the 50th year, must be skilled in horsemanship and the use of their arms, in order to defend their own houses on any sudden attack, or, in times of pressing danger, strengthen Schamyl's army. In such cases, each warrior among the regular troops commands the contingent furnished by the ten houses from which he was chosen. From Schamyl down to the lowest officer, the strictest obedience and immediate attention to orders are expected; the slightest insubordination is punishable by death.

Schamyl himself is always surrounded by a chosen body guard, the members of which are called Murtosigators. In the choice of these troops, the greatest precautions are observed: only persons of undoubted bravery and fidelity, who are convicted of the sanctity of their leader's doctrines, are admitted into the band. But though Schamyl is so distrustful and strict in the choice of these soldiers, equally unbounded is his confidence in them, when they once belong to the number of his chosen. But the Murtosigators must purchase the exalted rank in which they stand above the other troops, by heavy sacrifices. They solemnly resign all that binds them to life, as long as they form a member of the chain which surrounds the holy person of the Murschid; the unmarried must remain single, the married, during their years of service, must not have the slightest communication with their families. They must, in imitation of Schamyl, exceed all the other soldiers, in conscientious fulfilment of the Jaryat, in moderation and abstinence. Their whole exertions must tend to the propagation of the new doctrine; they are helpless instruments in Schamyl's hands, and he punishes the slightest insubordination with death.

The number of the Murtosigators amounts to about 1000 men. Their arrangements are entirely after the decimal system: every ten of them have a leader, ten of these leaders again have a chief, and so on. The same is the case with the Naïbs' mounted troops. These leaders have great privileges, wear orders to indicate their dignity, and are highly respected by their subordinates. Only persons who distinguish themselves by

bravery and talent, are selected to fill these posts. Every Murtosigator receives from Schamyl a salary of about £5 monthly, and has in addition a certain portion of the booty. Every aoul to which a Murtosigator is sent, is obliged to support him gratis; the respect which is paid to the Imam's body guard goes so far, that every village regards it as an honour to have one of these chosen warriors within its walls.

A traitor was never yet known among the Murtosigators. They are devoted to the Imam with perfect fidelity and attachment, and are animated by such a martial spirit, that death in battle is regarded by them as the most glorious termination of terrestrial life. They are the terror of the Russian armies, and the support of Schamyl and his troops.

They fight with a courage and *sang-froid* which the Russian officers speak about with admiration. No instance was ever yet known of a Murtosigator falling alive into the hands of his enemies. They are the pillars of Schamyl's authority in peace and war, and the more deserving our attention, as they are not merely distinguished by animal courage and contempt of death, as we find is also the case among the Arabs of the desert, but are kept together by a higher mental bond. In war the leaders in battle, in peace they are the enthusiastic apostles of Schamyl's doctrines, and the executioners of his laws. Although themselves without fortune, they have always large sums of money at their command, which they can employ according to their own judgment in the pursuit of their designs.

They form at the same time Schamyl's secret police. They have a watchful eye every where; any one accused by them is executed without further inquiry. Even the judges and priests are not safe from their prying eyes; and they are the mortar which binds together the stones, out of which Schamyl has raised the fortifications of his power.

Schamyl's revenue, like that of his predecessors Hamsad Bey and Kasi Mullah, formerly consisted only of the booty carried off in war, of which, after similar custom, the leader received a fifth share, the rest was divided according to regular arrangements among the soldiers and lower officers. Other branches of the

revenue were the fines for every neglect of the laws of the Jaryat. In later times, when the authority of the Murschid had extended and was confirmed, Schamyl managed to increase his revenue by regular levies and other arrangements.

The Imam has been frequently accused of avarice and immoderate greed for money, as it is notorious that he has hidden in various secure places at Andi, and in the forests of Itchkeri, treasures of gold, jewels, and other valuables. This charge appears as unfounded as it is unjust. In his position the most conscientious economy is as useful as it is clever. Schamyl required great auxiliary resources, not to perish in the struggle with the continually renewed force of the Tzar, and to carry out his object, the foundation of a new empire in Daghistan. As in temperance and simplicity of life he can serve as a pattern to the lowest of his soldiers, so he is, in every thing referring to himself, extraordinarily saving. But where a brave deed is to be rewarded, a powerful tribe attached to his cause, and in similar important affairs, he is liberal almost to extravagance. While the Russian officers must pay a heavy additional sum for the orders gained by their blood, Schamyl has founded an order for bravery and those severely wounded, which assures the possessor a monthly pension of three silver rubles. From all this it is evident that Schamyl's economy is not of a common stamp.

With the youth of Schamyl's power and influences, as by the introduction of a regular administration, the relations in which he stood to the Naïbs and his subordinates also increased. He was therefore obliged—although his will is implicitly obeyed—to make a quantity of new regulations for the furtherance of business. At the end of 1842, Schamyl arranged a flying post, after the pattern of the Russians, by means of which all news and commands are expedited with incredible rapidity. In each aoul a number of the best horses must always be kept in readiness for the messengers who may pass through. These couriers are provided for the purpose of legitimization with free passes, countersigned by Schamyl or the Naïb. Whenever a courier produces such a pass, a fresh horse is immediately furnished him,

together with an experienced guide. If the courier is rendered incapable, by illness or any accident, of carrying out his commission, he is nursed by the parish, and the chief of the aoul immediately chooses a substitute for him.

We have not been able to discover how, in the time of Kasi Muhammad and Hamsad Bey, the internal arrangements of the tribes obedient to the Murschid were regulated, and in what the pay of the subaltern officers and other officials consisted. Before Schamyl had called his new administrative system into life, he was wont to reward services done him by presents, consisting of horses, arms, sheep, articles of clothing, and frequently money. It was regarded as a great distinction to have received thirty silver rubles from the Imam. In 1840, after the thorough organization of the Murtosigators, several orders were introduced, about whose value and import we have collected the following information :—

The first decoration consists of a round silver medal, which can only be given to a Yus-Baschi (leader of a hundred,) as is seen from the inscription, which runs, “To the Yus-Baschi——, for bravery.”

The second decoration consists of a triangular medal, which is only given to the Utch-Yus-Baschi (leader of three hundred.) The distinction which this order imparts, is as great as its distribution is rare. The inscription upon it is, “To ——, for distinguished bravery.”

The third highest distinction is, silver epaulettes, and sword tassels of the same metal. This decoration invests the owner with princely dignity, and has also great pecuniary advantages accompanying it. Only Besh-Yus-Bashis (leaders of five hundred) can obtain it. These epaulettes are distinguished from the Russian, by not being made of silver wire, but of solid metal.

At the close of 1842, Schamyl commenced to introduce in his army certain grades of rank, after the European fashion. The three principal Naïbs, Ashverdu Mohama, Schwaïb Mullah, and Ulubey Mullah, received the honorary title of general ; the other Naïbs, as well as several chieftains of the Murtosigators, obtained the title of captain.

Those raised to the dignity of general, wore as a mark of distinction two plates of silver, in the shape of a half star, on either side of the chest. The Russian prince, Orbelyanoff, who was long a prisoner among the mountaineers, asserts that he saw on Schwaib Mullah's breast two pentagonal stars. All the other Naïbs, as well as those who bear the title of captain, wear, as a symbol of their dignity, a little silver plate of an oval form. The deputies of the Naïbs, as well as the judges or elders of the village, wear, as a mark of distinction, a small silver plate, something resembling our keyholes in shape.

We must not forget a mark of distinction, of which only one specimen at present exists, which Aschverdu Mahoma, the Murschid's favourite, wears. It is a large silver medal, with the inscription in Arabic:—"There is no second hero like Aschverdu Mahoma; and no second Shashka like his Shashka."

Besides these decorations, Schamyl employs various other methods to give public recognition to those distinguished for their bravery. When several tribes displayed extraordinary courage in the memorable campaign of 1842, handsomely embroidered flags of honour were sent to their Naïbs. At the conquest of the Kurine and Kasikumyk territory, two Russian flags were taken by the Circassians, which the Tzar had given to these tribes for their former devotion to Russia. One of them was given to Schwaib Mullah, the other to Ulubey Mullah, as a reward for their deeds in the forests of Itchkeri, where the two Naïbs defeated the army under the command of Grabbe, and so futilized his scheme of taking Dargo.

The punishments Schamyl has introduced, are as manifold as the rewards. A money fine is paid for the slightest contravention of the Jaryat, or of the prophet's commands—(if the prisoner has no money, a quantity of grain must be paid, equal in value to the fine.) These fines are doubled or increased in proportion to the magnitude of the offence. Any one convicted of a theft, must pay the double value of the stolen property. The one half is given to the lawful owner, and the other is paid into the military chest.

Any one guilty of cowardice in battle, has, as a sign of dis-

grace, a piece of Voilok (coarse felt) bound on his right arm. Any one who has turned his back on an enemy during the engagement, has a similar piece of felt sewn on his back : these dishonouring signs of cowardice can only be removed by repeated marks of bravery. The felt-wearing soldier is strictly interdicted from any intercourse with his family ; and these form the " enfans perdus " in battle.*

Persons who are guilty of greater crimes, are punished with imprisonment as well as fines. The Russians have told many stories about the horrors of this imprisonment, where the prisoners only receive just enough food to protect them against starvation. But any one who has seen the horrible brutality in the Muscovite prisons, will agree with us, that the Russians in this respect are equalled by few, and surpassed by none. In addition, immoderate severity in the punishment of criminals is more pardonable in Schamyl, who rules over a band of unbridled barbarians, than in the powerful Russian Tzar, whose banner floats in three quarters of the globe, and whose nation is counted among civilized Europeans.

The punishment of death, which is appointed for murder, treachery, and breach of faith, consists in execution with the sword, and is divided into two classes, called the honourable and the dishonourable.

The person condemned to the first seats himself with crossed legs on the ground, bares neck and chest with his own hand, bows his head forward after uttering his last prayer, and thus receives the deadly blow. Those persons condemned to the dishonourable death, have the upper part of their body uncovered

* The curious punishment of felt-wearing reminds us of an old Persian fashion, in pursuance of which those soldiers accused of cowardice, whatever rank they might hold, were dressed in female clothes. It is even stated, that in the time of King Abbas, Ali Kuli Khan, viceroy of Choras-san, was obliged to walk about the camp for a whole day, under the jeers of the soldiers, because he had fled in an engagement with Theimuras, King of Georgia. In the Ghulistan of Saadi (Chapter 4,) there is a passage bearing reference to the above custom, in which it is said :—" Ye brave men, follow me, and fight boldly, lest ye be deemed worthy of female clothing."

by the executioner's hand, and the head is slunk off upon a block. A third mode of execution, and the most terrible of all, is stabbing or pistolling. This punishment, however, is extremely rare, and is only exceptionally inflicted on those Murids who are convicted of treason.

Schamyl rules over the subjected tribes of the Daghistan and Tchetchnia as absolute monarch, and has exerted himself strenuously to form one nation out of them. The execution of this great plan, however, is attended by almost incalculable impediments. A number of tribes, among whom we may especially mention Karach, Andi, Salatan, and Andalal, obey the Imam rather through fear than attachment; for the Russians, well aware of the value of these districts, employ all their influence, and spare neither presents nor promises to bring the inhabitants on their side. If, however, Schamyl remains several years longer in the unimpeded possession of these countries, it may be assumed that he will succeed, through his continual right selection of means, in fusing them permanently with his other possessions.

The difficulties with which the Imam has to contend, appear greater the more closely we examine into the condition of Daghistan before his time. He does not form his army of the chivalrous men of the Adichè, Ubychs, and Shapsuch; tribes, some of which have been degraded by years of slavery, others, educated in robbery and plunder, in whose hearts ambitious and ignorant priests had destroyed every feeling of reverence for religion, who knew no other laws than traditional customs and their own will—these were the principal members, out of which Schamyl formed the terrible body, whose soul he is. The most fight from a pure love of liberty; many, however, as can only be expected, for more ignoble ends. Some are seduced by the hope of booty, others by the fire of the eloquence or fear of the certain revenge of the Imam; but the object of all is the expulsion of the Russians from Daghistan.

In former times, the Tchetchenzes were the leading nation in the east of the Caucasus; they were always joined by the Lesghis and Avarians when an expedition was undertaken against the

Russians ; but since Kasi Mullah and Schamyl rose among the Lesghis, things have assumed another aspect : the Lesghis obtained the upper hand, and the Tchetchenzenes have, since that time, been in a state of unwilling dependence on them. Schamyl certainly resides in the highlands of the Tchetchenia, but is always surrounded by Lesghis ; the same is the case with Ashverdu Mahoma. When, in 1841, the Nasrani were punished by an inroad, Schamyl summoned Hadji Murad with 500 Lesghis and Avarian warriors to join him, less for the purpose of strengthening the army, than to frighten the Tchetchenzenes, who had given repeated signs of dissatisfaction. This discontent among the haughty inhabitants of the Tchetchenia, has its origin not only in the different origin of this nation, but may also be explained by the slight faith they place in Schamyl's divine mission. However, his influence among the Tchetchenzenes is rather increasing than diminishing, and indeed none of the tribes that obey the Imam really know which stands highest in his favour : he terrifies and punishes one by means of the other, and so keeps them all in fear and submission. In order to gain a higher degree of dignity, Schamyl has impregnated his Murids with the idea, that he carries on a regular correspondence with the Sultan of Turkey, and the Egyptian Pacha. The Russians assert that he frequently writes forged letters for this purpose, in which these princes give him assurances of friendship and speedy assistance : that he then sends these false letters to the Kadis and Priests, with orders that they should be read in the mosques and national assemblies.

His pretended communications with Allah and the Prophet, he wisely allows to occur only once, at the most twice, in the year, and usually at a time when he is about to execute some great design.

In order to prepare for the solemnity, he goes either into a hidden cave, or shuts himself up in his apartments, where he spends three weeks in fasting, praying, and reading the Koran. During this time, the house is most strictly guarded, and no one is allowed to enter. On the evening of the last day of his retirement, he assembles the highest leaders and clergy, and an-

nounces to them in a solemn voice, that Muhammad the prophet has appeared to him in the form of a dove, has given him commands, revealed great mysteries, or warned him to continue in the holy war. After this he shows himself to the immense crowd that surrounds the house, sings a few verses from the Koran, and then holds a long speech, full of religious zeal and hatred to the Russians. In this speech, the most important portions of the new revelation are announced to the people, and after this a solemn hymn is sung by the entire assembly; all the arms-bearing men draw their daggers, renew their oath of fidelity, and hatred to the Russians, and then disperse with the exclamation, "God is great; Muhammad is his first prophet, and Schamyl his second."

The Kadis and Mullahs return to their aouls, announce to the people all the miracles they have witnessed and heard, and through the whole country a week of universal rejoicing and festivity follows the long fast of their adored Imam.

Through his strict love of justice, to which even some of his many relations have fallen victims, it was only natural that Schamyl should have a number of powerful enemies, not only among the Tchetchenzes but among the Lesghis; and he would long ago have fallen through the exercise of the blood-revenge, were he not so personally cautious in the choice of his guard. He never appears alone. Access to his person is a matter of extreme difficulty to all who do not possess his confidence. He also is very particular about the strict performance of the appointed ceremonies: any one who approaches him must, without distinction of rank or person, stoop down to the ground and kiss the hem of his garment.

His house is surrounded day and night by numerous guards: if he leaves his residence he is always accompanied by an escort of his most noble Murtosigators. On longer expeditions into those provinces of whose attachment he is assured, his retinue amounts to 500 or 1000 horsemen; but in the Tchetchenia, and other countries where the bribes of the Russians have not been utterly ineffectual, he is always surrounded by 2000 to 5000 men. It is wrong, however, to ascribe this to Schamyl's fear

alone: we know that the suite of Eastern princes always appears to European eyes immoderately large. Schamyl's deputies are also always surrounded by a suite whose number is regulated by their rank.

We cannot refrain from giving in this place the report of a townsman of Mosdok, touching his visit to Dargy Vedenno, Schamyl's residence, which appeared in the *Abeille du Nord* of the 18th and 19th December last, as it furnishes a faithful picture of the mode of life in this inaccessible spot. It is as follows:—

“At the beginning of May, 1848, I arrived with a military convoy at the fort of Vosvichenkaya, introduced myself to Colonel, now Major-general Möller Sakomelski, and told him of my determination to visit the Tchetchenia, in order to see my cousin in Uluhanova, who had been carried off in 1840 from Mosdok, in a foray of the Tchetchenzes, and had afterwards been selected as one of Schamyl's wives. The colonel permitted me to enter into communication with the spies, and through them I commenced a correspondence at first with the Naïbs, Duba, Saadullah, and Dalchik, and through the Naïb Duba with Schamyl himself. The Naïbs answered me that, without the permission of their Imam, they could not approach the fortress. But when I applied directly to Schamyl, three days after my letter had been sent off, the Naïb Duba despatched a messenger to me, with a declaration in Schamyl's name, that several trustworthy men, the Naïb Duba himself, the favourite and privy councillor of Schamyl, Ejie Hadji, the eldest of the villagers of Datchen Barsā and Ulaskart, should be sent to meet me, and serve as my escort to the residence of the Imam.

“When I was informed that Schamyl's deputation had arrived within four versts of the fort, I took leave of the colonel, who warned me against the peril I was exposing myself to; dressed myself in Tchetchni clothing, and left the fortress in the company of two well-mounted men from the subjected Tchetchni village of Ulaga. One of my companions was my konak (guest and friend), the Tchetchenze, Sisa. Along the ravine of the Argun I approached Schamyl's envoys, and when I had arrived within gunshot of them, we discussed the question as to which of us

should advance. The Tchetchenzenes would not go further, and they replied to my request that they should deliver me from their hands into those of their co-religionists, and introduce me to them; that they were deadly enemies of Schamyl's people, and, consequently, would not have any thing to do with them. Upon this I spoke to them again, and reminded them that, according to their Muhammadan law, a konak would sooner die than leave his friend in danger. Sisa was convinced by my arguments, and determined to follow me; but my other companion remained behind. When I approached Schamyl's envoys with all proper caution, and arrived about fifty paces from them, I asked my comrade if he recognised any of them. Sisa replied that he only knew one, the Naïb Duba, who was distinguished from the others by his yellow turban.

“ ‘You are welcome, Naïb Duba!’ I called aloud in Tchetchni, saluting him from afar. ‘You are welcome, guest of the Lord!’ the Naïb replied to me, and we gradually approached one another, though both exercising extreme caution, for we apprehended an ambush. When I had drawn considerably nearer to the Naïb, I galloped up and extended my hand to him. We exchanged salutations in the Tchetchni fashion, and then similar salutations passed between myself and Ejie Hadji, who wore a white turban.

“ After various salutations and congratulations, Ejie Hadji asked whether I intended to go straight to Schamyl, or only send him a message through them. I replied that I had no message to send their chief, but only wished to see his wife, my cousin; and I consequently requested the honoured Naïbs to conduct me to their Imam. They said they would gladly fulfil my request. I then turned to my companions, who had already gone some distance, but could hear me say ‘Farewell; go back, and pay my respects to Colonel Möller.’

“ When I had gone about half a verst with my new companions, I saw behind a tall monumental mound (Kurgan) fourteen Tchetchenzenes: they were the Naïb's guard, and soon found us. I had to give each of them my hand, and exchange salutations with them all, saying—‘You young people, will you

really conduct me in safety to the presence of your chieftain?' 'We will attempt it,' the horsemen replied, then fell back a short distance, and sang, in a loud deafening voice, a hymn, which is called 'La illa ill' Allah!'

"We then continued our journey merrily into the hills, and soon crossed an arm of the Argun, which here divides into three branches. On the road we frequently passed the farms of hostile Tchetchenzes, which are here called Kután. Our road was bad, at times very fatiguing; so that we were forced to travel principally on foot, as the road led continually up and down hill through a dense forest. In the woods we saw wild-hogs, which collect in vast herds, and feed on the bark of the plane-tree (Tchinar). The latter grow in immense numbers, and attain an extraordinary height. The most fatiguing part of the journey was the passage of the Shbut mountain; we were all obliged to scale it on foot, and one of the escort led my horse. I conjectured—and my opinion was subsequently confirmed—that I was purposely led by this fatiguing route; for they suspected that I wanted to take notes of the country and roads. It was not till the seventh day that they reached the village of Datchen Barsa, where the Naïb Duba resides, in whose house I passed the night. In the court-yard I noticed a cannon, which was guarded by a sentinel.

"Soon after our arrival, all the inhabitants of the village came to the abode of the Naïb, among them Ejie Hadji, and Tchuka, Duba's father. They seated them on an upper floor of the house, and drank Russian tea beneath a gallery which they call Tchardag. We were witnesses of the merry behaviour of the Naïb's servants toward the crowd of curious natives who filled the house; they eventually armed themselves with sticks, attacked the mob, and drove them away with the words, 'Who are you? what do you want? did you never see a Russian before?'

"We passed the evening in pleasant conversation. I had an excellent supper prepared for me, and a separate sleeping apartment. The next morning we started again, crossed some terrible mountains and another branch of the Argun, in the vicinity of Ulaskart. We made no stay here, but again passed

a hill, and arrived at the village of Mychtayurt. On the other side of the latter we again reached fertile hills, forests, rocks, and precipices; and all these impediments had to be surmounted before we finally reached an immense valley, in the centre of which is situated the village of Vedenno. To the east, about four versts from this village, we perceived a small opening in the mountains, bounded to the right by wooded hills, on the left by a terrible ravine, through which the Chlilo flows. In the centre of this opening a plateau was visible, on which stood a castle surrounded by various buildings. This inaccessible spot is called Dargy Vedenno, and is Schamyl's residence.

"In the castle there is only one gate, and opposite this gate, within the fortress, is a tower with a single gun to defend the entrance. Schamyl's castle is surrounded by two rows of heavy upright posts driven firmly into the soil, between which clay is stamped in. Somewhat to the right of the fortress is a separate village for the Murids, and at a short distance from that a powder magazine, defended by a guard. Before the fortress lies a small aoul, where artisans principally reside, and among them is even a watchmaker. A stream has been led from the hills into the centre of the fortress, and collected in a huge tank, which is called the bathing-place, for the men and horses usually bathe in it. The water flows from the tank into a precipitous ravine, and thence to the Chlilo stream. At a short distance from this spot is the provision store, filled with a stock of maize, corn, and millet, all preserved in large casks.

"I reached Dargy Vedenno on the evening of the eighth day, and was lodged in the house of Ejie Hadji. On the first day Schamyl did not receive me, because no information had been yet collected as to the cause of my arrival; and Schamyl suspected that I might have come with some special commission from the subjected aouls. This information was being collected during three days, and for the whole of that time I hovered between life and death; because, in the event of unfavourable reports about me, my death would have been inevitable. However, I was well treated as regarded eating and drinking; and, although I trembled with apprehension, I retained my external calmness.

On the third day Schamyl invited me to supper in his 'strangers' house,' where those usually dine who are on intimate terms with the Imam. This house is in the centre of the fortress. Here I was received after the Mussulman fashion, in a very hospitable manner. Toward the end of the repast, pillau was served, and I noticed, to my astonishment, that all the guests—and there were a score of them—after eating the pillau, grew very excited, wrinkled their foreheads angrily, and began to regard me in a most hostile fashion. In astonishment and terror I thought to myself, 'Have they only treated you so well hitherto, in order to cut your head off afterwards?' Still, in spite of these thoughts, I retained my external calm bearing, was silent, regarded my companions, and finally consoled myself with the reflection—'It is probably the fashion among them to look angry after eating pillau, and whisper in each other's ear.' I attempted to address some questions to my next hand neighbour, but he deigned me no reply.

"After the pillau, small cakes were handed round, made of maize flour, and very nicely prepared. These formed the dessert; and, while my comrades were seated with very gloomy looks, these cakes were handed me a second time. I declined them, with the remark that I had eaten enough; to which the host replied, 'Eat, your cousin prepared them for you.' 'Ah!' I said, 'if that is the case, I shall eat them with pleasure.' I took a considerable quantity, and begged that my cousin should be thanked in my name for her trouble. During all this time my comrades sat as gloomy as before; they continued to regard me menacingly, until at last a young Murid entered the room, and made some remark in the mountain dialect. Upon this they entirely altered their behaviour to me, addressed their conversation to me, and soon their highest Achund, who sat next me, acted in the most friendly manner.

"Afterwards I discovered all that had appeared so enigmatical to me. It seemed that, during the repast, my cousin waited in an adjoining room, regarded me through a window, and had been asked if she recognised me. At first she did not know me, and replied to the questioner, 'Are you out of your senses? that

is not my brother.' Then she begged, however, that they should get me to speak; and when I, suspecting nothing, spoke with the person who offered me the cakes, she recognised me by my voice, and then declared that I was not her brother,* but her cousin; and at last mentioned my name. My face, which had greatly altered during the last eight years of our separation, and my dress resembling that of the mountaineers, naturally misled my cousin; and, had she not hit on the idea of hearing me speak, I should have been taken for an audacious impostor, perhaps for a spy, and nothing could have saved me from death.

"After this, we remained a long time at table, and the chief Mullah or Achund, Adchioff Kadi, spoke kindly with me, and was evidently cross-questioning me. After supper, I went to my lodgings, at Ejie Hadji's house, where I remained till the next day. I now felt more confidence, and asked Ejie to accompany me in a stroll through the village. During this walk we went to the aoul, visited all the artisans, and, as I wished to try the skill of the watchmaker, I asked him to put a new glass in my watch, which he did in a first-rate manner. From the aoul we went to the powder magazine and other buildings, and soon after our return I received an invitation to dine with Schamyl. I fancied that I should see the Imam on this occasion; but he did not make his appearance, and the guests consisted of some twenty Naïbs who had lately arrived. After the meal, I turned to the chief Achund with the words:—'If I am not worthy to approach the sublime person of your Imam, allow me at least the honour of praying for your intercession that I may see my cousin.' 'God will allow you to see her,' the Achund replied, and then we returned to our quarters. But I hardly reached Ejie Hadji's house, when Schamyl's secretary brought a message to my host, to lead me directly to the place where I should see my cousin. Ejie Hadji bade me take a poniard, himself carried a musket, and we went to the middle fortress, where the wives and treasure of the Imam are kept. At the gate of the middle fortress, which must not be confounded

* In Russia, sister's children are called brother and sister; but to this is added, "of the second generation," *Dvojurodny*.

with the external fortifications, we found two Murids on guard, one without, the other within the gateway. Schamyl never neglects any precautionary measures : he never goes to pray in the mosque except in the company of his Murids, who are drawn up in two ranks, and armed with sabres. In the court of the keep I saw four light field guns, and several similar pieces of artillery on the walls.

“My cousin’s apartment was decorated with carpets, and contained chairs and ottomans, resembling the Georgian *tachta*. My cousin came to meet us from the other room, accompanied by six females. I bowed to them, and Ejie Hadji remained on the threshold. My cousin inquired after my health, then we seated ourselves on the *tachta* and the chairs. In a few minutes my cousin’s companions rose one after the other to salute me, but their faces were veiled. After the termination of the usual salutations, they bowed and quitted the room, in which only my cousin, my companion, and myself, remained. I then begged her, in Armenian, to unveil ; but she replied in the Kumyk language, that, although she understood me, she might make some mistakes, and therefore begged me to converse with her in Kumyk. I perceived her anxiety, lest I might be suspected of imparting some secret to her, and I therefore immediately explained to Ejie Hadji, that I had begged my cousin, in Armenian, to uncover her face ; at the same time, I requested him to join his persuasion to mine. Ejie walked up to her and said, in the mountain dialect : ‘Mother ! as, according to our customs, a woman may never unveil except before her brothers, so regard me as your younger brother, and unveil your countenance as a recompense to our guest, for the fatigue he has undergone in scaling our hills for the purpose of seeing you.’ I repeated the same request after Ejie, and my cousin decided on removing her veil. Our conversation now became more animated ; she asked after all her relations, when suddenly a door opened, my cousin hurriedly resumed her veil, and Schamyl entered the room.

“I sprang up from the chair, and Ejie Hadji reverentially kissed the Imam’s hand ; but when I tried to follow his example, Schamyl would not permit it, but seated himself on a *tachta*,

bade me do the same, and then began inquiring about the health of our friends. Schamyl is a stately man, of reverend aspect, with bright red hair and large eyes ; on his face I noticed some freckles, and his beard is dyed red. His dress consisted of a dark silk jacket (*besmet*), and a red cloth cloak, resembling those which the Muhammadan clergy wear. On his head he had a red fez, with a large tassel hanging down on one side. On a previous occasion, when I saw him going to the mosque, I had noticed a large turban on his head.

"As soon as I had seated myself on the *tachta*, Schamyl asked me if I had arrived without accident ; whether the road over the mountains had pleased me, and for what purpose I had come. I replied, that the mountains had certainly been picturesque, but the roads so bad, that, if I had known it before, I should not have undertaken the journey. The sole purpose of my journey was to visit my cousin, and see how she fared. Schamyl again inquired from whom I had received permission to travel in the Tchetchenia.

" 'I was so fortunate,' I said, 'as to receive your own permission to visit you.'

"To this Schamyl remarked, 'I would give many persons such a permission, but I do not know who would dare to undertake the journey.'

" 'May God be with you !' I replied ; 'my journey to you depended on myself, but my return will depend on your goodwill and pleasure.'

"When Schamyl heard this he smiled, and said, 'Well, so be it ; but I fancy that no one else will have the courage to undertake such an enterprise for some time hence.'

"Upon this the Imam made inquiries about France, Hungary, and our army. I answered him, to the best of my ability, concisely and clearly ; then I took courage to ask him if he would receive a present from me, according to our custom. 'Why not ?' he replied. I thereupon drew from my pocket a lady's gold watch, which I presented to my cousin ; and then handed a gold chronometer and chain to Schamyl. He would not take the present from my hands, and my cousin told me to

lay the chronometer upon the *tachta*, which I did. Schamyl asked, 'Is it then really the custom among you, to give and receive presents?' I answered in the affirmative. After conversing with him for half an hour in the Kumyk language, Schamyl rose and left the room. My cousin upon this unveiled again. Towards evening a repast was served of tea, apples, pears, and grapes.

"After remaining till nightfall we took leave of my cousin, and I went away accompanied by Ejie, who strictly warned me not to tell any one that I had spoken with the Imam; adding, 'If any one asks, merely say you have seen your cousin, but when you have quitted us, you can say what you like.' 'Why so?' I asked; 'do you fancy your companions would laugh at me?'

"'Not only would they not laugh, but they would kill you if you let them know you have met Schamyl.'

"I begged Ejie Hadji to explain to me the meaning of this warning, and he said, 'You have eaten twice with the Naïbs; but why did you not see Schamyl on either occasion at the table? Because, according to the laws of our religion, the Imam does not eat at the same board with the Giaour; now you understand, but if you want to return home in safety, keep a bridle upon your tongue for a season.'

"The next day I requested permission to depart, and asked to take leave of my cousin; instead of any answer to my prayer, I received a horse as a present from Schamyl, and his secretary told me that I should have thirty men as my escort, and the Naïb Duba had received orders to convey me to the neighbourhood of the fort. On the following morning we set out; and as my companion, on this occasion, chose another and much nearer route, I reached my home in comfort on the evening of the same day."

Schamyl lives very modestly and soberly; he eats little, and only sleeps a few hours, and on many occasions, when in a trance, not at all; he has only three wives, and the favourite is said to be an Armenian, probably the cousin of our friend from Mosdok. How far Schamyl's fanaticism goes in its frightful conse-

quences, is proved by the following occurrence, which was told a Russian officer by one of Schamyl's most confidential Murids :*—

In 1843, the inhabitants of the Great and Little Tchetchnia, who were encompassed on all sides by the Russians, and left without any assistance by the Lesghi tribes, determined on sending a deputation to Schamyl, with the prayer, that he would either send them a sufficient number of warriors to enable them to expel the Russians from the country of the Tchetchenzenes, where they had already built Fort Vosdvijensk, and shewed every intention to stop : or, if this were not possible, to grant them permission to subject themselves to the Russian government, as they were entirely without means for further resistance.

For a long while no amateurs were found to undertake such a ticklish commission ; for it was at the risk of life to appear in Schamyl's presence with proposals of such a nature. The Tchetchenzenes were consequently compelled to select their deputies by lot, and the choice fell upon four inhabitants of the village of Gunoi. The pride of the savage does not allow a Tchetchenze to display any feeling of fear, even when the most imminent peril is before him ; the chosen men, therefore, undertook the office without hesitation, and promised the people that they would either get from the Imam large reinforcements, or else a permission for them to give up their country to the Russians. With a determined spirit, therefore, the men of Gunoi commenced their journey ; but the nearer they drew to the village of Dargo, the stronger grew the instinct of self-preservation, and the stronger became the light in which they saw the peril to which they would expose themselves. They held council several times, as to how they should best set about the matter, without hitting on any plan which offered them any hope of success. At last the eldest of the deputies, the old and learned Tchetchenze, Tepi, turned to his companions :—

“ You know,” he said, “ that not only the whole nation, but even the Murids nearest to the powerful Imam, dare not utter, without punishment, the word, ‘ Submission to the Giaours.’

* We must not be supposed to vouch for the truth of the following anecdote.—*Translator's note.*

What would be our fate, then, if we were so bold as to appear before Schamyl's face with such a message? He would straightway give orders to cut out our tongues, put out our eyes, or cut off our heads, and all this would not do our people the slightest benefit, but only leave our families fatherless. In order to escape certain destruction, and to gain the end desired, if only partially, I have thought on a more certain plan."

Tepi's comrades earnestly begged him to tell them what this desirable way of escape was.

"As I have heard," Tepi continued, "there is only one person who exercises a decided influence over the Imam, and dares to utter words before him which would entail death upon any other—this is his mother: my konak, Hassim Mullah in Dargo, will gladly assent to introduce us to her, especially if we make him a present of a portion of the money we have brought with us."

The other deputies were perfectly satisfied with this proposal, and authorized their comrade to act entirely after his own judgment. On their arrival at Dargo, the deputation was hospitably received by Tepi's konak; and Tepi took advantage of the first opportunity to tell Hassim Mullah the cause of their grievance, and to ask for his application in the quarter indicated.

"What?" cried Hassim, in horror; "do you think I would so forget my honour, as to lend my hand to any such a disgraceful design as subjugation to the Giaours?"

Tepi put his hand in his pocket, and produced a handful of pieces of gold. Hassim's features immediately assumed a totally different expression; and he begged his friend to tell him the affair once more, as he had probably not quite understood it. At the same time he asked him for what purpose he had brought with him so much money.

"Three hundred pieces," Tepi replied, "have been collected by our whole clan, in order to support our petition. Here are seventy: the other two hundred and thirty we intend to present to the Khanum, if her intercession with her son obtain us permission to surrender to the Russians."

"Good," said Hassim; "I will speak with the Khanum, and hope to procure you what you desire, if you consent to give the

Khanum only two hundred out of the two hundred and thirty pieces you have left, and give me the remainder."

The deputies agreed. Hassim went to the Khanum, an aged woman, universally respected for her generosity, who, however, liked money, and declared her readiness to speak with her son on the subject, the danger of which she did not at all conceal.

On the same evening she entered her son's apartment, who was on the point of sending the Murids collected around him with inflammatory messages to the various tribes.

In spite of this pressing business, which he did not wish to have interrupted, he gave his mother the audience for which she so earnestly begged, and retired with her into a room, where their conversation lasted till midnight. What actually passed between them no one ever learned; and when Hassim Mullah appeared the next morning before the Khanum, he found her pale and with tears in her eyes.

"My son," she said in a trembling voice, "does not dare to decide how the question of the submission of the Tchetchenzes to the Giaours should be answered. He has therefore gone to the mosque, in order to wait in prayer and fasting the moment when the Great Prophet will announce his will to him with his own lips."

Schamyl had, indeed, shut himself up in the mosque, after giving the command beforehand, that all the inhabitants of Dargo should collect round the building, and there wait in prayer until he should come out again.

At this summons, the whole population flocked up, and surrounded the mosque with prayer and lamentation. But thrice four-and-twenty hours passed, many of the prayers sank exhausted from hunger and sleeplessness, until at last the gates were opened, and Schamyl walked out, pale and with swollen features. After whispering a few words to the nearest Murid, he mounted on to the flat roof of the mosque, whither several Murids accompanied him.

Suddenly the Murid sent off by Schamyl returned, accompanied by the Khanum, and also led her upon the roof of the

mosque. The Imam bade her stand opposite to him, and then began, after raising his swollen eyes to heaven :—

“Mighty Prophet, thrice holy are thy commands; thy will be done !”

He then turned to the people, and said in a loud, distinct voice :—“Inhabitants of Dargo ! what I have to announce to you is terrible. The Tchetchenzes have entertained the shameful idea of submitting themselves to the authority of the Giaour, and in their audacity even sent a deputation to ask my consent. These messengers were well aware how daring their commission was ; they therefore did not venture to appear before me, but applied to my unhappy mother, who, weak woman as she was, yielded to their entreaty, and announced to me the prayer of the criminals. My tender attachment to a beloved mother, and her earnest persuasion, rendered me so bold that I undertook to ask the will of Muhammad himself, the favourite of Allah. Here, then, supported by your prayers, I have demanded the judgment of the prophet for three days and nights. He has deigned to give me an answer ; but what a thunderstroke was it for me ! According to Allah’s will, the first person who imparted to me the villainous wishes of the Tchetchenzes was to be punished with a hundred lashes, and this first person was—oh, that I must say it—my mother !”

When the poor old woman heard her name mentioned she uttered a terrible cry, but Schamyl remained inexorable. The Murids tore off the Khanum’s long veil, bound her to a pillar, and Schamyl himself seized the whip, to inflict the horrible punishment. At the fifth blow the Khanum fell down dead, and Schamyl hurled himself at her feet with loud lamentation.

Suddenly, however, he sprang up, and his eyes sparkled with pleasure. He raised himself to his full height, and said in a solemn tone :—

“God is God, and Muhammad is his Prophet ! He has heard my earnest supplications, and permits me to take on myself the remainder of the punishment to which my poor mother was con-

demned. I do it with joy, and recognize therein, O holy prophet! an inestimable sign of thy favour."

And quickly and smilingly he threw off his upper garments, and ordered two of his Murids to inflict upon him the remainder of the lashes. They did so, and covered their master's body with ninety-five bleeding wheals, without his moving a feature. After the last stroke he reassumed his clothing, walked quickly down from the roof of the mosque, advanced among the people, who were trembling from speechless horror and astonishment, and asked in a calm, collected voice:—

"Where are the criminals, for whose sake my mother suffered this terrible punishment? where are the deputies from the Tchetchnia?"

"Here, here!" a hundred voices shouted; and at the next moment the unhappy victims were dragged to the feet of their fanatic lord. No one doubted but that a terrible death awaited the four Tchetchenzes, and some of the Murids had already drawn their heavy sabres, in order to be in readiness to execute the sentence at the first command from the Imam. The Tchetchenzes lay with their faces in the dust; they whispered, in the certain expectation of death, their last prayers, and did not even venture to lift their heads and beg for a pardon which they considered impossible. Schamyl, however, raised them with his own hand, ordered them to take courage, and said:—

"Return to your tribe, and tell them, in reply to their criminal, inconsiderate demand, all that you have seen and heard here."

It needs scarcely be said, that no deputation ever again appeared in Dargo on a similar mission; for it was now known what might be expected from a man who did not hesitate to sacrifice the life of a beloved mother, or even his own, to his policy.

In spite of their iron firmness, which does not even recoil from bloodshed, Schamyl has done all in his power to exterminate the *Vendetta*, which prevails among several tribes of the Caucasus, and to make it appear a horrible sin in the eye of his devotees. It is most likely though, that he has been induced to

do this, because many a brave has already fallen in consequence of this sanguinary custom, who otherwise would have increased the number of Schamyl's warriors.

In Daghistan the blood-revenge is pursued with greater savageness than in any other part of the Caucasus. Even the Corsican vendetta is far behind the Circassians; and certain families in Daghistan have, from time immemorial, carried on an uninterrupted war of extermination. Schamyl has succeeded in introducing in some parts a custom of taking money, or a number of horses or sheep, as a compensation. At the same time, in order to restore peace between two families, and to render the number of victims equal on either side, children are given up to be murdered in cold blood.

CHAPTER VII.

PRINCE WORONZOFF.

THE EXTENT OF WORONZOFF'S VICEROYALTY—HIS ORIGIN—HIS PART IN THE CAMPAIGNS AGAINST THE FRENCH AND TURKS—HE IS APPOINTED GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF NEW RUSSIA AND BESSARABIA—HIS CONDUCT IN THE CRIMEA—HIS APPOINTMENT AS VICEROY-GENERAL OF THE CAUCASIAN PROVINCES—HIS SEVERE AND YET HUMANE ADMINISTRATION—THE TRADE IN CIRCASSIAN GIRLS PARTIALLY RESTORED BY HIM—PRINCE WORONZOFF'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WE have already mentioned in the general war history of the Caucasus, that after the Generals Yermoloff, Rosen, Golovine, Grabbe, Sass, Wiliaminoff, and Neidhardt, had carried on with more or less success the tedious war against the Circassians, Prince Woronzoff was eventually selected by the Emperor for that post. For nearly ten years he has been opposed to Schamyl, who must recognize in him a worthy foe; for both fight with enthusiasm for the cause which they have made their own. We, think, therefore, we shall be justified in giving a short account of the Russian commander's life and character.

We have already mentioned that since Potemkin, under Catharine II., no Russian subject has been invested with such power as Prince Woronzoff now holds. The viceroyalty, which the autocrat of all the Russias has intrusted to him, is bounded on the west by the Bukovina, extends over a great sea, joined with the Mediterranean by a narrow strait, and contains the whole of the isthmus stretching southwards between the Black and Caspian Seas. No European empire is equal in extent to this viceroyalty.

Michael Woronzoff was born at St. Petersburg in 1782, and

is the son of a distinguished statesman, Count Simon Woronzoff, who died in London, to which court he had been sent as envoy. As he had fallen into disgrace after Catharine's death, his son remained for a time in England, and received his education there. But Alexander had scarcely mounted the throne, ere he recalled the young count from banishment, and appointed him one of his pages. Court life, however, was not the sphere which suited the young man, and he soon after joined the corps of the Caucasus as a lieutenant, which was at that time commanded by the brave Georgian prince, Zizianoff.

After remaining till 1805 in the Caucasus, the outbreak of the Prusso-French war recalled him to Germany. He took part in it till the treaty of Tilsit; in 1807, the Turkish war broke out, and Woronzoff went as a colonel to Turkey. In the years 1810 and 1811, he distinguished himself in such a manner that he was made a major-general. Napoleon commenced the campaign against Russia in 1812; this caused a hurried treaty with Turkey, and all the troops were concentrated as speedily as possible, to oppose the invader. Woronzoff also took part in the war; and, after Napoleon's expulsion from Russia, he went to Germany and France during the further progress of the campaign. After the termination of the war, his longing drove him again to England, where he was ever glad to reside, until he was recalled in 1823, and assumed the governor-generalship of New Russia and Bessarabia.

With this really commenced his illustrious career, in which he has uninterruptedly laboured for thirty years to promote the welfare of his fatherland. He was the man who carried out the plans of the two founders of Odessa, and under whom trade and commerce flourished in an extraordinary manner. Under Woronzoff's administration the splendid buildings were erected, of which Odessa can now boast; but his activity was by no means confined to his residence, for he governed with creative and talented energy the whole district intrusted to him by the Emperor. The desolate steppes on the north of the Black Sea, which had formerly been partially inhabited by the restless Noghais and their numerous herds, but had been deserted by

them after the occupation of the country by Russia, were again filled with human beings, if only sparingly and gradually. Country and towns grew populous; and, more especially, the German colonies in the neighbourhood of Odessa, attained an unparalleled pitch of prosperity. Prince Woronzoff also did great service in the Crimea. In union with a small number of Russian noblemen, he exerted himself to gain the southern slope of the rocky mountain range to cultivation; the alterations made there have cost millions of silver rubles, especially the vineyards; and palaces in a Gotho-Moorish style, Turkish châteaux and fountains, and Italian villas, are mingled with the simple Tartar tents. But for all this the so loudly praised southern coast of the Crimea will never thoroughly yield to advantageous cultivation.

In the year 1845, commenced the third epoch of Woronzoff's life; for he was led to a new sphere of action by the ukase appointing him viceroy-general of the Caucasian provinces, and commander-in-chief of the corps of the Caucasus. We have already mentioned the surprise felt at the immense power thereby intrusted in the hands of one man, especially as it was believed that he was not any great favourite of the Emperor.

In this new and dangerous career, Woronzoff first secured himself against all foreign interference, by which Neidhardt had been very frequently restricted in the execution of his plans, and demanded liberty of action for all his undertakings. The "Commission of the Caucasus" in Petersburg was consequently abolished, and Woronzoff stood in immediate communication with the Emperor.

It was not long ere he appeared in Tiflis, but though so gentle and kind in his manners, he attacked all disorders with the greatest severity; and within a few weeks, a dozen robbers were hanging on hastily erected gallows, as a terror to the rest.

Of what sort the fortune of war has been, which till now has accompanied him, we have already seen. But in another respect, Woronzoff has given his attention to the country intrusted to him. Through his affability, he gained the hearts of the Georgians or Grusians, who were by no means such faithful subjects to Russia as the Armenians were; and only a few years back

sympathized with Russia's foes. Schamyl was once more active in Circassia, and would probably have met with greater success, had not the talented viceroy sought to destroy his influence, and had recourse to a measure, to which considerable objections may be raised on the score of humanity. Prince Woronzoff, namely, removed the interdict by which Circassian girls could no longer be taken to Constantinople, and believed himself justified by only suffering the trade, when the daughter gave her consent to being sold. In fact, Circassian girls gladly go as slaves to Turkey, more especially to Constantinople, where they usually distinguish themselves through their mental superiority, and in later years frequently return home laden with the blessings of fortune.

It cannot be denied, that this trade with Circassian and Georgian girls has at times great drawbacks for themselves. The unhappy creatures, who are generally put on board the steamer that sails from Trebizonde, reach Constantinople in a most deplorable condition. Any one not thoroughly acquainted with the state of the case, may perhaps almost envy the captain who has under his charge such a poetical cargo: but, unfortunately, these girls are as carefully guarded as if they were so many casks of leeches for the Marseilles market. They are naturally separated as much as possible from the remaining passengers, and huddled together, wrapped in their dusty clothes, like so many negro slaves. They are usually attacked with eruptions of the skin; for they are most commonly sold by their parents through avarice or poverty, and are delivered to the purchaser almost in a state of nudity. If they were to be provided in the first instance with clean, respectable clothing, the whole of the profits would be lost. A ragged shirt, and a piece of linen to confine it round the shoulders, is the costume in which they huddle together, and whisper about the splendour promised them, or dream and think of their home, from which they have been driven, among strangers in this condition. The slave-dealers, with that narrow-mindedness which characterises every dealer in human flesh, feed these future favourites during the voyage on water and millet broth. It may be easily ima-

gined that they reach the end of their journey in a condition which is of such a nature, that only a few connoisseurs of hidden charms would venture to express an opinion about them. At times, if the merchant wishes to get rid of his wares as quickly as possible, he drives his flock in the miserable condition in which they have landed to the market, or, at the most, throws a feridji over the poor creatures' shoulders—chance generally directs the sale. The buyer keeps at a distance from his merchandise, like a physician from a patient sick with the plague, and drives them before him to one of the numerous institutions where beings of this sort are polished up for the harem. A number of old women earn their living by polishing this raw material. Through the application of remedies, which are guarded with great mystery, the girls are speedily cured of their disease, cleaned and dressed in clean clothes, so that it is difficult to recognise them, if a person had seen them previously in their miserable condition on board ship.*

Prince Woronzoff, by the abolition of the above-mentioned interdict, gained his object; for Schamyl's emissaries retired without any success. He took advantage of this favourable temper of the Circassians still more, by gaining over some of the princes by means of presents. All the Daghistani provinces, even those, like the mountainous Tabasseran, which did not in any way recognise Russia's authority, but whose inhabitants did not make common cause with Schamyl, were united by Woronzoff into one government, and the brave Arnenian prince Argutinski appointed their chief.

Prince Woronzoff, who at present is seventy-two years of age, is of the middle height, and has a very modest and simple appearance, which gains by longer conversation and acquaintance. His countenance does not express the genial temper he possesses; for his forehead is low, and his features have nothing marked about them. But, however much he loves simplicity for his own part, in certain instances he developes an immense amount of pomp,

* While these sheets were being printed, I have discovered that this passage is extracted from Bayle St. John's "The Turks in Europe."—L. W.

which is quite in contradiction to his usual modest manner. Since he has held his court in Tiflis, this has been the case even more than it was at Odessa.

Persons who have lived some time near Prince Woronzoff's person, assert that he is not only a good father within his own domestic circle, but also in reality a parent to his subjects. All his actions have something chivalrous and noble about them; and, besides repaying the confidence of his master in the most conscientious manner, he also employs a great portion of his revenues, and his own large fortune, in the improvement of the countries intrusted to him, and the condition of the nation beneath his authority.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE IN THE CAUCASUS.

THE WAR UNIFORM OF A RUSSIAN SOLDIER—THE MARCH—THE BAND—CONVERSATION OF THE SOLDIERS—THE HALT—THE EMPEROR'S PISTOL—THE CHASTISEMENT OF REBELLIOUS AOULS—THE ARMS OF THE CIRCASSIANS—THEIR MODE OF FIGHTING—TREATMENT OF PRISONERS AMONG THE CIRCASSIANS—THE DEGRADED OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY—THE GUNNER KUSNETSOFF—THE COSSACK ATATSHIKOFF—THE CAPTIVITY OF BARON VON TURNAU AMONG THE UBYCHS—THE CORPSES OF THOSE WHO HAVE FALLEN IN BATTLE—THE RETREAT OF THE RUSSIANS—THE RUSSIAN FORTS—COMPARISON BETWEEN THE RUSSIANS IN THE CAUCASUS AND THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS.

THE war costume of the Russian soldier is not the same as he wears for parade. Tchako and helmet are exchanged for the forage cap, which, it is seen, affords but slight protection against the terrible Circassian shashka. Circassian nobles sometimes wear a breastplate which is bullet-proof; on the other hand, the small balls which the Circassians use, barely pierce through the Russian uniform, and even the bayonet is unable to traverse the Circassian breastplate. In such a case the Russian soldier falls beneath the blows of his enemy, if he does not cleverly rush upon him, seize him round the waist, throw him down and kill him.

The light war uniform of the Russian soldier is a matter of necessity; for he could not endure heavy accoutrements on his terribly fatiguing marches. In order to render it as light as possible, a linen bag, fastened with a leathern strap, is substituted for the infantry knapsack, in which he carries his tobacco-pipe, brushes, and the little pot used to boil soup; for the Russian soldier likes warm food, and, if he can procure nothing better, boils water and shreds his bread into it. In the bag are

his provisions for six days, his necessary linen, and a small mirror. To these objects a prayer-book is sometimes added; and any one in possession of such an article usually receives the honorary office of reader during the halt. As soon as the march recommences, he retires into his nothingness, and his place is occupied by the merry story-teller, who makes them forget the fatigues of the march by the narration of all sorts of funny tales and anecdotes.

On the march the soldier is allowed to carry his musket as he pleases, on his shoulder or his back, in order, by this change, to make the weight less perceptible. The muskets of the Russian army are very heavy, and not always of the best quality. It is natural that much elegance cannot be expected among soldiers, more especially if they are serving in the Caucasus. His boots, whose soles are strengthened with hobnails, are pulled on over the trousers, and he carries his cloak in a bundle over his shoulder. He is always ready and in good-humour; for when in the field he receives a daily ration of wine. The officer hopes for promotion and orders. The baggage is laid on arabas—carts with two immense wheels—the music strikes up, and the column sets itself in motion.

This music is generally a subject of great surprise to the mountaineers. When it echoes through the quiet aouls, the inhabitants hurry out, and listen to the strange and novel tones. Many creep up quite close to the instruments, and hold their ear to the sounding-holes; we were even once witness, that one of these children of nature laid his ear in a listening position upon the stick of the drum-major.

The column marches further: it is long, and appears to have no end; for the ground is sometimes of such a nature, that the troops are compelled to march in Indian file. The column is visible at a considerable distance; for the glistening bayonets reflect the beams of the sun. The Cossacks of the Don form the rearguard, and the Cossacks of the line perform the duty of reconnoitring the country.

When it is intended to take the enemy by surprise, soldiers march so noiselessly, that a bird would be heard to fly. As

the enemies' spies creep about in every direction, the leaders of the expedition keep its object a profound secret.

We will join the column after it has ascended the mountain, and appears to be lost in the clouds, and listen to the conversation of the soldiers, which will give us an insight into their ideas and thoughts.

"See!" said one, "folks always declared that the clouds were ice, but they're nothing more than fog."—"Do you see," another adds, "the rainbow on the rock? folks tell it draws up water; but there's not a drop to be seen on the rock where it has rested. It is only the reflection of the sun."—"Ah!" says another, "if we keep on climbing so high, we shall reach heaven. How great is the power of God!"

It is impossible to look down from the summit of these mountains without feeling giddy. The deep ravines which intersect the ground, frighten even the boldest; and yawning abysses appear always ready to swallow any unfortunate man whose foot slips. But for all this, one soldier says to the other:—

"Look there, those stones are quite round below us: some are large, some small: the large ones containing little ones. Do they come from heaven, or do they grow there? It can be no good spirit that plays with such balls."—"When we," says another, "get to Arabia (Avaria) or to India (the aoul of Andi), we shall find such a quantity of Burkas that we can make tents out of them."

Another picture. The column halts; the arms are piled pyramidically; and, if there is sufficient room, tents raised. If the space is not sufficient for this purpose, the officer satisfies himself with his cloak, upon half of which he lays himself. Fires are lighted, and each warms himself in turn. Those who are sleepy go to sleep when they like, and sometimes their cloaks are attacked by the flames. In such cases they wake him and say, "Thou hast caught a fox."

The samovar (tea-kettle) always accompanies the officers of the same tent. How good is tea upon these marches! It

warms and cheers the drinker; and though, when drunk every day, it is only regarded as a usual beverage—under these circumstances is a welcome treat.

Rich officers take all sorts of provisions, wine, poultry, and porter, on their baggage-carts with them. But the poor ones have nothing but millet flour and tallow, and mutton either roast or smoked. When it rains continuously, the water makes its way through the tents, and soaks clothes and all. Their condition is then so unpleasant, that it is only surpassed by the frightful summer heat, which torments the soldiers with unquenchable thirst.

When the column reaches a friendly aoul, the inhabitants come up and bring fruit, milk, eggs, and butter, for sale. They receive Russian money for them, but prefer silver to copper, and will only take the latter at half its value.

With the first beams of the sun the column again starts; but the march in the mountains is often so fatiguing, that only fifteen versts, a little more than ten miles, are traversed in a day. It often happens that the guns can only be carried over the mountains on the shoulders of the troops. A cannon is the terror of the Circassians. They call it, exaggerating its effect, "a thousand men," or jokingly, "the Emperor's pistol."

When the Russians punish an aoul which has rebelled, it is rarely attacked unawares. The inhabitants then desert their dwellings before the Russians come up, carry off all they possess, and only leave the naked walls behind. They fly to the mountains, and take the requisite steps to cut off the retreat of the Russian forces, or to meet them with a shower of bullets in suitable places. In such cases their crops are destroyed, and their saklis burnt down.

Sometimes, however, the inhabitants remain in the village, and intrench themselves in their subterranean cabins, which must in such a case be taken by storm, and which can only be done with a great sacrifice of lives. The Russians are obliged to break down the walls in order to go from one sakli to another, while a storm of bullets is poured upon them from above. The

battle then rages in the lanes and upon the rocks. It is a desperate contest of man to man, in which bayonet and sword contend against the Circassian dagger and sabre.

The Circassians regard their arms as their most valuable property. They preserve and hand them down to their posterity as the most holy relics; and hence we find in their possession the rarest sabres, the most valuable poniards, lances from the time of the Crusades, or Italian pistols with Latin inscriptions, which give an account of the maker and first possessor of these weapons.

As a proof of the excellence of the Circassian arms, the fact may be mentioned, that the barrels of the Russian muskets have frequently been cut through in battle by one stroke of the shashka. The Russian officers would do well to use sabres of the same sort. The Circassians have learned how to defend themselves against the bayonet; while the Russian soldiers are ignorant how to guard off the furious blow of the Circassian shashka. The Russians usually fire without taking aim. This is very proper opposite a regular line, but not against the scattered Circassians. Finnish tirailleurs have in consequence been lately sent to the Caucasus, and the Russian method of firing has been improved, though the Russians are still far inferior to the French, English, or Prussians, in this respect.

When an aoul is attacked, the defenders are cut down, and the women and children carried off as prisoners. During the fight no pardon is granted. It would be difficult to say, which of the belligerent parties is least cruel to its prisoners. The captives of the Caucasians become slaves, and are forced to work in the fields, or they are shut up in prisons, where they are frequently beaten, until their ransom arrives. Naturally much depends on the humour of the master, into whose hands they fall, and some chain up their prisoners during the night. As regards the barbarous custom of running short horse-hairs through the heels of the prisoners, to prevent them from escaping, this is very rarely done, and only to those who have made repeated attempts at flight.

The Circassians make a distinction between a deserter and a

prisoner. Every one who comes voluntarily to them, is hospitably received, and there are several Russian deserters, who live quietly in Lesghi or Circassian villages. They have, in fact, become Circassians, and have wives and children. The Circassians, however, distrust renegades, although less so than the Algerians, who always forced deserters to fight in the first rank. As the Russian soldiers on duty in the Caucasus are usually well treated, and the mode of life among the mountaineers possesses no great attraction for them, they are seldom tempted to desert, and expose themselves to the risk of being recaptured and having to run the gauntlet. Even among the Poles, the deserters are not so numerous as might be expected.

Among the troops of the Caucasus—which is a species of military and political Botany Bay for Russia—there is a numerous class of men who are in a most peculiar and exceptional position—we mean the degraded. It might be presumed that this class would furnish a great number of deserters, but such is not the case. The degraded, who are not punished for any dishonest action, are treated so indulgently that they never think of joining the enemy. The officers, when not on duty, continue to associate with their former comrades; while the privates treat them with the same respect as before. Of course, a general or commander-in-chief is more particular; for instance, he cannot invite a degraded to his table, &c.

Among the most notorious Russian deserters we may mention Kussnetsoff, a gunner of the Russian artillery, who, because his general gave him a severe punishment for an oversight, deserted to Schamyl, and bore with him an irreconcilable hatred against Russian nobles and officers. He continually begged Schamyl to place the life of every Russian officer who was captured at his disposal: but the Circassian sultan always refused to accede to this wish. One day, however, when Schamyl had again taken two-and-twenty Russian officers, Kussnetsoff swore that he would have their lives. He stopped the provisions sent them from the Russian camp, opened a cask of honey, and found in it a letter addressed to a lieutenant-colonel among these officers, in which the mode of escaping, together with the other

officers, was explained to him. Kussnetsoff showed this letter to Schamyl, and received permission from him to dispose of the prisoners in what way he thought proper. He had them all hanged.

Atatschikoff, a Cossack officer, who deserted to the Circassians in consequence of an insult received from his superior officer, was not so cruel to Gleboff, the adjutant of General Neidhardt, who was sent with despatches to St. Petersburg. Atatschikoff, who heard of it, induced the Circassians to lie in ambush for him on the road to Stavropol, and received orders to carry out this project himself with six Lesghis. Gleboff was a man of extraordinary courage; but was forced to yield after receiving a very dangerous wound. He regained his liberty eventually for the sum of two thousand silver rubles.

There are even cases of Circassians deserting to the Russians, although this will hardly be credited.

Baron Turnau, the adjutant of General Gurko, went in disguise among the Ubychs, in order to gain some knowledge of their country. He was recognised, thrown into a dungeon, where he suffered terribly, as his ransom was a long time in arriving. A slave of the chieftain who kept him prisoner, murdered his master, whose conduct had excited his vengeance, liberated the baron, and carried him back to the Russians on his own horse.

The Circassians never suffer the bodies of their brothers to lie on the field of battle, or remain in the hands of the enemy. They would sooner resign the victory than desert their dead; and after every engagement they send a deputation to ask them from the Russians. One day General Rayeffski, who commanded the right wing, said to them as he gave up their fallen countrymen, "I do not wage war upon the dead;" the Circassians replied, "We will pray God that he will not suffer thy body to remain unburied, if thou shouldst ever fall in battle."

The Russians also carry off their dead when they can, and, more especially, the Cossacks are very particular about paying the last honours to their fallen brethren.

: The greatest misfortunes occur to the Russians on their re-

treat. The enemy wait for them in the forests and defiles; and if the Russians have not observed the precaution to occupy the latter beforehand, which is not always possible in distant expeditions, they lose more men through it than during the whole of the march, without mentioning the booty, which is often taken from them again, with a portion of their own baggage. The retreat, upon which prisoners and wounded have generally to be conveyed, is always difficult, and surrounded by dangers of every description. The march of the army is more fatiguing, and demands more victims than even the battle itself. Besides this, fever and pestilence cause great destruction in the Russian army; and it may be assumed, from the inquiries that have already been made, that 20,000 men are annually carried off by disease.

The question will very naturally be asked, When will this war terminate? The subjected souls revolt again as soon as the Russians retire, or the Murids arrive there; and the Russian officers assert, that there will never be peace in the Caucasus until all the inhabitants are destroyed—a measure which is almost impossible, however great Russia's desire to carry it out may be. It is true that colonies might be established, but the population of Russia is not so numerous that she can spare any for this purpose; and, in addition, the inhabitants of the plains do not desire to leave their fertile fields for the sake of cultivating patches of rock.

The Russian forts are too far apart to render material assistance to any one of them that is menaced; while the Circassians can concentrate their forces, and would probably be able to destroy these forts in detail, if they possessed any knowledge of the strategic art, or had artillery at their command. In the meanwhile they make furious inroads upon the Russian colonists, carry off their flocks, and at times the wives of the Cossacks. Besides this, the Russian forts, although very numerous, are far from sufficient to carry out the object designed.

The system of forts which the French formerly employed in Algiers was given up by Marshal Bugeaud, and instead of them light columns were introduced with considerable advantage. However, the movements of troops are much more difficult in

the Caucasus than in Algiers, and the Russians still have much to learn from the French in the art of war. The highest point of the Atlas mountains is 7000 feet, but that of the Caucasus, 17,000. In addition to this, the forests of the Caucasus present far greater obstacles to the passage of troops than is the case in Algeria. In both countries there are swamps. But in Algiers saklis are unknown. The French soldier, too, is far more adapted for a highland war than the Russian, who, in an irregular skirmish, where he does not feel a neighbour at his side, generally loses his presence of mind. Russian soldiers must be concentrated in large bodies, and be constantly under command—and, so long as there is not a change in this system, the Russian soldier will never become a good tirailleur. The Russians did not learn the plan of punishing the enemy by razzias from the French, for the Cossacks never carried on warfare in any other fashion, and Yermoloff was the first Russian general who practised the system.

It would certainly be a change very advantageous for both parties, could the Emperor of Russia lend the Emperor of France ten to twenty thousand of his light Cossacks, to pursue the Beduins and Kabyles in the Algerian plains: while, on the other hand, the light and active Zouaves, Tirailleurs, and Chasseurs d'Afrique, are peculiarly adapted to carry on a war of extermination against the Tcherkess and the Tchetchenzes, from bush to bush, and from rock to rock.

CHAPTER IX.

SKETCHES OF THE CAUCASUS.

DAGANOFF'S CAPTIVITY.—A DESERTER CONVERTED TO ISLAMISM.—MAJOR KASKOMBO AND HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT, IVAN SMIRNOFF.—A COSSACK AMONG THE CIRCASSIANS.—CAUCASIAN ROBBER LIFE.—THE GERMAN PHYSICIAN AND THE GRATEFUL CIRCASSIAN.—ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

COUNT POTOCKI, in his "Voyage dans les Steppes d'Astrakhan et du Caucase," mentions a Russian officer of the name of Daganoff, who was taken prisoner by the Tchetchenzes while going to pay a visit to his father. As he belonged to the family of the Dimers of Noghai Krasnai, he was better treated than the rest, and his knowledge of the Tartar languages was of great service in alleviating his sufferings; the women more especially took an interest in him, and he was frequently allowed to associate with them, and his chains taken off. After a captivity of six months, he was at last exchanged for a Circassian prisoner, and thus regained his liberty.

A soldier of the Kur regiment was for a length of time kept a prisoner by the Lesghis, and was eventually liberated by his own regiment, which formed part of the expedition of 1837. He related that, in the same aoul in which he was kept prisoner, a deserter lived who had been converted to Islamism; but whenever he saw him he begged for the cross, which the Russians wear on their bosom, which he would kiss, thus evincing his penitence for giving up his original belief.

Major Kaskombo, a Greek by birth, who was appointed commander of the port of Lars, was escorted to that place by about fifty Cossacks. The Tchetchenzes received information of this, laid wait for the major, and attacked him with a very superior force. Half of the Cossacks were cut down, and the others de-

terminated to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and barricaded themselves behind their dead horses. A Tchetchenze who was acquainted with the Russian language, or else was a deserter, cried, "It is not our intention to do you any harm: give us up your major, and then go in peace."

When the major heard this, he voluntarily advanced, and gave himself up, to prevent any further bloodshed. He had scarcely done so when a Russian corps appeared, which had hurried up to his assistance, but the Circassians contrived to get off in safety with their prisoner.

A soldier, by name Ivan Smernoff, the major's servant, would not leave his master, and consequently sought him out among the Circassians, with the intention of liberating him if possible, and in this he eventually succeeded.

The two prisoners were sent to a distant aoul, and then entrusted to the charge of an old Tchetché, called Ibrahim, who had lost two sons in the engagement with the Russians, and was delighted at having found an opportunity to avenge his misfortune by ill-treating the prisoners. The Tchetchenzes demanded ten thousand rubles for the major, who wrote several letters on the subject: but, as it seems, the Russian government at that day pursued the plan of not ransoming prisoners, in order to give the Circassians no inducement to make them.

Ivan exerted himself to lighten the heavy weight of his chains, by instructing his guardian in the preparation of Russian food and beverages. The major spent his time in singing to the guitar, and the Tchetchenzes, who are great admirers of music, very frequently commanded him to display his skill. Ivan danced in the Cossack fashion, and succeeded by this and other schemes in gaining the favour of his masters; and, finally, when the Imam of the aoul said to him, that his chains should be removed if he would change his religion, this faithful servant made the sacrifice, in order to have his hands free for the liberation of his master.

In order to dispel any doubts about his sincerity, he accompanied the Tchetchenzes on one of their expeditions across the Terek. The Circassians were repulsed, and Ivan, who wore the

Russian cap and uniform, became the mark for the bullets of the Cossacks, but, fortunately, was not hit. While crossing the river, he saved the life of a Tchetchenze, who swore eternal friendship with him, and whose sisters afterwards informed Ivan that a plot had been formed to kill him, as he was feared and distrusted.

The Circassians set out on a new expedition, and Ivan determined to die or to escape on this night. As he was not allowed to speak with the major, they conversed by means of singing. On this night there was a great deal of music, for they had so much to discuss.

At last, Ivan, taking advantage of the opportunity, gave his keeper Ibrahim, who was sitting near the fire, such a well-directed and tremendous blow, that he fell back into the flames, and was unable to extricate himself. Ivan then strangled the old man's wife, who hastened in on noticing the smell caused by Ibrahim's burning beard, as well as the child, which might have betrayed them by its cries.

The key of the major's chains could not be found in Ibrahim's pockets, and they were consequently compelled to attempt their escape in the best manner they could. Ivan guided his master, and at last carried him, until they reached a cabin, when the major succeeded in freeing himself from his chains. They had chosen a road in the opposite direction to the one in which the Circassians would probably pursue them. They had gained the summit of the mountain, and looked down on the plains on which the Russian army was encamped: but Kaskombo, exhausted by his exertions, could not proceed further. Ivan then went alone to an aoul which was subjected to the Russians, where, after looking for an isolated cabin, he promised the occupier one hundred silver rubles if he would assist the major. The Circassian agreed, and helped to carry the major to the Russian camp. In this manner a captivity of eighteen months terminated, during which the private had entirely changed character with his superior officer.

A French traveller spoke in Anapa to a Cossack who had been taken prisoner in a colony of Russians, during an inroad of the Circassians into Kuban. He remained a long while with a

Circassian prince, who made him work in the fields, and wished him to marry a Circassian. As the Cossack, however, strangely declined this proposition, he was shut up with his fair bride, and so compelled to marry her. In order to revenge himself for the ill-treatment to which his master had subjected him, he shut him up in his own house, set fire to it, and then fled with his wife to an adjoining hill, whence he watched with delight the progress of the flames. He now proceeded to another prince, whom he knew to be an enemy of his former master, and who treated him very well, probably out of gratitude for having freed him from his foeman. Sold and resold an innumerable number of times, the Cossack at length reached Constantinople, and returned thence to Anapa in a Turkish vessel.

Next to slavery, the predatory life of the Circassians is most adapted to attract public attention; for while it has almost entirely disappeared among us, and even from our romances, it is in the fullest developement in the Caucasus, where even princes do not hesitate to carry on their robberies openly.

Abdullah Bey, son of the Cadi of Tabasseran, opposed with the greatest obstinacy all the designs of the Russians to attach him to their interests, probably because he was so well satisfied with the result of the robberies he carried out on a great scale, that the Russian offers possessed no attraction for him. At the same time, however, there was another Daghistani prince, Muhammad Khan, who evinced the greatest desire to be on amicable terms with the Russians, and to recover the principality of Ulumey, which his father had lost by his breach of faith to the Russian general, Radaboff. He obtained gunpowder from the Russians, undermined the house of the robber prince, and blew him up with his family and all his guests. For this he was rewarded by receiving the incomes of several aouls.

In Yekaterinodar, Moritz Wagner formed the acquaintance of a German physician attached to the military hospital, who had been twice degraded in consequence of duels. The Circassians frequently asked his assistance, but they prefer payment in provisions rather than in money. After a sanguinary contest, the

physician found among the dead an aged Circassian, who still evinced some signs of life. He had him carried to his house, and he owed his recovery to the kind nursing of the physician and his wife. He was a mullah, and fled again to his home as soon as he was capable of enduring the fatigue. Soon after a young Circassian came to the physician, and begged him to go with him and visit a patient. The Circassian led him rather a long distance into the house of the mullah whose life he had saved, and who by feigning a disease, as was afterwards proved, earnestly implored him to stay several days with him. During this time the Tcherkess made a marauding expedition to the stanitza where the doctor lived. This predatory attack was perfectly successful, and all the inhabitants of the Cossack village who did not find their death, were carried off as prisoners—a fate which would indubitably have fallen to the lot of the doctor, had not the mullah enticed him away by this stratagem.

We will end this chapter with an account of the campaign of 1841, as extracted from the diary of a Russian officer engaged in the expedition; for it gives a most interesting and detailed account of the Circassian mode of warfare.

Through Schamyl's restless exertions, in the year 1840 a great number of the peaceful tribes in the vicinity of the northern line had resumed hostilities, both in the west and the east. Still, things had become far more unfavourable to Russia's authority on the Sundja, the Terek, and along the Koïssu, where Schamyl's power was universally recognised, than in the steppes of the Kuban and the Laba. General Grabbe's personal appearance on the left wing of the Army of the North was, therefore, absolutely necessary. From all quarters news arrived at Grotschnoi of the desertion of peaceful aouls and clans. The exertions of many long years now appeared entirely useless. Grotschnoi was cut off from the line of the Terek by the desertion of the Tchetchni tribes between the Sundja and the Terek; the war-cry resounded from the peaceful aouls of smaller and larger Tchetchnia; even beyond the Koïssu several tribes revolted, and menacing movements were perceptible among the Kumyks. General Grabbe started, in the spring of 1841, with a portion

of his staff and a military escort from Stavropol, on his journey to Tjervlenna, on the Terek. He had given orders to penetrate directly into the country of the independent Tchetchenzes, without paying attention to the revolted clans around, and, before all, conquer and destroy Tcherkey on the Koïssu. This town, as the chief commercial emporium of northern Daghistan, was of immense importance to the mountaineers, and so far its occupation would be of considerable value to the Russians.

In Tchervlenna the troops were to assemble from various points on the line, and preparations for the impending campaign were made here. This stanitza has existed since the reign of Catharine II. At that time it was built by a mutinous cavalry regiment, which was sent here as a punishment. When the soldiers had established their abode, they carried out a second rape of the Sabines, by making inroads into the country of the Tchetchenzes, and carrying off their women. The descendants of these wild soldiers are now celebrated as the finest race of men in the whole of the Russo-Caucasian territory. Their women have retained their primitive manners and costume—they have only abolished the veil; and the men of Tchervlenna observed many habits of the Tchetchenzes. If we also take into consideration that all the Cossacks of the line, and very many officers of the other divisions of the army, have assumed the comfortable Circassian dress in lieu of the uniform, which is almost unbearable in this hot climate, you might almost have fancied at Tchervlenna, that you were in an aoul of the mountaineers. The Tchervlenna Cossacks bear a great physiognomical affinity to the Asiatics, whose virtues and vices they also share to a considerable extent. At least the lengthened stay of Russian officers on leave in this stanitza, seems to indicate something else than the mere use of the hot baths in the vicinity.

Schamyl, on the other hand, does not appear, for his person, to have given up reprisals for this rape of the Tchetchenzi women; for his harem is principally composed of Russian Christians, and a few years back he carried off, in a razzia of this description, the wife of a tradesman of Mosdok. Unfor-

tunately, the few days of our stay in Tchervlenna were too much occupied with other business, to allow me to inquire more closely into all these matters.

The march was along the left bank of the Terek to Tchederinskaia. Here more troops belonging to the expedition joined us, the Terek and Akai were crossed, and we then proceeded in a south-eastern direction to Andreyeff.

Here we were surprised by the news that General Golovine had advanced from Tiflis, on the great eastern military road, as far as Tarki, then proceeded in a westerly direction through Northern Daghistan, as far as the Koïssu, and attacked Tcherkey from the water side, without sending General Grabbe any information. This seemed the more extraordinary, as the command of this expedition belonged to the general of the Army of the North, through the position of Tcherkey. But events of this nature frequently occur, even in the Caucasus. Hence it is natural, in consequence of the great independence of the various leaders, that misunderstandings take place among them, which lead to rivalry, though no one generally suffers through it except the poor soldiers, whose lives are thrown away; and yet Russia is forced to such immense sacrifices in the Caucasus, that every man here uselessly lost is of double value.

On this occasion Golovine's attack was unsuccessful, for, on the water side, Tcherkey was perfectly defended by masses of rock, in which the Tchetchenzes had formed embrasures and breastworks; the river itself, although narrow, forcing its way through rocks with frightful rapidity, could neither be crossed in boats, nor was it possible to build a bridge. After General Golovine had uselessly bombarded the rocks of Tcherkey for several days, and many Russians had been killed by the Tchetchenzes, who were protected from our fire, he perceived the impracticability of his attempt. Simultaneously, he was informed of our approach; and he therefore left a small corps under General Vegesack before the town, while he himself crossed the Koïssu at the northern extremity of Daghistan, near Kozdek, and tried to join Grabbe's army. We had, in the meanwhile, marched in a southerly direction from Andreyeff, engaged in constant skir-

mishes with the enemy, who awaited us in the forests and behind rocks, and met Golovine's troops on the Indjkeh (a confluent of the Koïssu), near the defile of Kubar.

A battle scene, which will give a clear idea of the character of the Adighè as warriors and allies, I had an opportunity of witnessing during our march from Andreyeff. Six mounted Tchetchenzes had been surrounded by our men in a wood. They had retired fighting, and had at length reached a solitary majestic tree, which served to protect their rear. In the meanwhile, the Russians poured in from every side; and they perceived that victory was impossible; still they would not accept the pardon offered them. They suddenly drew closer together, and tried to cut a path through the surrounding enemy. Only one broke through the circle, and prepared for flight. The other five had thrown themselves from their horses, and stabbed them in their usual fashion; for they intended to destroy as many of their enemies as they could. At this moment they perceived the flight of their friend, and recalled him. He immediately wheeled his horse round, cut his way to his friends, thrust his poniard into the chest of his horse, and fought with them. They all perished. Such are the men who form the living ramparts of the Caucasus!

The defile of Kubar is the only way of access to that portion of the hostile country in which Tcherkey is situated, on this side the Koïssu. But that this road, especially at such a season of the year, should be chosen by the Russian army, seemed so improbable even to the Tchetchenzes, that they had left it unguarded. Like a deep narrow chasm, this passage intersects the northern portion of the eastern Black Mountains, and dense forests stretch down from the summits of the mountains on both sides of the road. On the summit, however, on the higher and less sheltered tops of the mountains, deep winter still brooded: snow and ice seemed to render it impossible to pass. Just before entering the ravine, the news arrived that Schamyl was hurrying up with 8000 men, by forced marches from Tcherkey, in order to occupy the pass. To anticipate him was impossible, so great was the exhaustion among the troops. Night but slightly cooled

the oppressive heat of the past day. A cloudless sky promised the next day of equal warmth, and the confused noises which reached our ears from the forest-clad mountains, announced a few hours later the arrival of the Tchetchenzes beyond the first and most dangerous part of the defile. The Murids, as usual, had accompanied the terrible Schamyl. These Murids form a species of guard to him. Descended from the noblest families, they have collected round their chieftain, and consecrated themselves to death in defence of their fatherland and the Koran. They take and receive no pardon. Their caps are made of white cloth as a mark of distinction, while the other warriors are accustomed to select various colours.

In the night Generals Grabbe and Golovine drew up the plan for the following day. In pursuance of this, the whole army of operation was divided into three columns. The two flank columns, the left commanded by General Klugenau, the right by Colonel Labinzoff, were to march up the mountains which bounded the road, drive the enemy from the forest, and thus secure a safe passage for the artillery and baggage behind them.

It was still quite dark in the valley when the signals for starting were given; but day was dawning along the summits of the mountains, and the first beams of the sun glistened on the snow-clad peaks. While the army was drawn up in deep silence, the monotonous chant of the Tchetchenzes echoed across to us from the adjoining forest. It was their morning prayer, and their hymn of death, whose sounds accompanied their preparations for resistance. As they threw up their little breastworks, we could see their clothes at times gleaming through the trees, and their forms gliding among the rocks. The march began. Not a shot had yet been fired. But as the hills began to grow steeper, the first shots were heard. With every step the ground on either side became more fatiguing.

I was soon forced to send back my horse, and to clamber on foot from one column to the other. The soldiers were soon compelled to use their muskets for support. They could only return the bullets showered on them from above by leaning against trees. And the higher they climbed with intense labour, the more vio-

lent the fire of the Tchetchenzes became. But the sight of their falling comrades rendered our soldiers desperate. They rushed up the mountain with all the courage of despair, and with utter contempt of death. At every step almost inevitable destruction awaited them. At one moment pressing on at full speed, then driven back—at one moment protected by trees, and then entirely exposed to the enemy's fire, each fought not so much to gain the pass, but for his own life.

And while death thus reaped a glorious harvest in the forest, to the right and to the left, above and below, while the fire of the small arms grew momentarily fiercer, the thunder of our guns reached us from the plain, and echoed fearfully through the mountains. Thus it was for the whole morning and afternoon; at the same time, a tropical sun was blazing in the cloudless sky. Prodigies of valour were performed on both sides. The most dangerous portions of our route were surmounted by nightfall. At last—the sun had long departed—our troops reached a clear plateau. The forest entirely ceased, and the flying horsemen disappeared in the ravines and passes of the mountains before us, which we had still to scale. A short time afterwards, we saw Schamyl and his Murids galloping along the road, on his way to his aoul in the heart of the mountains.

During the whole day we had only traversed a verst and a half; and even our rest at night was broken by the unendurable heat. The next day, frequently exposed to the fire of the Tchetchni guerillas, we continued our march to the Snowy Mountains. The ground soon became so difficult, that the camels and the baggage remained a long way behind the infantry. In addition to this, a sharp wind was felt in the vicinity of the Snowy Mountains, and at last a most tremendous snow-storm fell upon us. In the morning we had almost been killed by the heat, and now we walked on snow, and sank soon afterwards up to our knees. Our cloaks, and other means of warming ourselves, were partly with the baggage; but some were left behind in Tchervlenna. But the train and the artillery could not come up with us before nightfall; they, therefore, camped several versts in our rear, while the soldiers wet through, frozen, hun-

gry, thirsty, and fatigued to death, were forced to pass the night upon the highest peaks. It was a dreadful time. But fatigue prevented them from feeling their sufferings so acutely; and at last a bright, clear morning dawned. The view which presented itself to us was so magnificent, that it even drew exclamations of admiration from our exhausted soldiers. Several northern spurs of the Eastern Caucasus lay almost beneath our feet, with their magnificent forest verdure and red-brown summits, upon which the mountain lakes gleamed like diamonds in the morning sun—and at other points thin masses of mist rose and collected into a cloud, exposing to our view Daghistan, beyond these mountains. Forests and meadows, intersected by the glistening streams, extended to an immense distance; a few aouls and stanitzas peeped out with their white stucco walls, and on the horizon a brilliant silver belt sparkled—it was the Caspian Sea. To our left lay the more level country of the Kumyks, traversed by numerous streams, and covered with luxuriant vegetation. To the right, however, the eye lost itself in the thousand snow-covered pinnacles of the mountains, which rose regularly behind each other, and disappeared in the horizon in the light morning mist.

When we afterwards descended into the plain, the news reached us near Kabar, that Tcherkey had surrendered to the small corps left to besiege it. This occurred in the following way. General Vegesack, on learning that Schamyl had left the town with the greater portion of his troops in order to meet us, had employed this moment of confusion among the garrison, to carry his troops across the Koissu lower down, and then he had commenced the bombardment from the land side. After some resistance, the weak garrison was compelled to capitulate on condition of a free passage. General Vegesack unfortunately fell in the contest.

Our expedition was thus terminated; for the capture of Tcherkey had been intended as the finale of the first expedition of the year. After the soldiers had been allowed a few days' rest, we marched on the old road back to Tchervlenna, but slightly harassed by the enemy. Here General Grabbe remained several

weeks, and then went to Grotschnoi, to commence the building of the forts upon the new line of the Sundja. On arriving there, the general immediately ordered the building of Sakan-yurt to be commenced. This place is about twenty versts to the west of Grosnaya, on the Sundja. When we arrived there, we found the opposite bank of the narrow stream covered with dense forests; and this circumstance the Tchetchenzes turned to the best account, in spite of sentries and patrols. While our soldiers were working on this side of the river, they kept up an incessant fire from the other, where they were entirely sheltered by the dense foliage; and, like all Asiatics, they were such excellent marksmen, that we were soon forced to devise serious measures to check this. Before we set about building houses there, patrols crossed over to the opposite bank. While one part of the troops occupied the enemy, and drove them back from the Sundja, another portion cut down the trees which stood nearest the river. In this manner the wood was cleared, the hiding-place of the Tchetchenzes destroyed, and ourselves allowed some peace, at least during the day.

But, in lieu of this, a much more harassing night attack took place; for while the Tchetchenzes had left us before unassailed after nightfall, they now crept up to our pickets, advanced posts, and sentries, and shot them. Several attacks of the same nature were also made from the land side, and soon every light in the encampment became a target for the enemies. A reinforcement of the pickets, as well as numerous patrols, could scarcely diminish these incessant attacks, and a return of the fire was of equally slight service.

At last orders were given not to answer the shots. They fired for a little while on the first evening after this plan was pursued, but they soon ceased, and a question echoed through the silence of the night: Why we did not return their fire; did we despise them?—We want to sleep; go to bed yourselves, was the reply. The Tchetchenzes laughed and made a great noise, but not a shot was fired.*

* Would any more highly cultivated enemy have acted with such nobility of mind as these "savage Asiatics?"

It would, however, have been ridiculous to expect that this mode of defence, based upon the moral character of the Tchetchenzenes, would last for any length of time, especially as we, regardless of the magnanimity of the foe, continued building our castle. After the completion of the task, an expedition was undertaken into the Little Tchetchenia, to clear the country nearest the river. The result was very trifling. A couple of aouls were destroyed, a few herds carried off, and several Tchetchenzenes taken prisoners. But there was no decisive engagement.

On our return from this expedition, the building of the second fortress on the Sundja, Nagan-yurt, about twenty versts to the west of Sakan-yurt, was commenced and finished by the end of September, without any particular impediments on the part of the enemy.

In the meanwhile, orders had arrived for a more important expedition to be undertaken into the Little Tchetchenia, which commenced at the close of September. Expeditions of this kind have been so repeatedly described, and the mode of fighting is so entirely similar at the various points of the Caucasus, that it would be superfluous to give any more detailed account of ours. Nor did we have any decisive engagement on this occasion, although the war-cry was heard from all the forests around us. At a few aouls, which our troops destroyed, a more lively engagement took place. Just as a huge vessel, in traversing the sea, leaves a long visible furrow behind it, while the waves break, yield, and still rejoin on either side—so our army marched through the Tchetchenia. Immediately in its path there were no enemies; but they tormented us incessantly on either flank, and met together in our rear. The expedition left no perceptible traces among them. Here and there a Russian signal flag—a burning aoul—glistened in the depths of the sea of foliage. A few prisoners and several herds of cattle formed our trophies. This expedition might possibly appear at St. Petersburg more successful than it really was.

Our course was as follows. From Grosnaya we marched S.E. to the commencement of the mountains, passed several streams, scaled mountains, traversed forests, till at last, after

following the left bank of the Kasba to the N.E., we again reached Russian ground, between Andreyeff and Mamatiurt, about the end of October. Of all the hostile aouls, the most remarkable was one containing nearly all stone houses. It is true we found it utterly deserted; but in nearly all the houses surgical instruments and large stores of medicinal herbs had been left—a clear sign that the village was principally inhabited by Asiatic physicians. Had our surgeons learned the use of these herbs, that would have been the most valuable result of the expedition. For the physicians of the mountaineers possess such a superiority over the Russians, in treating the most dangerous wounds by bandages, which are moistened by decoctions, &c., made from their indigenous plants, that the latter do not attempt to deny their inferiority.

In the management of their instruments, especially in probing, and the immediate perception of the nature of a wound, they are extremely clever. Unfortunately it is very difficult to induce them to come to the Russian camp to see patients, and they keep their pharmaceutical as well as chirurgic knowledge most anxiously hidden from Europeans. Only this much is certain, that nearly every one who has fought in the Caucasus can mention instances in which our surgeons despaired of a cure, while the Circassian physicians could effect it in a short time, and generally without any considerable operation. Similar experiences the Russians also made formerly in the Persian war.

At a few versts' distance from Andreyeff, the expedition found many thousand trusses of hay, which the Tchetchenzes had collected here, in order—as we afterwards discovered—to have food for their horses in their vicinity, during a meditated inroad upon the Kumyks. This hay was burnt. It was a magnificent sight, when these almost countless pillars of fire shot up into the silent sky, and the whole neighbourhood gleamed with a purple tinge. The continual destruction of conquered aouls, this ruining of crops, the carrying off of herds, as is practised by the Russians, must give the whole Caucasian war a stamp of barbarity. But we must always bear in mind that to accomplish the proposed end, the weakening and final subjugation of

the Tcherkess, any other mode of fighting would not be so satisfactory. The experience of nearly 100 years has, on the contrary, proved that the enemy, if merely expelled from their villages, will not rest from the contest for an instant, but attack, harass, and surprise the Russians with increased fury. But by destroying the villages and crops, a part of the warriors are compelled to stay at home, to build new villages deeper in the mountains. In the meanwhile, the Russian army gains time to settle itself firmly in some newly conquered place. Still it cannot be denied that the conduct—not of Russia*—but of a few officers during this war, has frequently outstepped the bounds of necessary severity.

After the expedition through the Tchetchenia was ended, the troops dispersed again to return to the different forts along the line, and General Grabbe hurried back to Stavropol. The military year of 1841 appeared to be terminated; but Schamyl had, in the meanwhile, collected an army once more in the country of the Gumbetes. By the threat of a fine of one silver ruble, or fifty blows for every one who did not come in, he had assembled all the fighting force of both the Tchetchenias, and in this manner now stood at the head of 15,000 men. With the speed of lightning they then poured over the country of the Kумыks, surprised the inhabitants, who were friendly to the Russians, burned down their villages, made them prisoners, drove off their flocks, and even menaced Kisliar. The officer commanding at that fort inconsiderately marched into the open country against Schamyl, with only one hundred men and two guns. In a moment they were overpowered, the majority cut down, and the cannon carried off.

The commandants of the fortresses Grosnaya (General Alsheffsky), and Tchervlenna (Colonel Voinaroffky), had, in the meanwhile, received information of this misfortune, and hurried out of their forts, in order to unite in the enemy's rear, and so cut off his retreat. The detachments were only about two versts apart, when Schamyl suddenly came up, divided his troops into three columns, attacked the Russians on the right and left, but,

* We must bear in mind that it is a *Russian* officer who is speaking.

in the meanwhile, carried off 40,000 head of cattle, and the guns on the open road between them.

This campaign was of the highest importance in altering the circumstances of the Caucasian war of the present day. Not only were these two guns the first which were lost to the Russians (the Emperor's pistols, as they termed them, carried off a few years previously from the sea forts by the Avarians, could not be employed in the field), but this inroad of Schamyl into the country of the Ubychs, was the chief inducement for the unhappy expedition of the Russians during the following year into the country of the Gumbetes, in which General Grabbe lost more than 1000 men, and above 100 officers. It is notorious that this misfortune was followed by his recal, and equally notorious that this recal caused the removal of Golovine from his post, as well as General Sass obtaining leave for an indefinite time. These great changes in the supreme direction of the war, produced the unhappy defensive system of the year 1843, whose finale is formed by the immense losses of the Russians in November and December of the same year.

CHAPTER X.

RUSSIAN AGGRESSION IN THE CAUCASUS.

THERE are two events which, during later years, have attracted the attention of Europe in a high degree,—the struggles of the French in the piratical States of Africa, and those of the Russians with the nations of the Caucasus. Through their obstinacy and perseverance, as well as through the streams of blood which flowed, and the important consequences which may emanate from them, these struggles have in fact acquired a value which renders them worthy of closer examination.

While Persia and the powerful Osmanli empire were gradually sinking into political paralysis, and the power of the world-threatening crescent seemed utterly destroyed, we saw in astonishment two vigorous nations, which till then had scarce been mentioned in history, rise from the bosom of Islamism, and with armed hand defy two of the most powerful states in Europe. Through their boldness these nations at that day claimed our surprise; through their strength and perseverance, they now acquire our admiration.

The war of the French with the Arabs, and that of the Russians with the Tcherkess, have often been regarded from the same point of view; but the analogy between these two contests is to be found in their present condition, and not in their origin.

At the conquest of Algiers, every one knew pretty accurately the designs which France pursued in her operations, and the reasons which justified these designs. The documents were open for the inspection of the whole world, and every event may be followed with certainty from the commencement of the war to the present day.

It is quite different with the Russo-Circassian war. About the real origin, Europe hardly knows any thing; and about its development and present condition, only so much is known as travellers choose to tell us, principally on hearsay evidence.

When France speaks of projects of civilisation, we understand this, for we have all visited the French school; and, if we have not learned more from them, it is assuredly not the fault of our schoolmasters.

But when Russia proposed to take a nation under the protection of her knout, we shudderingly draw back from such a frightful picture, and the words involuntarily escape our lips: "Woe to those who are condemned to become the scholars of such teachers."

What induced the Russians to march their armies into the Caucasus? what ends have they in view? and by what are these ends justified?

Russia herself has lately felt the necessity of giving an answer to the above question, as some justification of her authority: our examination will show how far this reply is satisfactory.

The principal feature of this defence, as contained in the work of M. Fonton,* may be condensed into the following sentence: "The Caucasus has ever been, as far as we are acquainted with its history, the scene of sanguinary contests between Europe and Asia; in the progress of destruction, the actors have only changed from time to time; but the course of events and the parts have always remained the same. For centuries, Russia has been preparing for the part assigned her by destiny; and when she was eventually driven, by the force of events, to penetrate into the Caucasus, she only fulfilled the course of immutable destiny."

This argument is of the most menacing importance to the whole of Europe; for where could we possibly mention any country which has not been, as far as history extends, the scene

* *La Russie dans l'Asie Mineure, &c., &c.; par Félix Fonton, Chevalier des Ordres de Sainte Anne, de Saint Vlad, &c.* Paris, 1846.

of repeated sanguinary struggles; and who can foresee whither Russia may fancy herself summoned by Providence, and where her armies may be driven by the force of events?

Among the nations belonging to history, the Greeks and Persians were the first who contended for the possession of this country; their desolating expeditions were followed by the murderous battles of the Romans and Parthæ; the third act of the sanguinary drama is occupied by those barbarous hordes, who, pouring from Central Asia, bore terror and destruction into the very heart of Europe.

Christianity, which was introduced into Georgia and Armenia about the commencement of the fourth century, instead of extinguishing the sparks of disunion by the gentle breath of love, fanned them into the bright flame of destruction. Instead of love, it brought hatred; and revenge, instead of conciliation. Its devotees, or rather the devotees of the sects which sprung from its bosom, continued the horrors which the barbarians had commenced. The spirit of unity finally descended on the contending parties, not through the charity of Christianity, but through the pressing necessity of entering into a powerful alliance against a new and dangerous foe.

With the reign of Ardjir-Bahè-Khan, the founder of the dynasty of the Sassanides, commences a long period of misfortune and persecutions for the Christian tribes of the Caucasus, who found war-desiring, irreconcilable enemies in the believers in the doctrines of Zoroaster, which were then in a period of new developement in Persia. And when the empire of the Sassanides, convulsed by internal quarrels, was hastening to its end, and the tree of Christianity, which had been planted in the blood-stained lands of Colchis and Armenia, had taken firm root, a new storm burst over these countries, which were thirsting for peace, with the victorious banner of the Prophet of Mecca.

The glorious reign of David II., and of his great successor, the celebrated Tamar, only seemed to grant the exhausted nations the blessings of peace, in order to render the next period of terror and destruction more painful and perceptible. The hordes of the Mongol Tartars, forming the rearguard of the great mi-

gration, poured themselves over the countries from the Cyrus to the Borysthenes, and held them in their iron bondage for nearly two centuries and a half.

We will pass over in silence the description of the obstinate battles and horrors which later emanated from the schism of the sects of Omar and Ali, to an examination of the weighty events which forced Russia to enter the Caucasus. M. Fonton says:—

“After the grand duchy of Moscow had shaken off the yoke of the Tartars, and had thus become the representative of the Russo-Sclavonic power, it subjected Kazan (1553), took Astrachan four years later, and utterly annihilated the horde bearing the name of that city. The renown of these deeds had spread even across the Caucasus, and commercial connections were formed on the Caspian Sea. Mistress of the whole territory of the Volga, Russia also took possession of the lower mouths of the Terek and Koïssu, and subjugated the rulers of Tumen (Tarku); at the same time, she possessed the best opportunity to fight with success against the Khans of the Crimea, and open a road to the Black Sea.”

This passage speaks for itself, and scarcely requires comment. If Russia, because she is mistress of the Volga, believes herself justified in also becoming mistress of the mouths of the Terek and Koïssu because they flow into the Caspian Sea—if, further, she subjugates the rulers of Tumen, to extend her commercial relations in Daghistan—and if, after this has been effected, she evinces a desire for the conquest of the Crimea—we simply perceive in this the ever-living principle of Russia to extend in every direction; but in vain do we seek for that pressure of circumstances which drove her to this extension, nor do we find her guided in her conduct by any other law than that of the stronger.

We will not weary our readers by repeating all the endless tirades which M. Fonton produces, to prove that Russia, far removed from all selfish views, was finally induced solely by Christian love to incorporate Georgia with her possessions.

Only at times does M. Fonton, when writing of facts which are no longer a secret to any one, let the claw of greed peep out

from beneath the cloak of Russian charity; but then he exerts all his eloquence to prove that Russia, if she benefited one country, was perfectly justified in repaying herself for it in another.

Thus he confesses that Peter the Great, after an unsuccessful attempt to seize the eastern coast of the Black Sea, turned his entire attention to the occupation of India—an idea which a premature death unfortunately prevented him from carrying out, but which he left as a sacred charge to his successors. This alone, in our opinion, shows the true policy of Russia, which the nonsense about sympathy and Christian duties only serves to conceal.

The reasons which induced Russia to interfere in the affairs of the nations of the Caucasus, are the same which formerly induced Philip of Macedon to interfere in Greece. But the settlement of the question, and whether the result will be the same, remains for futurity to answer.

Russia afforded one country protection and assistance, in order to have the right of conquering another; it was natural that she should choose her protégés among the Christian tribes of the Caucasus, rather than from the converts to Islamism.

Through a series of intrigues and machinations of the most disgusting character, through bribery and oppression, the Muscovite policy at length succeeded, at the end of the last century, in inducing George XIII., Prince of Georgia, to give up his throne and dignity, for himself and successors, in favour of Russia. In the chapter headed *Etablissement de la Russie au dela du Caucase*, M. Fonton says:—

“When the Emperor Alexander, by his manifesto of the 12th September, 1801, declared his readiness to take possession of the Georgian throne, he listened to the magnanimous promptings of his heart.

“‘Not to increase our forces (he said, in his proclamation to the Georgian nation), not through selfish views, not to enlarge an empire whose boundaries already extend so far, do we take on ourselves the burden of the throne of Georgia: the feeling of our dignity, honour, and humanity, have alone imposed on us

the sacred duty of listening to your cries for help, of averting from your heads the misfortunes which oppress you—and of introducing a powerful government in Georgia, which is capable of exercising justice and impartiality, of protecting the life and property of each, and of covering all with the ægis of the law.”

If Russia had only fulfilled *one* of these promises, we would pardon all the prior acts of oppression which led to the occupation of Georgia; for power leads to imperiousness, and all imperiousness is oppressive. If there were a single example in history, that a country given up to Russian dominion had become more flourishing, and its inhabitants more prosperous—the question as to the justice or injustice of the Russian occupation of Georgia might be shelved; for a powerful nation never yet completed its mission on earth, without having done some act of cruelty or oppression to its weaker neighbours, and, wherever the right of the stronger is exerted for the welfare of the weaker, it is allowed and approved by the judicial sentence of history.

But when—as is the case with Russia—power only exerts its strength to suppress instead of supporting, to destroy instead of building up, to bring destruction instead of a blessing, the hatred of all honest men is concentrated upon it; and it is the duty of each, whom accident or a spirit of inquiry leads to the scene of destruction, to contribute his mite, that the extension of the evil may be checked, for which a clear acquaintance with it is the first and most important step.

We may, and not improperly, compare Russian policy, which hides its robber fangs under the cloak of religion, with that lady so well known in Moscow, who so fervently kissed the miraculous statue of the Virgin in the vicinity of the Kremlin, to the edification of the bystanders, that the most splendid diamond upon the brilliantly bedecked statue remained in her mouth.

After the occupation of Georgia, the Russians followed Potemkin's example, when by his disgraceful intrigues he utterly subjected the Khans of Crimea to the Russian sceptre without a blow. A species of committee was formed, whose duty it was to collect all the geographical and historical information, tend-

ing to support Russia's claim on the adjoining countries. In this the Russians had perfect liberty of action as long as no European power interfered in their affairs; for they could prove to the ignorant mountaineers any thing they pleased, without being convicted of falsehood. How just these claims were, and how manifold the proofs, we will attempt to show by a few extracts.

1. The Russians assert a claim to the possession of the Kabardah. This is founded on the following reasons:—

(a.) Tzar Ivan Wassilyevitch, the Terrible, married a daughter of Temruk, a Kabardian prince, which goes to show that the Kabardians at that time were in amicable correspondence with the Russians.

(b.) An expedition, undertaken by the Russians in 1717, against the Khan of Khiva, was commanded by Bekovitch Tcherkaski, a Kabardian prince—a proof that, at that time, Kabardians fought under the Russian banner. Consequently, Russia has a right to rule over the Kabardah!*

2. Russia asserts that she has a claim upon the provinces on the Caspian, because—Russian settlements were established there in the time of Peter the Great.†

The coast nations, who, in their simplicity, could not quite comprehend the Muscovite syllogisms, sought the first favourable opportunity to regain by arms what had been torn from them by the same means. They expelled the Russian colonists from Shemacha, cut down all who offered any opposition, and thus frustrated for a while the far-sighted commercial views of their enemies. Peter the Great, furious at the terrible losses he sustained, determined on taking sanguinary revenge on the mountaineers, and subjecting them to his sceptre for ever, “not through a desire (as Fonton says) to enlarge his empire by eccentric conquests, but to consolidate his influence, to regulate the con-

* The Germans had better prepare themselves for having a claim raised by the Russians on their fatherland for similar reasons; for what a quantity of German princesses have been married to Russian princes! How many German commanders have fought under the Russian standard!

† With what justice Peter founded these settlements by force of arms, we have already seen. “Because Russia was mistress of the mouths of the Danube, she also desired to hold the mouths of the Terek and Koissu.”

fused condition of the different states, and to give a firm basis to the development of Russian trade."

What a pity that the freedom-loving mountaineers of the Caucasus did not understand the philanthropic and disinterested views which were to be the result of the Russian desolating campaign! What a pity that they lost, through their heroic resistance, all the enviable blessings which would certainly have fallen to their lot under the gentle Muscovite sceptre!

Russia's claims to the possession of the Pontic littoral are based on the celebrated treaty of Adrianople (1829), in which the Sultan gave up to the Russians all the country situated between the Kuban and the Black Sea.

But it is a fact which can be most clearly proved, that the Tcherkess never—even nominally—were under Turkish authority; and that the Sultan had not the least right to dispose of these countries at his pleasure. The Tcherkess—of whom the majority of them are Mussulmans—as well as the adjoining littoral tribes—Schapsughis, Ubychs, Dshigheti, &c.—have never stood in any other relation to the Sultan than that in which Catholics stand to the Pope; they regarded and revered him as the head of their church, but were as little subject to him in temporal affairs, as the Catholic nations of Europe are to the Pope.

The question, Whether the Sultan ever exercised a supremacy in Circassia, and consequently was justified in making a cession of that territory, was the subject of violent debates in Parliament in consequence of the seizure of the *Vixen*; and Bell, the owner of the vessel, has proved most incontestably, that the Tcherkess were never under Turkish authority either *de jure* or *de facto*, and that, consequently, the claims of Russia to that country are null and void.

Every one knows in the present day that treaties are usually not worth the paper on which they are written, as the stronger never scruple to break their most sacred treaties with the weaker, if they can do so unpunished. The fate of Kracau furnishes the latest, if not the last, proof of this assertion.

We must now attempt to shew that Russia, in spite of the cession of Circassia, extorted from the Sultan (of course, only on paper), never had the slightest claim to this country, as the inhabitants never acknowledged the supremacy of the Sultan.

We are forced, in order to do this, to go back to earlier treaties between Russia and the Sublime Porte, which formed the basis of the treaty of Adrianople. Still, we will make our quotations as short as possible, as every reader who wishes for a nearer acquaintance with the documents, can consult them in the well-known "*Recueil de Traités, de Martens.*"

In the year 1744, after the close of an obstinate war, a treaty was made between Russia and Turkey, which is known by the name of the treaty of Kudjuk Kainardji, and of which the third article is as follows:—

"All the Tartar tribes, those of the Crimea, of Buginc, of Cuban, of Yetissan, of Giambinluc, of Sedicul, without any exception, are recognised by the two Empires as free nations, entirely independent of every foreign power (*comme nations libres, entièrement indépendantes de toute puissance étrangère*). That they shall be under the immediate government of their own khan, of the tribe of Jinghis Khan, who shall be elected and confirmed by the universal assent of the Tartar nations, and is bound to govern them after their original manners and customs, without ever being responsible to any foreign power (*sans jamais rendre compte à aucune puissance étrangère*), in pursuance of which the Ottoman Porte will in no way interfere either in the election or confirmation of the above-mentioned khan, or in his domestic, political, civil, and home affairs; it will, on the contrary, regard and recognise the said Tartar nation, in its civil and political relations, as equal to all other powers which govern themselves, and are only dependent on God (*qui se gouvernent elles-mêmes, et ne dépendent que de Dieu*). The ecclesiastic ceremonies, as they are identical with those of the Moslem, and his highness the Sultan is the sublime caliph of Muhaumadanism, shall be regulated according to the decrees of their religion, without in any way restricting their political and religious liberty."

All that follows upon this, only serves to strengthen and confirm the foregoing, and the article terminates with the words:—

“The Sublime Porte binds itself, and solemnly promises, after the example of Russia, in future not to introduce or support any garrison or armed forces in the said towns, fortresses, countries, and dwellings—further, for the future, to appoint no governor or officer to these states, under whatever appellation it might be, but to leave the Tartars in perfect liberty and independence, as is done by Russia.” From the passages we have quoted, it is most evident that both Russia and Turkey regarded the countries in question as free and independent for all ages, and only dependent on God. But if the reader have any doubt on this head, it will be amply sufficient to remove it, if we quote the most important points of another document attached to the treaty of Kudjuk Kainardji. In the year 1775, a “convention explicative” was drawn up between Russia and Turkey, whose origin is sufficiently shewn by the contents of the document itself, to render any explanation unnecessary. In the introduction to this Convention we read:—

“Since the close of the treaty of Kudjuk Kainardji, dated 10th July, 1774 (1188 of the Hejra), various doubts and misunderstandings have arisen about several articles in this treaty relative to the Tartars of the Crimea, and others, equally with them, free and independent nations; which doubts have spread so far, that the inhabitants of the said lands are deprived of the fruits of peace, order, and security.

“In order to prevent for the future, and stop, once for all, all such misapprehensions, which may lead to disputes and hostilities between the two powers, the plenipotentiaries of the two empires have amicably agreed to commence a new negotiation at Constantinople, for the purpose of explaining and discussing the prevailing doubts, without, however, altering or restricting the above-mentioned treaty of Kudjuk Kainardji in the slightest degree.”

The first article of this Convention is:—

“The treaty of constant peace, signed at Kudjuk Kainardji, is

confirmed in all its force by the present Convention, and in all points, without any exception, every point according to its actual meaning, in such way as if the said treaty were, word for word, and in its whole extent, contained herein, with the exception of those articles which are carefully and specially brought forward and explained in the articles of the present treaty."

Article II. of the Convention contains a clearer statement of Article III. of the treaty of Kainardji, whose verbal repetition would carry us too far; and we shall content ourselves with quoting the conclusion, which contains the *punctum saliens*.

"The Sublime Porte, which has already, by the treaty of Kainardji, given up all temporal rights over the Tartar hordes, tribes, and races, binds itself anew by this Convention, never to lay claim to these rights again under any pretext whatsoever; *but rather to consider and recognise the said peoples as a free and independent nation*, in accordance with Article III. of the aforesaid treaty."

In our opinion, it would be superfluous to give any comment upon these documents, which, in their most material points, are so clearly and sensibly drawn up, that it appears almost impossible to twist or turn them in any way. We shall soon see that the Russians, in spite of this, made the attempt, and cut the knot in Gordian fashion, which they could not unfasten with their practised diplomatic fingers.

The Turks kept their treaties with such faith and constancy, as honour them in comparison with the treacherous Muscovites, for which, however, they suffered most terribly afterwards, instead of being rewarded—just as history furnishes innumerable examples of a similar nature, when the integrity of weak nations, as opposed to stronger, is regarded as folly.

Four years had scarce elapsed, when the Empress Catharine, with a disgusting breach of the treaty of Kainardji, and instigated by her unprincipled and ambitious favourite, Potemkin, sent an army to the Crimea, to take possession of this fertile country by stratagem or force.

Through the dethronement of Sahin Gerai, Khan of the Crimea, and through the occupation of his territory, whose liberty and independence the empress had not only solemnly recognised, but promised to maintain for ever, she literally broke all her treaties with Turkey, whose various points were so definite and precise, that she could not twist them to her own purposes.

The reader, who is aware that even the most patent acts of oppression on the part of the powerful, are always based on the appearance of justice, will be curious to learn how Catharine proceeded to bring her actions into unison with her words.

She published a manifesto, dated 8th April, 1781, in which it was stated, that the chief object of the treaty of Kainardji, and of the *Convention Explicative* emanating from it, was the maintenance of a permanent peace between Russia and the Sublime Porte ; and that, by the recognition of the liberty and independence of the Crimea, it was believed that the cause of repeated misunderstandings between the two powers would be removed ; that the empress, however, found herself deceived in her expectations : therefore, “ animated with the most upright desire to confirm and maintain the last treaty made with the Porte, through our wish to remove any cause for dispute, both our duty to ourselves and our care for the preservation of the safety of our empire, demand that we should decide on putting an end to the disturbances in the Crimea once for all : for this purpose, we incorporate with our empire the peninsula of the Crimea, the island of Taman, and all the country situate between the Kuban and the Black Sea, as a just indemnity for the losses and expenses which we have suffered, in maintaining the peace and prosperity of the said countries.”

The Tartars of the Crimea deserved their fate for yielding so weakly to it ; but the Circassians, in spite of all the manifestos and armies of Russia, have proved, with weapons in their hands, that they deserve the liberty which has been their inheritance since time immemorial, and, please God, will remain so for ever. As a confirmation of this, we may be permitted to quote a passage from a work by Ivan Golovine, a Russian, and near relation of

General Golovine (who commanded in the Caucasus for several years), which possesses great claim to our confidence.

"The war in the Caucasus (he states in *La Russie sous Nicolas I.*) is, under the present circumstances, an utterly fruitless war, and the obstinacy with which the Russians persist in carrying it on, will only be followed by useless bloodshed and increased hate, and render any permanent reconciliation impossible. Russia should, in the first instance, declare war against her own *employés*, who are her greatest enemies; and who, after themselves enkindling the quarrel, render it so destructive in its consequences, by plundering and robbing unmercifully. They sacrifice the advantage of their country to their own, and even sell the enemy powder and arms. They conceal the number of killed; and so wretched is the treatment of the Russian *corps d'armée*, that not a single surgical apparatus deserving the name is to be found in the hospitals. The generals, for their part, prolong the war, in order to secure themselves a source of profit and promotion: so long, finally, as the soldiers are not taught to fire, the loss will always be on the side of the Russians, as their artillery is of little or no use to them in this utterly irregular warfare."

We trust that what we have stated will suffice to prove the truth of our assertion at the commencement of this chapter; that the Russians, in their conquests and desolating forays in the Caucasus, and on the littoral of the Black Sea, were guided by no other principle than the law of might. The only object we had in our inquiry was an unadorned statement of facts; for we know that the most elaborate arguments and proofs cannot undo the past. We will go still further and confess, that our sympathies for several of the nations who became the prey of the robber claws of the Russian Eagle, are extinguished—for we repeat it, that every nation which patiently endures a disgraceful yoke, is unworthy of a better fate. Our sympathy is given to those nations who, despite all the exertions of the Russians, have preserved their liberty to the present day, and to those who, though forced to bow to superior strength, bear

their chains with repugnance, and only await the favourable moment to hurl them from them—just as the steel only bends under the pressure of the hand, in order to spring back into its former position with greater power. These nations deserve liberty, because they so earnestly strive to possess it. To the Circassians of the Black Sea, liberty is a fondly loved mother, who gave them birth, and nourished them at her breast; to the Circassians of Daghistan, she is a beloved bride, for whom they fight and struggle.

In truth, we could not imagine any more wretched lot than to see these powerful, blooming peoples, pining away beneath the poisonous breath of Russian civilisation. It would be difficult to find two nations in the history of the present, who are so utterly opposed to each other in their characteristic features as the servile Muscovites and the chivalrous mountaineers of the Caucasus. The Russians have been, since Peter the Great's iron hand gave them the first blow to shake them out of the darkness of barbarism, in a state of transition, and form a chaos whose elements must first be clarified and settled before it will be possible to form any judgment. Still, all travellers agree that four vices—branches of one and the same tree—cheating, lying, thieving, and drunkenness—are found more frequently, and in a higher degree among them, than in all the other nations of Europe.

In opposition to these vices, according to the testimony of all travellers in the Caucasus, the distinguishing qualities of the Circassians are—honesty, love of truth, fidelity, and moderation. Would not such virtues, with that highest blessing, liberty, be too high a price to pay for the happiness of being under that disgrace to humanity—the Muscovite government?

In truth, were it not horrible, it would be considered ridiculous that a nation like the Russian, which has never known law or justice since its origin, should feel itself sent to prescribe laws for other nations.

“Oppression and robbery,” Golovine says, “are the principal features of the Russian government. It has never been able to comprehend that it is possible to govern without oppression—that mildness more firmly establishes the happiness of the people, and the security of the power than all the barbarity, which is

in Russia called proper severity, just as tyranny and power are there mistaken for each other."

The Russian government is very well aware, that all the oppression it delights to exercise can only pass unpunished under the protection of the most brutal ignorance and moral corruption : hence it is that the chief mystery of their policy is based on the propagation of these.

And this nation, whose rulers, like the owls, only feel comfortable in the dark, whose policy is a drag on all progress—this nation, which forms the dark side of Europe, could be chosen by Providence to bear the torch of enlightenment into other countries ! Woe to the nations that are condemned to become the scholars of such instructors ! Woe to every land where the Russian eagle has already built its nest ! Woe to those over which its destructive wings may hereafter be outspread !

We know, unhappily too well, that mere words, even if we spoke with tongues of fire, cannot in the slightest degree check the destruction that is impending over the nations of the Caucasus : but we will at any rate strip off the veil from the truth, which we cannot prevent, and expose it in all its horrible nudity.

The Tcherkess fortunately know the whole extent of the danger which menaces them ; for many of the tribes which now fight under Schamyl's banner, have already once experienced the blessings of the Muscovite rule, and it is a most pregnant sign that these identical tribes are the most bitter, the most irreconcilable, enemies of the Russians.

Schamyl, for his part, through the unbounded influence which he exercises over his countrymen, as well as through the firmness and caution with which he conducts the operations of war, gives just cause for the hopes, that the exertions of the Russian armies may never have any other result than to fill the ravines of the Caucasus with the bodies of their slaughtered countrymen.

We cannot do better than end this chapter with the following vivid quotation from Bodenstedt :—

" The Russians have three inexorable enemies to contend with

in the Caucasus, the first and most terrible of which is the climate—the mountains are the second—and the mountaineers the third. How often is the traveller rendered melancholy by the sight of a band of unhappy, wasted mercenaries, who, torn from their gloomy cabins, are removed into a more healthy neighbourhood, in order that a couple of years may be added to their joyless existence! They totter along like shadows, and we know not which appears more melancholy, the pale countenance, or the coarse grey cloaks in which their wasted limbs are concealed. If we meet at times a band of healthy, active youths, we may feel convinced that they only arrived a few weeks before from Russia, and have not yet spent a summer in the Caucasus: a few months of patience, and their cheeks will be as wan, and their eyes as lustreless, as those of their brothers!

“I was often oppressed by a melancholy feeling when I saw these newly-arrived victims of war and pestilence drawn up in rank and file. They know not why they have been torn from their homes, and driven thousands of versts away into this strange land: they know not why they fight, nor against whom they fight—all that they know is, that they will never again see their home! This sorrowful certainty of an eternal separation from all that is dear to them, this timid foreboding of a miserable death, is expressed not only in their features, but also in their songs, which are nearly all impregnated with a deep and touching feeling of melancholy. The soldier sings, as it were, during his lifetime, his own funeral chant, well aware that no one will mourn over his bier, and it is difficult to say which sounds more mournfully—the wind which whistles at night through the mountains, or these melancholy strains. Truly, such flowers of melody have their growth in blood and tears!”

A P P E N D I X.

Jamais ou chef, ou citoyen
Ne conçut un projet aussi grand que le mien.
Ma secte élève l'âme et la rend intrepide,
Ma foi fait des heros.....

VOLTAIRE, *Mahomet*.

SUFISM AND THE MURIDS:

OR, THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE DOCTRINES OF SUFI, AND
THE SECT NOW FORMED IN DAGHISTAN.

WE have repeatedly mentioned in the course of our work, what an important part the religious element played in the history of the Daghistani wars of liberation. This religious element has grown, under the form which it has received from the consecrated hands of Kasi Mullah and Schamyl, to such importance that it already deserves a niche in history. It has become the fire, by whose heat the most heterogeneous elements were fused into one harmonious mass: the cement which permanently connected the tribes of Daghistan, previously dismembered by manners, belief, and hereditary enmity; and finally, as the most powerful promoter of the mutual expression of strength among these nations.

Strange to say, this fresh branch of faith, so recently inoculated on the withering tree of Islamism, has till now remained unnoticed. A great deal has been told us about the deeds of the mountaineers, without thinking of the generative principle which summoned these deeds into life: just as the hurried wanderer often passes the foaming mountain torrent, without thinking of the lofty source whence it flows.

All that we know from various writers with reference to the very important religious movement in Daghistan, may be reduced to a few words: Schamyl has formed a new sect, whose devotees are called Murids; these, as a distinction, wear white caps, while the fur caps of the other defenders of liberty

are brown, blue, or yellow. What, however, is concealed under this white cap, every body has forgotten to mention.

We will attempt to fill up this gap, at least partially, by making the religious element, which forms the centre of all the movements in Daghistan, the prominent feature in our sketch.

Before the appearance of Kasi Mullah, the greater portion of Daghistan, which is now in revolt, was subjugated by the Russians. Yermoloff, the best of all the generals after Zizianoff, who ever opposed the mountaineers, had cleverly employed the confusion that prevailed in Daghistan—partly in consequence of the difference of belief, partly through the blood-revenge, and partly by the long lasting enmity existing between different tribes—for the promotion of Russian interests, and gained a reputation among the mountaineers, which none of his predecessors or of his successors ever possessed.

In beauty of person, in bravery, perseverance, and chivalrous sentiments, comparable to the noblest Circassian princes, Yermoloff was superior to them all through his European education and Russian *finesse*. He treated the subjected tribes with conciliatory mildness, but the hostile ones with severity bordering on barbarity. Russian, body and soul, full of enthusiasm for the youthful renown of his fatherland, he regarded all means as sacred which were intended for the advantage of Russia. He hurled the torch of dissension among the hostile tribes, and helped the weaker against the stronger, in order to acquire the gratitude of the former, and to subject the latter. Never has a victor ruled more terribly in the territory of the conquered, and yet never has a conqueror's name remained in such terrific, and at the same time so honourable, remembrance, as that of Yermoloff among the nations of the Caucasus.

Opposed to such a man, Kasi Mullah laid the foundation of his power; the footsteps of the great Russian leader became the furrow in which the Murschids of Daghistan sowed the seed of the new Faith.

This doctrine, evidently only Sufism, modified to the exigencies of the moment, was intended to remove all disunion and

schism, to struggle against that terrible monster the blood-revenge, and to unite all the nations of the Caucasus for one common end.

To prove our idea as to the close connection of Sufism with the Daghistani doctrine, we will here quote a passage, referring to the latter, from a Russian report, which was designed to draw the attention of the government to the importance of the religious movement in Daghistan. The passage, when translated, reads as follows :—

“The Daghistani philosophers assume that there are in man three elements, which must be carefully distinguished—the physical, mental, and moral.

“Of these three elements, which together, with equally effective powers, are capable of equal developement, the physical takes the lowest place, but can gain the upper hand over the mental and moral if the latter are neglected. As, however, in consequence of our natural imperfection, the physical element only too often becomes the ruling one in us; men have agreed, in order to escape the evil consequences arising from this, to subject it to certain laws, emanating from the better and wiser among them; thus keeping its strength within the necessary limits, and guarding earnestly against any infringement of them. This collection of laws is called by the Moslem the Sharyat.

“The physical element is followed by the mental, which arouses and fosters in man reason, intellect, and the capabilities implied thereby. Still, the mental element also requires a bridle and moderation, if it is not to degenerate into the tyrant of man; the Moslem consequently possess a second book, which lays down the limits for this element, and is called in the sacred language the Maarifat.

“The moral element finally, the third and highest, teaches us to conquer and subdue the passions, and leads man, by softening and ennobling him, towards the lofty object of his existence. All that is written for the purpose of ennobling our feelings, to sanctify our thoughts, and extend our perceptions of the all supreme—in short, all that leads us to perfection—is contained in the book, called by the Moslem the Tarykat.

“In consequence of the various explanations of the doctrines of the Prophet by the Islamite philosophers, sects or schools, at variance with each other, were formed—as is the case in every developement of a new religion—which led to the result, that the faith of Muhammad was perverted by ambitious priests to political purposes. This political influence was principally perceptible in the explanation of the Tarykat, which, although assuming the dogmas of the Koran as the basis, received an entire metamorphosis, and, in this new form, first and chiefly gained power and influence among the Persians; under the name of Tarykat, we therefore understand, in general, the doctrines of morality mixed with political tendencies among the Moslem who have been converted to this sect.

“The chiefs of the new school were called Murschids, and their followers Murids. How great the influence was which the spiritual power attained through this doctrine, is seen in the example of the Murschid Muhammad, who, in the year of the Prophet 906 (according to our chronology 1528), mounted the throne of the Schah of Persia. Originally living only for his religion, with increasing secular power, he evermore pursued similar objects; and in the same way the Murschid, Mullah Muhammad, devoted himself entirely to religious objects, which, however, at a later date, especially under his successors, Kasi Mullah and Hamsad-Bey, were perverted to political purposes.”

Thus far our Russian author. He represents the state of the case, without, as it seems, being acquainted with its name. The description, though generally correct, yet very defective in various parts, leads to the idea that the author had but a very superficial knowledge of his subject. How much of the above is applicable to the Murids of Daghistan, we are the less able to say with certainty, as till now there is nothing definite and complete, but all is in a state of developement. We can, however, refer to Sufism as the source whence Kasi Mullah and Schamyl drew the fundamental ideas of their new doctrines, and in this sense we may be allowed to devote a little space to its consideration.

There are as many different explanations of the origin of the Sufis, and the nature of their doctrines, as there are writers on

the subject. According to De Sacy and Schmölders, this sect did not emanate, as Tholuck asserts, from the bosom of Islamism, but owes its germ to the Sages of the banks of the Ganges.

"Sufism," Schmölders says in his splendid work about the philosophical schools existing among the Arabs, "can be as little called a philosophical system as a religious sect: nor did a Mussulman ever regard it as either one or the other. Sufism, which we may most fittingly compare with a monastic order, is fundamentally nothing but a species of contemplative life.

"The Sufi assumes that divine truth is immediately revealed to the man striving for it, if he retires from the world, and, freeing himself from all terrestrial passions, devotes his life exclusively to contemplation. But as this species of contemplation is merely individual, and solely refers to things, which from their nature are without the sphere of our vision and our language, it is patent that a philosophical system can never grow out of it. The Arabs certainly speak of a science of Sufism, and have left a quantity of books in which the same is explained: but these works only contain the regulations which must be followed in order to attain a contemplative life, and definitions of those philosophical ideas which are indispensable for the consideration of higher things, and lastly, the explanation of the numerous technical expressions which are so frequently met with in the books of the Sufis.

"If we assert that Sufism has been developed without any scientific substructure, and can draw from itself, without any foreign assistance, the requisite strength for its existence, still we by no means wish to say, that it has remained entirely estranged from a scientific influence. Still the philosophic and theologic elements, which in the course of time have been interwoven with it, only form the ever-varying shell of Sufism, while the germ must ever remain immutable, according to its original spirit."

We still want a detailed history of Sufism, although the works of Graham, Hammier, Malcolm, De Sacy, Schmölders, Tholuck, and others, contain excellent accounts. Those who feel anxious to form a closer acquaintance with this interesting subject, we must refer to these works.

There are four steps in the mental life which the Sufis, according to their doctrine, have to ascend, in order to attain to the perfect idea of the Deity. If we refer the state of these men, striving for truth in the four phases which they have to go through, to Schamyl and his subjects, we shall obtain the following result.

On the first or lowest step stands the great mass of the nation. Here no bridle nor higher direction is requisite. The Sharyat or external law must be most strictly observed by them, as through its defective perception the inner voice does not always command what is right.

The second step is occupied by the Murids, who emanate from the better class of the nation. They no longer require the bridle: the external law is superfluous with them; for every true Murid—every one really striving for truth—is good, for he knows that virtue alone leads to truth. He bears his reward and his punishment with him. He gives alms, not because the Sharyat prescribes it, but because it pains him to see the poor suffering. He attends to his ablutions, not because the Koran commands them, but because cleanliness is a necessity with him; for he knows that a pure mind can only dwell in a pure body, &c.

The third step is held by the Naïbs, the viceroys of Schamyl. All that we have said relative to the Murids is true about them, though in a higher degree.

Lastly, on the fourth or highest step stands Schamyl alone. He is in immediate, actual, communication with the Deity. His words are God's words, and his commands are the commands of the Lord. He is the sun whence the Naïbs, his moons, derive their light, and, surrounded by the Murids, their satellites, penetrate the night of the nation.

The only reason why Allah has not long ago destroyed the enemies of Schamyl, of light, and of faith, from the earth is, because he is "patient and long-suffering."

THE END.

THE RUSSIANS OF THE SOUTH.

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BY
SHIRLEY BROOKS.

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RUSSIANS OF THE SOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS desirous to reach the Black Sea as speedily as possible, for I had marked out a long Oriental journey, to follow a visit to South Russia. But steam-boat arrangements delayed me for some days at Vienna, and there is perhaps no city (shall I, in grateful memory of the kaleidoscopic brightness and variety of Cairean *tableaux*, make one exception?) where an impatient traveller finds ampler atonement for being hindered on his way.

A long day's sight-seeing, conducted in that hard-working, persevering style adopted by English travellers, and neither exactly understood nor violently admired by foreigners, there are many less pleasant places than the front of a Viennese coffee-house to rest in. Seated at your little table, in the open air, with coffee, ice, or what you will, brought you at the slightest gesture to the sedulous and watchful attendants; with your *meerschäum*, or cigar, or *chibouque*, if you please—for there is too various and constant an influx of foreigners for any body to stare at any thing you may do; the darkening fortifications of the city before you, the brightening lights of the *café* behind you, and around you a miscellaneous group of officers in white uniform; full-dressed theatre-goers, taking their coffee *en route*; among them, perhaps, a few ladies; shabby artists, with terrible beards; sallow Jews, with keen eyes, watching every thing; a calm

Oriental, with a courteous gesture if you approach him, but apparently watching nothing; two or three full-blown, sunburnt English travellers, shouting out their half-dozen words of German with bold, insular intonation, and obviously conceiving that they are paying rather a graceful compliment to Austria by calling the waiter *Kellner*; a straggling Italian boy or two, with plaster medallions for sale; a batch of students, with belted *blouses*; and two or three mendicants, winding in and out among tables,—intruders whom an English waiter would bully off in two minutes, but for whom the Austrian waiter actually steps aside;—with this group, and a constant background of figures passing and repassing in the moonlight, you can amuse your eye very satisfactorily, while you rest your legs after your long walk to, and over, and round the lovely Leopoldsberg, or its neighbour, the Kahlenberg. And, if you like to talk, the only difficulty in the way of that is your probable ignorance of the language of your neighbour; but you may be quite sure that, if you address him, he will not edge away *Anglo-Saxonice*, as much as to say, “I don’t see why that fellah should address me.”

At Vienna you purchase, from the agent of the Danube steam-boat company, a ticket, which costs you rather more than five pounds, and which entitles you to travel to Galatz. Your heavier luggage is taken from you, and a receipt for it given, which enables you to claim it at the end of the journey. The prudent traveller will of course have a small *sac de nuit* for the daily necessities of the toilet—it will be seen presently under what favourable auspices that ceremony is performed on the Danube. Your embarkation takes place at some distance from the city, and the first day’s journey occupies about three hours. This brings you to Presburg, where, according to your historic lights, you can recall the memories of Maria Theresa, or of the Bohemian girl. Instinctively anxious to defer sleeping on board the boat, until compelled to remain there, you will probably arrange, as I did, to pass the night at an hotel. At dinner I had a good deal of conversation with some officers in the white coats of Austria. They discussed the affairs of the world with a decision only equalled by the inexactness of their information.

But they were very gentlemanly and good-natured, and we got along capitally. One of them was a medical man, and peculiarly energetic upon all subjects. His zeal amused his friends, who once or twice evinced anxiety to impress upon me that his vehemence was only manner, and that he meant nothing rude. A band began to play outside, and struck up a march from *Robert le Diable*.

"Meyerbeer is liked in England, I think?" said one of the officers.

"Yes," I said; "so much so, that his three operas alone have carried one of our theatres through a brilliant season."

"He is an abominable man, and a blasphemer," remarked the medical gentleman; "and I should have great pleasure in meeting him in a boat."

While the others laughed, I was trying to explain to myself the logic of this choice of a nautical companion.

"Yes, assuredly," continued he. "You may laugh, gentlemen, but the whole object of that man's life is the overthrow of religion. All his works are wicked; but this last, *Le Prophète*, is the worst of all. He is a Jew, you know; that accounts for it."

"There can be no wickedness in music," said another, "and, therefore, you must refer to the words. Now, M. Scribe is not a Jew."

"No; but Meyerbeer tells him what to write. 'Write me,' says he, 'an attack on the Christian religion.' Scribe has no faith—what Frenchman has any? He doesn't care what he writes, so that he is paid. So out comes blasphemy like the *Prophète*, ridiculing our religion. I should like to meet M. Meyerbeer in a boat; it would give me much happiness."

"But why in a boat?"

"Because I would take him by his neck, and put him under the water. If I had him in a boat, we should have no more blasphemy from M. Meyerbeer."

My experiences of the rest of the night lead me to predict the following future. You will retire to your bed-room, and order the *fille de chambre* (a very dirty old man) to call you at four, as

the boat starts at five. The bed is, of course, damp, but as you will throw yourself upon it dressed, that is of little consequence; but if you prudently cast the one sheet away, it falls upon the boards of the floor with a slapping weighty sound, like any other wet towel. Soon after two, the dirty old man will knock you up, and in answer to your vituperative eloquence, and your pointing to the real hour on your watch, will grumble angrily at your complaint about a trifle, and will walk out, wringing his hands furiously, and leaving the door open. Your sleep is broken, and you may as well go down-stairs. All the house is closed except the large billiard-room, which is lighted up, and upon the seats around which scores of passengers are lying, in every attitude of slumber except one of comfort. The sound of the snoring is varied by the smart clack of billiard balls, which are being knocked about by four or five Jew boys, who, relying on the sleepiness of the waiters, have stepped in through the open windows for a little cheap practice. An elderly officer is trying to read the *Wanderer* journal, and hits recklessly with his pipe-handle at any young Jew who may run between him and the lamps. A brilliant moonlight, streaming on the trees outside, presents ideas of coolness and freshness which render unbearable the mixture of heat, snoring, bad odours, and boys; and you walk about Presburg until the bell summons you either to a stifling cabin, which is worse than the billiard-room, or to a wet deck, around which the mists of the Danube steam heavily up. A cigar enables you to defy the lesser evil, and you remain on deck.

That day's voyage—a tolerable breakfast and an intolerable dinner by no means included in the passage money, but charged for at a price which would be high if the meals were good—brings you to Pesth. You would naturally go to La Reine Victoria—that is, “loyally you would, but physically you can't,” because that once superbly placed hotel perished in the bombardment. But Pesth has abundance of other inns, some of them enormous. It seems a hard saying, but the fish of the Danube are almost the only really good things connected with that river. At six in the morning you are again on the wet deck. That night you

reach Mohacs. But there is no going on shore to-night. At half-past eight the crowded cabin of the boat evinces symptoms of excitement, and the dirty, bearded waiters begin to be almost active, a symptom heretofore unseen. They suddenly snatch the table-cloth from before you, like the Wizard of the North doing a feat, and try to take away your tumbler of tea before you have finished it. With execrations, vented without the slightest respect for the affrighted company, every waiter commands all the others to move the tables; and after a quarter of an hour's wrangling, and great beating and hammering of the furniture, a work is effected which a couple of silent, handy English servants would have done in three minutes without attracting much observation. The tables are piled along the middle of the cabin. You sink back upon the seat which runs round the room, and admire the clumsiness with which the work has been done; if the vessel should rock ever so little, that upper table must come down—you hope upon your opposite neighbour's legs, you fear upon your own. A nearer danger threatens the latter. Your knees are suddenly plucked asunder by a waiter, who instantly dives down between them, and rests his shock head upon your lap. He fumbles beneath the seat, and drags out a sliding apparatus, which adds to that seat a pleasing slope of about four feet. Upon this he places—no, at this he throws (*you* may place it, if you like)—an exceedingly thin horse-hair cushion. Your bed is “made.” Look round, and twenty-six other beds have been also “made,” and the cabin suddenly resembles the ward of an hospital, except in that the ward is clean and quiet. But there are more than twenty-seven people here—you counted forty at dinner—where is the balance (as the Americans say) to sleep? Now, what is that to you? *you* have got a bed. But the ladies, will they not retire? Do the ladies interfere with you? No. But there is a very stout gentleman disarraying himself—he has taken off his coat, and his waistcoat, and his boots—yes, and his socks; and even yet you are not sure that he will disrobe no further. Well, the traveller on the Danube should learn to mind his own business.

Two hours pass, and now take a bird's-eye view of the cabin,

but don't go out into the fresh air to return for that purpose, or you will never be able to endure the vile atmosphere on coming back. Every body is what is facetiously called "in bed." The ladies have unhooked the backs of their dresses, and some of them have slipped off their shoes, and put on French nightcaps of great elegance, and they lie either in groups or alternating with the rougher voyagers. Four or five of them are tittering together, unawed by the indignant grunts of the old people who want to go to sleep. A Jewess, of very large size, has made prey of two cushions, and is fighting for her extra comfort with a snuffy old Italian, who has not one, having been asleep when the distribution took place. Neither can speak the other's language, but they tug viciously at the cushion. An Hungarian officer, for whom the bed is exactly half long enough, has built himself a sort of suspension bridge continuation with camp-stools, and they reach far across the cabin. His opposite neighbour, a facetious and spectacled German, has been trying to steal the foremost stool, and much guttural abuse follows. The floor is covered with sleepers, who, as they have the floor-cloth for a sheet, and nothing for a counterpane, may hereafter remember the night. On the right is an Englishman, suffering martyrdom from the heat and the odour, but amid his sufferings preserving his English propriety, and sedulously occupied in preventing an elderly Polish lady, fast asleep, from becoming the unconscious sharer of his couch, into which she has rolled half a dozen times—while his boot is ceaselessly engaged in kicking his other neighbour, a Swedish watchmaker, who pillows his slumbers on his box of watches, and continues to emit perfect volleys of snorting. Indeed the noise, when the passengers are asleep, is considerably greater than when they are all awake and sulky. The cabin is lighted by means of one of the dinner tumblers, into which some oil and a floating wick have been placed—all the windows are closed, and also the door; but this last means of ventilation would have been open, but that the chief waiter, on being ordered to leave it so, loudly refused, on the ground that he and his friends were going to sup at the foot of the cabin stairs, and therefore he banged the door to, with

great indignation. And sup they did, five of them, and chattered and laughed for a good hour, besides perfuming the greater part of the room with the savour of their steaming and rancid viands. The Englishman bears it as long as he can, but human endurance has its limits; and at length, roused from a hot doze by a scream from the large Jewess, from under whose proportions, as she slept, the wily Italian has plucked the cushion of strife, he bestows a last spurring upon the snorting Swedish watchmaker—dislodges the sleeping Polish lady from his side—and, tumbling over the vast length of the Hungarian officer, gains the deck, and outwatches the stars.

Such is a night on the Danube, and such are the comforts to which tourists, ladies included, are invited by the Austrian Company. I may be reminded that there is a lady's cabin—to which I shall reply that I not only know it, but that I examined it, and that its discomforts were as great as those of the larger cabin, while its atmosphere was worse than that of the latter. The simple fact is, that the affair is a monopoly, and that the conductors of the boats, eager to gain as much profit as possible, and fearless of opposition, crowd the vessels with as many persons as can be induced to enter them, and evince an utter disregard for the condition of those who have no appeal.

Such a night, and then another day's steaming—and Belgrade is reached. Gazing on the ruined and wretched place on the following morning, and remembering Croly's lines on the death of Czerni George, who in the last heroic rapture thought only of his Servian triumphs—

—“Nor saw

The hurried glare of the Pacha,
Nor saw the headsman's backward leap
To give his blade the wider sweep”—

an *apropos* vision of a real Pacha suddenly appeared, attended by a distinguished suite. It required no great stretch of imagination, as the stern-looking silent old man came slowly on board, to believe that he had just left the scene of the execution, and that “the bloody head of the Pandour,” on whose lips the “selfsame smile” of triumph was “lingering,” would follow in

the hands of the pikeman. But these slaughterous notions were quickly dispelled by the behaviour of his Excellency (one of the uncles of the present Sultan,) who, after steadily and solemnly performing his devotions, like a man who was not ashamed of owning a God, proceeded to the next sacred duty of hospitality, and gave some of us cups of Turkish coffee.

But all that had hitherto marked the voyage, in the way of discomfort and delay, was a *bagatelle* compared to what followed. To call any of the incidents of the journey hardships would be misusing a term. Of downright honest hardships any man who has been a sportsman must have voluntarily and cheerfully endured more in a week's Highland work, than he would meet in the whole Danube run. But the voyage from Vienna to Skela Gladova, at least, is a series of annoyances and nuisances caused by avarice and negligence, and suggestive of all kinds of abominations, moral and physical. Here is the remainder.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the day on which we left Belgrade, the boat came to a standstill. I was about to say that the captain explained that he could go no farther—but he thought no such courtesy worth his trouble, and the same want of ordinary civility was constantly conspicuous on the part of other servants of these boats. But this is a trifle. We suddenly stopped in a solitary part of the river, where no house, nor even station, gave indication of human inhabitants. And we learned, by cross-examining the sailors, that there was not water enough to float us farther. Then we must go on in some sort of conveyances—where were they? It was early, and there were two good hours of light. I observed that at this reasonable suggestion looks were exchanged between the captain and an official called “the conductor,” and the latter went on shore, saying that he was going to procure conveyances for us. “Procure,” thought I, absurdly bringing ideas of English business habits into connection with such people; “why are they not ready? The people hereabouts must have known—it is their business to know—whether the boat could proceed.” It did not occur to me that the fellow had not the remotest intention of getting conveyances. But so it was. We waited, and it grew dusk, and then dark;

and then the waiters told us with grins that we should not move that night, but that early in the morning there would be a "barge" for us. It was raining heavily, and there was nothing to do but to growl and submit.

Between four and five in the morning, we were roused from the charming couches I have described, and were further informed that we had better make haste. This was certainly needless, as no one can accuse a traveller by a Danube steam-boat of wasting time over the minor coxcomberies of the toilet. Seeing that there is no kind of provision for the ceremony of ablution (except an atrocious corner in a gloomy closet, where there is something resembling a basin, but seldom any water, though this is the less to be regretted, as soap and towels are unknown)—but that the persevering Sybarite who insists in going through the form, can only do so by dipping the corner of his handkerchief into a tumbler of muddy water—about two minutes is amply sufficient for all libations to the Graces. And being ready, we were hurried, breakfastless, upon the soaking deck, and over the side into the barge. This was a newly painted affair, and was therefore clean, at all events. It consisted of one low cabin, about twenty feet long. At one end of this was an area of some ten feet, which might be termed the after-deck—it contained the wheel and the helmsman. The other end was occupied by the rowers, of whom at that hour we could, of course, see nothing. A vast mass of baggage and luggage had been piled in the centre of the cabin, and around it the majority of passengers contrived to find standing room; and hot as the place was, and reeking with the fresh paint, it was a degree better than the abominable steamer.

We were rowed for three hours, and, between the intervals of the rain, we could see that we were passing through fine hill scenery; but the position was not favourable for making any observations—except a few upon the steam-packet company. But about eight o'clock the sky cleared, and the passengers, ravenous with hunger, would have demanded food, but that there was no one of whom to demand it. The only servant of any description on board was the steersman, and he had enough

on his hands in swearing at the rowers, who were the wretchedest of Hungarian peasants, apparently half-starved, and at least half naked. His incessant and voluminous objurgations were perfectly overwhelming; but when the passengers found that there was literally nothing whatever to eat or drink, I fear that some of them began to take the work of commination out of his hands. Others, more practical, landed, and rushed into a village—if half a dozen huts and a wretched *gast-haus* can be called a village—and sought to levy contributions upon the inhabitants. How others fared there was no time to ascertain; but for myself, after examining the contents of every larder in the whole place, I felt happy in securing a lump of damp, black bread, a great piece of strong cheese, and a draught of wine, at whose relationship to vinegar it would be ungrateful, under the circumstances, to hint. Thus provisioned, I and others returned to the barge, which we then found was utterly deserted. Concluding that the crew had retired to refresh themselves, we waited in tolerably silent patience for one hour—and again in patience, if not quite so silent, for another hour. It was then considered expedient to make a few inquiries, as affairs began to look as if we were designed to form an involuntary colony on the banks of the Danube. The village, being small, was easily searched by a determined party, and our late captain, helmsman, pilot, or what you will, was discovered in a chimney smoking his cigars. He seemed happy, but affected sorrow, which was not affected on his auditors' part when the state of matters was disclosed. The rowers had revolted. They had brought us to Drenkova, and then, conceiving us at their mercy, had refused to proceed unless an enormous addition were made to their pay. The captain had declined to vary the bargain, and the peasants had dispersed, leaving the boat *planté*. "It was abominable." Herein we agreed, including the company's arrangements in the adjective. "But we *must* go on." The captain, not being disputatious, admitted the abstract fact, but did not see how the matter was to be managed. He had done all he could—he had sent into some other villages to see whether other rowers could be obtained—he hoped they would come—and did any gentleman want

"fire" for his cigar? Again there was no appeal. We remained as we were, in sulkiness, for another hour. Then we became outrageous, and an American gentleman casually mentioned, that in the box upon which he was sitting there was a revolving pistol with six barrels. This afforded us some comfort, and we decided upon another charge upon the captain.

He was slightly advanced in liquor, but was obviously transacting business—which was consolatory, as we had now lost four hours, and the mid-day sun was scorching into our very brains. He ordered four peasants to do something. I do not think they could have understood his orders with precision, for they all came and sat down in a row upon the shore, looking at the barge. We assisted at this operation for some time, and then forcibly dragged the captain to the spot. He approached the nearest of the men, and, to do him justice, gave him one of the most tremendous kicks which ever awakened a gentleman to a sense of his duty. A loud hurrah from the Anglo-Americans instantly rewarded this exhibition of firmness. The effect was remarkable. In five minutes a large open barge was moored alongside our own—the four men, shouting, scrambling, screaming, and swearing, began to transfer the luggage from the latter to the former—the smallest chip boxes, ladies' parasols, work-baskets, packets of *galanterie*, and other fragile matters, were flung in first, and vast trunks, portmanteaus, and an actual chest of drawers, were hauled down upon them—the scrunching being distinctly heard by the terrified owners of the lighter ware; a black canvass was drawn over the whole, and the four men, seizing oars, went away with their spoil, nobody knew whither. But something was done, and the plundered passengers looked cheerfully at one another.

Half an hour more, and there was a rush; the captain sprang in at the end of the boat, and eight peasants, a trifle more starved and naked than their predecessors, but who seemed to us models of energy and manly vigour, crowded in at the other. The barge was cast off; the skilful steersman shifted the helm, the faithful fellows with the oars pulled gallantly, and in not more than five hours from the time we had "sighted" Drenkova, we

were taking a last sight at that remarkable locality. It did not look half so wretched now that we were going away. "We shall reach Orsova to-night," said we, "and sleep there, and to-morrow for the Iron Gate and the large steamer at Skela Gladova." We forgot our miserable fare, and made up our minds to enjoy the remainder of the voyage. After all, we said, delays will occur, and Hungarians will revolt, and if the villagers had possessed any better food, they would certainly have sold it to us. And so we moved on slowly, but not sulkily, and the gentleman with the revolving pistol was silently considered as little better than a very unscrupulous character. We climbed upon the top of the cabin, and sat upon the little deck, and told one another marvels of other lands, with more or less of truth in them. Our good-humour was a little marred by finding, that at the next village at which we rested there were exactly the same provisions to be obtained as at Drenkova—black bread, strong cheese, and sour wine; but we remembered that our journey would soon be over, and we thought of the fleshpots of Orsova, and rejoiced.

The wind rose, and the captain declared that the bodies of the passengers upon the roof of the cabin and on deck caught it, and interfered with the rowing; he therefore commanded that we should all descend into the said cabin, and remain there until further orders. There was some show of reason in this, and he was obeyed by the men, but many of the ladies refused to move. It was now observed that the rowers were doing nothing—their oars were lifted lightly from the water a few inches, and dropped in again, but there was no pulling. This was remarked to the captain, who was kind enough to swear at them a good deal, but without much effect. Day was closing, and awful apprehensions came upon us, which deepened as we glided into a grim gorge of overhanging mountains. What if we are unable to proceed further! No beds, no food, no fire. An hour or so were passed while every body was abusing every body else for talking such nonsense. Keep us in this thing all night! The captain would not dare to do it! But the captain, like Macheath, was "a bold man," and he did it. About eight o'clock in a pitch-

dark night we were made fast to another stump, and were informed that in all probability we should *not* be able to proceed next day. The American gentleman was unseasonably facetious, and remarked that we were also made fast in another way. What scraps of black bread were left to us were selfishly hoarded, each passenger denying that he had any thing. We now felt fairly abandoned by fortune, in a dismal mountain gorge, in darkness, and with nothing to eat; there was even no lying down to die, for the space was so confined that any gentleman desirous to depart this life must have done so like the Roman Emperor—"standing."

The Turks in the suite of the Pacha—for his excellency had chartered a private barge, and nobody knew where he was—had scrambled on shore, and, climbing up the rocks till they found a soft place, had kindled a fire, and were soon squatting around it, making coffee. The red glow of their fire—bringing out their picturesque dresses in bright colour amid the jet black of the night, and fitfully glancing into the awful-looking caves and chasms in the precipitous and overarching crags—was noticeable, amid our misery and malignity. They also sent us coffee, which was a charitable act, and deserves record. They repeated this kindness in the morning. I am afraid that sundry on board contrasted the conduct of the Christians of the steam-boat company with that of the Mohammedans of the rocks, very much to the disadvantage of the former.

As had been predicted, the wind was high in the morning, and the wretched barge could not proceed. The tiniest steam-tug, of one Shetland-pony power, then lying among the creeks of Rotherhithe, would have saved all these hours of delay and discomfort. So we said, angrily nudging into the cabin, the rain pouring in a deluge. It was some comfort to see that the captain was wetter than I ever saw a man before; I should think he must have been actually limp with that morning's soaking. I believe that at last he could bear the infliction no longer; for the wind was just as high as ever at one o'clock, when he rose from deck, and, streaming like a river-god, ordered the rowers to pull. They did so, and we growled all the louder, that the order had not been given earlier, for in three hours we were at

Orsova. If the passengers paid for all they ate during the first two hours after their rush upon the town, the innkeepers and others—for we ran into every house we saw, and listened to no reclamations—must have realized a goodly competence. That night we slept in beds; it had not recently happened, nor did it soon happen again.

In the morning there was much trouble about passports—that abomination of the Continent; those who had received the *du visa* were graciously permitted to continue their journey, but all were not so fortunate. Two poor young ladies—Venetians, going to Bukarest—had some informality detected by the military commandant, and were refused permission to proceed. Four or five days must elapse before they could hear from the last place where the passport had been examined. I do not think the poor girls had much more money than was necessary for the mere journey, and here was nearly a week's lodging and living to be added. To be sure, it would have been a dreadful thing if they had departed with an imperfect passport, and had conspired, and overthrown the government with their crochet needles. We left them sobbing together on their big box, in a bye-lane leading to the wharf. The luggage was examined here, and as there is a duty upon articles of *galanterie*—those knick-knacks which ladies buy, and which are given them, or which they win at raffles, exchange with one another, or otherwise obtain in a variety of innocent ways—the lady luggage was mercilessly scrutinized. All the tiny red boxes, and bead purses, and ring cases, and housewives, *bon-bon* baskets, and jewel caskets, and the hundred little lurking-places in which woman hides her poor little treasures, were remorselessly turned out by big-bearded fellows with grubby nails, grinned over, and thrust back roughly, or seized, as the case might be. I have seen a good deal of custom-house work, but I never saw the female *paraphernalia* so closely scrutinized. The masculine luggage seemed to pass more easily, except as regarded books, which terrify these people dreadfully. It was a long time before I could get a volume of Mr. Dickens' out of the officer's paws; I think I finally succeeded by some pantomime, tending to induce

the belief that it was a work of devotion, and necessary to my observance of religious duties.

Being at Orsova, and a few miles only from Skela Gladova, which is below the Iron Gate, with one's passport *visé* and one's shirts ransacked, it might be hoped that we were likely to advance a little. It was now nine in the morning—the day was before us. But for three hours after all was ready, we did nothing. The conveyances which were to take us to Skela Gladova were assembled, but the police forbade us even to enter them until they gave the signal. So we lounged about on the muddy wharf of Orsova until that signal came. The conveyance was not a carriage, nor a fly, nor even the humble omnibus; but it was a fusty wicker basket, placed upon four rotten wheels, without springs and without seats, though containing a good deal of damp hay to lie upon. A sort of thatch over it housed a good many spiders, but it also kept off some of the rain. There were about thirty of these waggons, and at the good pleasure of the police we all scrambled into them, and hoped we were going. Not so fast. Every driver, before he dared give his horse the initiative cut, was compelled to be furnished with a ticket. And this the police would not give him, if there were fewer or more than three passengers in his vehicle. Now, as we had not naturally divided ourselves into leashes, there was a good half-hour's work, quarrelling and scuffling, pulling extra people out and forcing extra people in, and exchanging abuse with those who had secured comfortable places, and refused to stir. At last we all went off together, the horses going very fast, and we rushed upon some green turf, along which we went in capital style for at least a quarter of a mile. Here were we stopped by sentinels, and every driver had to descend, and get another passport for himself *and his horse*, whose colour was carefully examined, and accurately noted. For all these men belong to the Austrian military frontier, and are in fact a militia, and not one must be allowed to escape. About an hour being thus spent, we started again. The next step was to examine our own passports, for the last time in Austria. We were approved, all but three of us, and these were

sent back. The remainder crossed a bridge, and were out of Austria.

No great thanks for that—for instantly, on entering Wallachia, we had a very long examination indeed. I think we must have been sitting in front of the guard-house at Werezerowa nearly two hours, while some of the stupidest functionaries I ever quarrelled with were vainly trying to understand the American gentlemen's passports, which, for some reason not easily given, are always in English. Our own foreign secretary, addressing Continental readers, wrote—more sensibly, I think—in a language they were likely to comprehend. But at last we got away, and the drivers flogged their horses well, and forced them into quick trot. The rain came down; so did the spiders; but that was nothing. The crazy vehicles, of which only two broke down (mine was not one,) went over the ground in excellent style; and though every bone in one's body was sore with the jolting, and three days did not efface the recollection, we all ran, drenched, but in good temper, into the cabin of the large and commodious steamer, the Arpad, which lay waiting us at Skela Gladova.

So ended all the real annoyances of the journey; for though the Arpad lost much time, and many a fine hour of light during which we might have made way—and though the captain informed us that we should lose the Russian boat at Galatz, and be compelled to wait at that pestiferous hole for a fortnight, or to journey 190 miles to Odessa in a cart like those we had just left—yet, as this prediction proved untrue, and the boat did wait, he may be forgiven the annoying anticipations he caused us. They only show the want of system, knowledge, and habits of business prevalent on the line of journey. But the accommodations were so tolerable, and the general management of this part of the voyage so superior, that few of the passengers, on reaching Galatz, hesitated to sign the testimonial inserted in the packet's book by the American traveller, namely, that, "considering the atrocious and infernal character of our treatment *above* Skela Gladova, we are very happy to express our satisfaction with the Arpad." The officials doubtless obliterated the inscription in the book as soon as they were enabled to compre-

hend its bearing—as I observed they had previously done in reference to all other than complimentary remarks.

It only remains to add, that the luggage and passengers for Odessa are transferred—the former without examination, the latter after their passports have been twice examined in the abominable town of Galatz (whose indescribable filth exceeds the power of imagination)—from the Austrian to the Russian boat, another packet awaiting those for Constantinople. The egress from the Danube is by the Sulineh mouth, the only outlet for large vessels. If, after what I have said, an English traveller selects the Danube for his Continental trip, he will do so with his eyes open—though I dare not promise him that he will conclude it in the same state; for unless he is luckily late, as I was, when the cold has begun to set in, he will probably have the additional pleasure of being bitten blind and driven halfmad by the mosquitoes.

The journey from the single Moldavian port, Galatz, to the Sulineh mouth of the Danube, and thence across a corner of the Black Sea, up to Odessa, is performed in a Russian steam-boat, with which no reasonable man can find any fault. This latter portion of the voyage is usually achieved in about twenty-four hours, unless the elements—represented by a strong wind, forcing back into the narrow jaws of the Danube so much of its water as to leave an insufficient depth upon the bar—are imperative in their opposition. The Russian boat is well officered, and its commanders, naval and military, have some sense of the value of an article upon which foreigners habitually set little store—I mean time. Affairs are conducted on board her with a determination and precision strongly contrasting with the system in the Austrian river service. I am glad to bear my testimony to the merits of the old Peter the Great, a vessel fitted with English engines, and graced with more warlike appurtenances in the form of a couple of brass guns, trophies of the earliest of the victories of the Prince Woronzow—a nobleman who has so many claims to the regard of Englishmen, and who has done so much good wherever he has had authority, that one is sorry to be compelled to hope that he will gain few additional honours in the struggle he is now conducting on the part of Russia.

CHAPTER II.

ODESSA is a new town. The Turks had formerly a fortress here, which was called Khodja Bey, and was taken from them by Catherine the Second, the wife of Peter the Third, and patroness of Don Juan. It pleased her truculent majesty to call the place Odessus, since which time the name has taken its more Italianized sound. I need not remark that the town stands upon the Black Sea, but I may observe that it is so placed in a bay that, looking upon the sea, you look north, Constantinople being in fact behind you—a circumstance which would not occur to you from a glance at the map. The town stands well, and its appearance from the sea is striking; its cliffs, which are bold, being crowned by white buildings of considerable size, and some of which have a classical character. The most prominent of these is the mansion of Prince Woronzow, distinguished by a cluster of columns detached from the house, and forming an ornamental erection to which the eye is instantly attracted. The next object which strikes you is a gigantic staircase, consisting of nearly two hundred steps, leading directly down from the centre of the town to the beach. This was constructed a few years ago by the Prince. An elegant statue of the Duc de Richelieu (a French emigrant, who became the exemplary governor of Odessa, devoted himself to its improvement, and died in honourable poverty) stands at the head of the staircase; but, seen from below, it is crushed by the vast proportions of the latter, and should have been colossal, or placed elsewhere. Odessa is of great extent. Its streets are broad, and though many of them are precipitous, and all which are paved are insufficiently paved, their general effect is good. here is a museum and a public library, and there are also an

opera-house and "national" theatres. The state of the streets is the first great eyesore to an Englishman. The dust is so plentiful that the slightest breeze covers you with white powder, as if you had been paying a visit to a mill, and at times the clouds are so dense that the opposite houses can hardly be discerned. When rain falls matters are even worse, and the sojourner at Odessa is in mud to the ankles. There is a newspaper here, the *Journal d'Odessa*, but it is beneath contempt; the censorship prevents its containing any real information, and its critical articles are the very washiest of French flippancies. The language of business here is to a great extent Italian, but you hear almost every tongue under heaven in the course of a stroll through the port or Custom-house. The names of all the streets are written in Russ, with an Italian version below.

But Odessa, as a large but dull town, and Odessa as a busy port, with the flags of all nations rising from the double clump of masts—those in quarantine, and those "free"—are two distinct places. Odessa is the great focus into which is concentrated the result of the agricultural industry of the Southern Russian empire. Wheat, the chief representative of that industry, is here delivered from enormous distances, to be poured into the ships which have crossed the Black Sea to receive it. It is collected from a vast extent of country; and both water and land carriage are employed to transmit it to the harbour of Odessa. England, France, Spain, Denmark, Sardinia, Naples, Sweden, Sicily, and Turkey—all, according to their respective needs, send vessels to fetch the wheat thus gathered. The place itself has little or no actual connection with agriculture. Situated without the dreary waste called a Steppe (known to the ancients by the name of *Sors Deserta*), the town is not devoid of patches of land where something approaching to fertility may be occasionally witnessed. But scarcely has the traveller's foot left the widely extended and wretchedly paved streets, on his progress inland, than he finds himself in the desert of the Steppe. "From the sea," says a writer of authority, "to the northern limit of the Steppe which surrounds the shores of the Black Sea, from the mouths of the Dniester to those of the Don, is a

varying in extent, of about 100 English miles. Most parts of this Steppe are said to be calculated, with moderately good husbandry, for the cultivation of wheat; but there is a want of water, and no trees grow upon it. From February to May the grass is most luxuriant; but in the latter month it begins to wither, and in the summer the land is so totally deprived of all verdure as to present the picture of a dry sand bank on the sea shore."

As, therefore, this desert barrier at présent prevents the existence of agriculture within a vast distance from Odessa, it will be seen that this insulated, handsome, and important town is a mere mouth—a gigantic trough, down which is perpetually streaming the "golden grain" of half an empire.

The comparative position of the various classes in Odessa will be better understood, if the scale of accommodations and conveniences required by the social habits of the place be in some measure explained. The dwelling-house is, of course, the most ordinary and useful test of position.

The highest style of abode presented by Odessa is the palace of the noble. The lowest is one which, though I have examined it with great care, and in various places, I find a difficulty in describing by any other name than the "tub" of the fruit-woman. The first would do honour to any capital in Europe—the inhabitants of the second are not Troglodytes, and that is all. Between these two extremes ranges every variety of residence, the diversity being, I think, more considerable, and the distinct types more numerous, than in any other large town with which I am acquainted. The gradual slope from the extreme of luxury to the extreme of squalor is not marked by the broad gaps which separate class from class with us; but the residences appear gradually to get a little less commodious, and then a little worse, and then worse still, and so on, until by an undisturbed process you find yourself transferred from the palace to the Diogenean home I have mentioned. There is, of course, a reason for every thing; and the reason, in the present case, is to be found in the remarkable variety of the population, which, representing almost every nation on earth, has adapted its domi-

ciliary comforts to accordance with its strangely differing needs and customs.

The town, exceedingly spacious, is laid out with great regularity, and with a width of street which will leave little complaint to the sanitary reformers of future days, should such mischievous persons ever be admitted into Russia. The streets, from the nature of the ground, are in many cases precipitous, and the wretched state of the paving adds to the discomfort of the pedestrians. The best paving is where small rough stones are placed closely, as this affords a foothold in wet weather. Elsewhere there is a narrow line of slabs, running down the middle of the trottoir (if one may so use the word,) the right and left of this strip being left untouched. Beyond this, and between what ought to be the kerb and the carriage-way, is the drainage of Odessa—a bricked channel, about two feet deep, open at the top, and with which the houses communicate by similar but smaller channels, crossing the foot-way, but usually covered with a board. As these larger channels turn the corners of the streets, it is frequently necessary to cross them, to the continuous disgust of the organ usually affected by such places, while the eye is also constantly annoyed by very loathsome sights. The carriage way is unspeakably rough in most parts, and the traveller in one of the ordinary vehicles of the town, which dash about with a headlong audacity, delightful to behold from a safe place, has frequent cause to execrate the road over which he is tearing. So much for paving and draining. The lighting of this large town is worthy of the other arrangements. The residence of one hundred thousand people, and the site of a dozen palaces, has no gas. There is a series of oil lamps, which serve to mark out the corners of the streets, and occasionally to preserve the pedestrian from an open drain, but these are miserably insufficient. There is a sort of excuse offered for the absence of paving; the stone of the district is too soft, and the experiment of asphalt fails in consequence of the alternately intense heat and cold, while the real paving slab cannot be procured nearer than Trieste. For people who believe in excuses this may serve; an inconsiderate Englishman might say, "Very well, fetch the slabs from Trieste," but this is not the

way in these parts. But for the absence of gas there is no reason at all, except that one, which will ever oppose all improvement in Russia. The habit of bigoted or interested hostility to every change, has repeatedly interfered when it has been endeavoured to establish a gas manufactory; and so the inhabitants of Odessa have gone on nightly breaking their shins, and tumbling into their dirty drains, for want of an article which no respectable English village is without. The remaining feature of the streets of Odessa is one to which I adverted in my first letter—the dust. I may almost be suspected of dwelling upon a trivial matter; but let the doubter visit Odessa, and let him walk down three streets of the town in his Sunday black, and he will “see what then.” The dust lies like a universal shroud of some two or three inches thick. The slightest breeze flings it over the town in clouds, the lightest footstep sends it flying high in dense heaps. When, therefore, I tell you that hundreds of the carriages of the places, driven at high speed—the shaft horse in a rapid trot, and his companion by his side in a showy canter—are perpetually racing about, and that the sea breezes are as perpetually rushing through the streets, the statement that Odessa lives in a cloud is no figure of speech. I have ventured a complaint or two, when turning a corner I have suddenly found myself blinded, and covered all over with a fine white powder, of which it is very difficult to get rid, but my Odessa friends laugh; and say, “Only wait and see a real dust-day. This is nothing.” And I am perfectly ready to believe that for hours together, as I am told is the case, the houses on the other side of the street are utterly invisible. There are no water-carts; but I believe water is considered to aggravate the evil, as it converts the dust into a horrible mud, which, from the state of the “pavement,” is almost impassable. Such are the comforts of the morning and evening promenade in Odessa.

But it must not be assumed, from the indifference of the inhabitants to what we consider essential matters, that there is any stagnation in the town. On the contrary, every body is busy. Building is going on in all directions, and upon a scale of great magnitude. Several noble palaces—the word is applicable from

the size and intended style of the new edifices—are in rapid course of erection. The soft stone to which I have alluded—and which is habitually cut and shaped with a small hatchet, like wood, but which hardens with exposure to the air—affords great facilities for building purposes. Small mountains of it, in a rough state, are to be seen at this moment in various corners of the town, and numerous stone-cutters are busily reducing it to the blocks required by the architect. Of the new buildings of a large description, some are to be the residences of members of the aristocracy—others are the property of wealthy tradesmen, and are intended to be let, either entire or in superb suites of apartments. One noble mansion, which I went over from court-yard to roof, is the property of an English merchant resident here, and will be one of the most splendid houses in the place. The stairs are of marble, and the walls of the principal apartments are also of a beautiful white marble, the effect of which, when polished, will be most brilliant. The carvings of the ceilings are elaborately tasteful, and the mahogany doors (costing here from sixty to seventy pounds each) will complete the rich character of the saloons. I mention these details to show the expensive mode in which building is carried on, the house I have referred to being by no means an extraordinary specimen of the Odessa style, which is carried to a more extravagant point in other mansions over which I have been taken.

Now for the contrast. In a department of the vast market, here called the Bazaar, and in which every conceivable article which is required for domestic consumption may be obtained, there is a wide space (fronting a burial-ground) where the vendors of fruit and vegetables chiefly congregate. The fruit season was nearly over, so that the display was of course much less brilliant than during the summer months. But here may be seen the articles used in culinary mysteries, in masses to which we are unaccustomed. A row of little hills of tomatas runs glowing and shining along one side of the market, while behind them rises a mountain chain of melons, in heaps breast high, around whose base, and in humble subjection, scores of yellow-bellied pumpkins. Apples of every variety, vast and sallow, or

smaller and red as sunset, lie around you in thousands, filling the air with their aroma, and reminding you of cider days in pleasant villages at home. And as for the millions of onions, dried beans, mushrooms hanging in mighty ropes, pears of a noble juiciness and a sturdy flavour, purple plums of great size and excellence, and a hundred other vegetarian idols, it is difficult to imagine how so many can have been brought together, and still more difficult to imagine why. No population, even one of schoolboys let loose with orders to be moderate, could make a perceptible hole in those mighty stores.

The persons who preside over them have no affinity with their wealthy hoards. The peasant here is a wretched-looking being—dirty, ill-clad, and hungry-looking. His shaggy beard, huge boots outside his trousers, dingy blue frock, and rough cap, speak of hardships of all kinds. But give him his short black pipe, and spirits enough to madden and then to stupefy him, and he will not complain of his destiny. The female of the same class is even more easily contented. The tub residences to which I referred are among the features of the monster market here, and they are inhabited by women. Elevation, ground-plan, and other architectural contrivances, are all comprehended in a single effort. A large black cask, somewhat resembling a sugar hogshead, is laid on its side, and the house is built. A quantity of hay is laid inside, and the house is furnished. The lady gets in upon the hay, and the house is inhabited. Before the entrance of the mansion she strews the onions, tomatas, or whatever else she may vend, and during the hours of business she sits in the tub, smokes her pipe, chaffers with her customers, and says her prayers. After business is over she ascertains in which quarter the wind sits—turns the closed end of her tub towards that quarter, and creeps to rest in peace and tranquillity. But some of these women are ambitious, and take to building. They do not, indeed, demand marble staircases and mahogany doors; but they take two tubs, which are laid face to face, at a distance of three or four feet—and over the interstice, tubs and all, is placed a watertight canvass. The fair occupant (and two or three whom I saw, though not literally fair, were extremely

pretty) has then two rooms, besides a hall; but this luxury is not adopted by the older class, who think that we ought to adhere to the customs of our ancestors.

The dwelling of the workman I have also visited, in several of the suburbs. It has one or two features of a satisfactory character. It usually consists of a single-roomed cottage, in which the whole family resides, and in which all the domestic operations are carried on. But although the accommodation is so limited, I have observed in many of these cottages a disposition to cleanliness, or at all events such an avoidance of very gross uncleanness, as is by no means habitual in this country. The furniture of the room—I will take one of those I have inspected as a type, it is a fair average specimen—is simple in the extreme. The great feature in it is the bed—a large structure, solidly made, and in which, I am informed, the Russian workman takes much pride. It was well kept, and, although it lacked the rich hue and fine polish which a hundred years of “elbow grease” in an English peasant’s hereditary cottage gives to his household furniture, it spoke of cleanliness and attention. As for the mass of mattress and cushions piled upon it, that, too, was a feature, but a national one. To my taste, there appeared to be at least four times as much as was desirable; but these cottages are frail in construction, and the winter in Odessa is excessively severe. The remainder of the apartment was occupied by a small table, two or three stools, and a chair, whose fractures had been set and secured by thin strips of iron. Besides a white-faced baby (exceeding small, but with huge sparkling black eyes), which lay comfortably in its father’s immense sheepskin coat, rammed with difficulty into a tiny cradle, so as to make the warmest of nests—and a few cooking utensils, there was nothing else to catalogue, if I except a vile coloured print of some saint, and a still worse woodcut of the Emperor (the two great objects of a Russian’s worship), which shared the honours of the walls. Of the information given me by the inhabitant of this cottage, and by other men of a similar class, I shall speak in its proper place.

The habitations of the better class—who, however, are neither of the aristocracy nor of the mock aristocracy of the *bureau*—are

very comfortable. Many of them are in houses surrounded by a court-yard, the gates of which are closed at night. The entrance does not give you an idea of the commodiousness within; for the door is usually approached by an insignificant or inconvenient staircase, with perhaps a verandah at the top. It is, however, something to be elevated from the court-yard, in which there is possibly a pool of stagnant water, and almost certainly a variety of heaps of garbage, the refuse of the different households, which squabbling dogs are littering about, or disputing with one another. It is well to see and smell as little as may be in such places. But once inside the house, and every thing is orderly and neat. The absence of fireplaces and carpets, except perhaps a scrap in the centre of the best room, is the only thing which indicates to you that you are not in England—unless, perhaps, that some of the engravings on the walls, usually French, are not what a prudent English husband and father would select for the adornment of his home. In other respects there is little to distinguish the tradesman's house in Odessa from that of his competitor in London.

The shops, however, have a marked difference from those of the French and English capitals. The windows are all small, and there is no attempt at display in them. Whatever there is to see must be sought inside. From this cause, and from the absence of gas, the shops of Odessa, especially at night, present a sombre and lugubrious aspect. There are good shops, but you must look for them. The shops, however, to which the custom of the poorer classes is invited, "hang out lights" (as Thomas Moore has it), by the display of signs of every kind. These pictorial invitations have not the artistic merit of the signs of Vienna, where one frequently sees a really able picture suspended as the indication of trade; but they have a boldness of conception and a strength of colour which adapts them to their public use. The favourite design is a hand, stretched forth from heaven, and grasping a cornucopia. From this is poured forth, as if supplied to the tradesman direct from Providence, a stream of whatever wares may be the object of his traffic. I think I have most frequently seen it at the shoemaker's, where I have remarked that

from a small horn of plenty, apparently incapable of containing more than a pair of shoes (and thence the more miraculous), streams forth every species of foot-casing—the tremendous jack-boot, the delicate white slipper, the compromising high-low, the aristocratic pump, the blue tinted cloth boot, and even baby's pink worsted shoes, with fairy buckles. But the shoemaker is not the only pretender to celestial bounties. The baker has his cornucopia, and loaves of all kinds and shapes come down from heaven like manna—from the black bread, which would seem to require the digestion of an ostrich, to the delicious white loaf, which would do credit to the elegant "fancy baker." But the mere suggestion implied by the hand is despised by some bolder traders (who may perhaps be Mormonites), and an entire angel, with white wings and red legs, appears bodily in their devices, urging and enabling them to supply a desiring public with cigars, hammers and nails, or *votki*, as the case may be. I need not say that these outward and visible signs of the trades carried on within, are to a great extent necessary to a population not usually so lucky as the excellent *Dogberry* conceives mankind to be. "To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to read and write comes by nature."

I have now, perhaps, succeeded in giving some idea of the general characteristics of the town. It would be more easy than profitable to devote more space to mere description, and there might be the advantage of novelty in such a course, as I am not aware that there is any satisfactory English account of a place which must be full of interest to so many Englishmen. But for my purpose it will be sufficient, as it is necessary, to say that the population of Odessa finds, in the united occupations provided by the port (of which I have still to speak), and by the town, amply sufficient employment. There is mendicancy here, but, so far as I have had an opportunity of observing, the beggars have been old men, obviously past all work, to whom law would elsewhere give an asylum. You find them sitting, sunning themselves, on the hillocks of stone around the new buildings, and as they pull off their hats and display broad bald heads, sometimes of a fine character, contrasting with the silvery beard

and otherwise amply garnished face and throat, you are reminded of many of the Rembrandt portraits you have seen in your way hither. But these exceptional beggars cannot be considered a symptom of a system, in such a population as that of Odessa.

I shall have to refer to one more feature in the town which it would be unpardonable to pass over, and then I shall be at liberty to pass to the specific details which I have sought to collect. I shall proceed to give such a statement of the mode of existence of the working man here, of his hours of labour, of the remuneration he receives, of the mode in which he is compelled to expend that remuneration, and the mode also in which his own habits induce him to spend it, as will enable a reader to draw his own comparison between the condition of a Russian and of an English workman. In treating this subject, and indeed to render some of its details intelligible, I shall occasionally be compelled to refer to the Russian system of commercial restriction and government interference. It exercises too obvious an influence upon the ordinary transactions of life to be overlooked. But I shall do so only when necessitated, as my concern is with facts and not with theories. I may add here, that although I am myself fortunate in possessing means of obtaining information upon many topics to which I shall advert, and therefore that I can claim no credit for simply availing myself of them, it is easy to see the difficulties under which an inquirer must labour in seeking to examine the workings of the Russian social system. There is so obvious a disinclination on the part of every official and *employé* to furnish any detail or information likely to be made public, that application to these gentlemen is merely throwing time away. Under an order from a superior they would in due time—that is, in the course of a very long time—produce any required returns; but it is neither the habit of their minds nor the etiquette of their offices to understand, far less to communicate, aught not prepared upon their own writing-tables. And although the independence of commercial life, and the spirit of intelligence which it demands, in a great measure does away with both these obstacles in the case of the mercantile public here, there is still a timidity and an

unwillingness to be known as having furnished information, at which an Englishman has no right to smile, inasmuch as he cannot be acquainted with the ramifications by which official and other displeasure succeeds in reaching those whose conduct may have been unacceptable. There is no country in the world where secrecy is so completely the order of the day as in Russia. Were it necessary I could mention curious instances in proof of this—any resident in Russia, if he dared, could confirm it. Of those social outrages, for instance, which our own press hastens to report with a minuteness and a frankness utterly incomprehensible to foreigners (who have incessantly on their lips, and in their practice, the celebrated dictum that one's *linge sale* should be washed "at home"), the Russian affects to know nothing, although they have occurred within a few miles of his doors. With us such outrages are placed either in the category of phenomena, or as signs of something wrong in a system; but not only is nothing ever wrong in Russia, but there are no phenomena. Every thing is orderly, regular, and loyal. If an agrarian crime in which many persons are accomplices is committed, a battalion is marched to the spot, every body is hurried away to Siberia; but there is no scandal. A Russian will deny to you that such a thing is possible, and how will you prove it? But the Russian, uttering his very denial, knows that the thing is not only possible, but that it has occurred.

"The Quarantine" at Odessa is one of the most curious features of the place, and it is one to which the resident earliest conducts the stranger, whether the visit of the latter be for purposes of amusement or of commerce. I need hardly say, that the doctrine of contagion still holding its ground in most continental countries, the *cordon sanitaire* and the quarantine are conscientiously employed to keep back the dreaded disease which, under the name of the plague, has so often chastised the inhabitants of large cities, in proportion to their adherence to the traditions of filth. The Quarantine at Odessa is one of the best. The buildings appropriated to the purpose skirt one of the two divisions of the harbour. In one of these divisions lie the detained vessels, and double walls and numerous sentinels effect-

ually guard the crews from access to the town. A watch tower, situated on the pier, commands a perfect view of every part of the harbour, and is chiefly employed in the winter, when, from the presence of ice, communication with the shore is naturally easier. In the summer, I am informed, the sentinels parade with empty muskets, but in the winter they load, in order to put the shortest and sternest termination to any breach of quarantine on the part either of the men, or of any of the numberless dogs who run about, hungry and masterless, in Odessa, and whose incessant differences perpetually fill the streets with howlings. The vessels being ordered into quarantine, it is in the election of the captains and others to spend the four days' term (to which the old term of twenty-one days is now reduced) in the harbour or in the building provided for the purpose. The majority choose the former, and indeed remain in the harbour during their stay in Odessa. For not only have they thus their crews under their hand, and removed from all the temptations of a large town, but the arrangement of which I am about to speak renders the transaction of business perfectly easy. At some considerable distance from the land entrance to the quarantine, and of course between the cliffs and the water, is a large enclosure, something like a decayed public garden. Certain stunted unhappy-looking trees testify to the way in which the intentions of those who laid the place out have been frustrated by the drought and heat, and the latter is also exemplified by the cracked and melted condition of the asphalté, with which it has been attempted to pave the place. Along one side and one end of this enclosure are a series of compartments through which you see the water of the harbour, but which are furnished, first with a close row of wooden bars, and secondly, at some distance beyond them, with a wire network. On the land side the effect of the arrangement is that of some of the dens in the Zoological Gardens, an effect increased by a species of narrow piazza in front of the compartments, which slightly screens a person, standing close to the bars, from the weather. On the water side these compartments are open, and look like places for bathers. The captains and seamen walk up and down on

a slice of the quay behind these boxes, and from about half-past ten in the morning there is a strange and busy scene going on between them and the residents in Odessa. In the enclosure I noticed men of almost every nation. There was the Turk, his old and splendid national dress discarded, however, for the hybrid costume—half European, half Asiatic—in which the Faithful are now so constantly attired. There was the Jew, in a much more characteristic dress—the long black robe and black cap—looking like *Shylock*, and, unless his “fellow Christians” do him injustice, supporting the character in every way. There were round-faced, smiling Germans, with sandy mustaches, and red-bowled pipes. There were Italians with whiskers as black as night, and skins as sallow as unjaundiced humanity can show—they were rolling out their sonorous vowels with great emphasis—Italian, by the way, more or less pure, is the language of business here. There were Greeks in plenty—they are strong here—and one of them was pointed out to me at the opera as the richest man in Odessa. A few Frenchmen, and a few more Englishmen, contrasting by their scrupulous neatness with the careless or sordid garb of the majority of those around them, and a number of Russians, clean, closely shaved, and buttoned to the chin with almost military rigour, nearly complete the picture within the enclosure. A few women, of the lower class, were squatting about the columns of the little piazza, and occasionally exchanging shouts with some friend in quarantine—while some soldiers, on and off duty, paraded as sentinels, or lounged as idlers, and the occasional rattle of their muskets added to the impression of restraint and imprisonment.

Almost all the inhabitants of the Continent delight in making a noise, and excite the smile of the Englishman by the blatant and enthusiastic way in which they transact the smallest affair. Consequently the system of intercourse necessitated by the quarantine may not be so disagreeable to the majority of those concerned in it as it is to the low-voiced, dispassionate Anglo-Saxon. But for a gentleman, in the dress and with the manners of one of our own opulent merchants, to be compelled to thrust his face be-

tween the bars of the quarantine den, and thence to discuss mercantile matters at the top of his voice—and to repeat his remarks over and over again, while a group of foreigners, of more or less uncleanness, are crowding upon him, shouting out their own more powerful eloquence, and saturating him with evil odours, of which that of thick tobacco smoke is the best—must be somewhat opposed to our notions of the pleasant way of doing business. But this is the process. The merchants walk about in the enclosure, and the captains and others on the quay, until the right parties catch sight of one another, and then begins the conference, *ore rotundo*, and Jews and others creep up to listen, and gain a hint rarely thrown away. “Knaves learn their business at Pera, and come to Odessa to practise it,” is a saying of some acceptance here. The conferences continue for about three hours, during which time all the dialects of Europe have been filtered through that wire network—bad Italian forming the chief element in the discord. As I passed one of the compartments, the Babel was varied by the sound of several undeniable expletives, which brought me suddenly up to the bars, and I found the jolly faces of three or four English sailors beaming up among a group of black-eyed Italians, and hungry-looking Russians. They were stating some petty grievance to an English gentleman, who was good-naturedly promising to arrange it for them—their petition was what I believe a Chancery lawyer would call, “strongly supported by affidavit.”

The captains in quarantine are supplied with stores at a government tariff. The supply is contracted for with the residents in the town. Arising out of the arrangement is one of the oddest unions of which I ever heard. There was, in the earlier days of Odessa (itself a town of not much more than half a century old), a rule that the contract, which was for six years, should not upon its expiration be again granted to the same person. But in the days when the quarantine was exceedingly long, the contract was so profitable that every variety of means was employed to gain it, especially as provisions were so cheap that the contractor might easily make a hundred per cent. profit, and yet satisfy his

captains that they were obtaining the article 100 per cent. under the price elsewhere. A house, very desirous of continuing the contract to itself, hit upon an ingenious mode of obtaining it. There is (as I mentioned) an Opera-house here, which, despite the Russian love of music, has always been a losing concern. The firm in question volunteered, if the contract should be given to them, to take the Opera-house also, and keep it open. This was accepted, and although there was still a heavy loss by Rossini and Bellini, it was more than made up by beef and biscuits. Since that time the government, availing itself of the precedent, have made the contract and the Opera-house go together; and, although the reduced value of the former has made the latter a more serious consideration, I believe the contractors are still willing to lump the meat and music. There is another drawback upon the opera part of the contract, for there is a Russian company, whom nobody goes to see except vulgar people who cling to the extinct tradition of a national drama; and the manager of the Opera-house is compelled to leave that company his stage on the three best nights in the week (Sunday being one), and to allow them the use of his wardrobe and orchestra

In the corruption which prevails in all the public departments of Russia, and from the suspicion of which no public man—except the noble born and wealthy individuals who fill the very highest places, and whose characters are above all doubt—is exempt, is another of the most serious drawbacks in the way of the quarantine contractor. Bribery is absolutely essential, if business is to be done at all. It can, indeed, hardly be called bribery, it is so patent and systematic. Not a functionary who has the power of helping, or, which is more important, of hindering, but must feel the “silver rubles” in his palm. Down to the soldier who guards the quarantine yard, there is not one official whom it is not more than expedient to touch with the metallic test. And when the immense body of *employés*, which a false and mischievous system has taught to grow into a *caste* in Russia (a *caste* whose baleful agency is opposed to every step in the way of progress), is considered, it may easily be imagined how the

price of keeping this swarm of petty functionaries in working temper, must, to use a homely English proverb, "take the gold off the gingerbread." But in spite of all, the right to supply, annually, a fleet varying from 800 to 1200 ships, will enable its holders to bear a good deal of the pressure from without.

CHAPTER III.

THE connection of the town of Odessa with the agriculture of Russia is, as I have intimated, that of a mouthpiece or trough. The districts whence its supplies of wheat are drawn are situate from 150 to 250 miles from this port, and the existence of the Steppe seems to preclude the possibility of cultivation, to any appreciable extent, being ever carried on within 100 miles of the town. Its population is engaged in pursuits either entirely disconnected with agriculture, or only so far connected with it as regards the ordinary dealings with grain when it has become a mere article of commerce. Its granaries form the most prominent objects in a survey of the town, and they are remarkable not only for their size, but for the architectural display lavished upon buildings which in England are usually found of the simplest and plainest character. Some of the Odessa granaries are actually erected in a style of external taste which leads the stranger at a little distance to suppose them some kind of club-house, or museum. This, however, is but one of the many evidences afforded by Odessa of the innate desire of the Russian for every kind of display.

The wheat, which is chiefly derived from the Polish provinces, is brought to Odessa in small waggons of the rudest and most primitive construction. These are drawn by a couple of oxen, and they contain eight sacks of wheat, or about three quarters and two bushels. During the chief exportation months these waggons come pouring into Odessa by hundreds *per diem*. Their contents are conveyed to the granaries, whence the wheat is afterwards transported in open carts to the port for shipment. The scene passing under the window at which I write, is as busy a one as can be conceived. A continuous stream of these carts,

loaded with the grain, in sacks, has been flowing for hours down the steep and dusty streets, and slowly winding round to the narrow strip of quay whence the wheat is discharged—while the emptied carts, incessantly returning in the opposite direction, complete the circuit, which gives the spectator the idea of an endless rope in mechanical motion.

The two kinds of wheat of which the export trade of Odessa chiefly consists, are known as the *kubanku*, or hard wheat, and the *azemaia*, or soft wheat. It is this latter which is in demand in England, the former being of a flinty, glassy grain, and chiefly required in the ports of the Mediterranean, or the south of France, and Italy. It is used for macaroni, vermicelli, and other compositions of a similar kind. The soft wheat is both white and red, but the latter is chiefly demanded for exportation. It should weigh, when of the best quality, from 61lbs. to 62lbs. per old Winchester bushel, and when of second quality, about 56lbs.

Odessa is, however, supplied with wheat from other sources, although not to any thing like the quantity furnished from the provinces of Poland; under which title is included, in general parlance, the province of Podolia, formerly a part of Poland, and from 250 to 340 miles from the port. The Danube supplies Odessa with wheat which is produced in Wallachia and in Moldavia. This wheat is brought in open vessels, exposed to a dangerous voyage, and frequently arrives in a damaged condition from the wet to which it has been subjected. There is also wheat from Cherson, and from the provinces north of it, which is furnished to the port here. But the whole of these supplies are small in comparison with what is brought by the waggon-transit.

The trade is chiefly in the hands of merchants in Odessa, or resident in other cities; but it is shared by individuals who own vessels and engage in the traffic "by way of earning a certain freight, with a hope of profit on the speculation."

The question of roads, and the general transit system of a district, is necessarily one of the earliest subjects to which attention is directed in estimating the capabilities of a country. We have just seen what exports are conducted into the Black

Sea by way of Odessa. In order to judge at what cost the most important of those exports is thus brought, and in order to enable an inquirer to predict with any approach to certainty what could be done under the pressure of the most extraordinary temptation from without, let us leave the sharp stones, deep mud, or clouds of dust of Odessa, and examine the tracks along which those long lines of bullock waggons come creaking from more northerly directions. I have said that a vast belt of Steppe girdles this coast. We are upon the Steppe. The prevailing colour, as far as the eye can reach over the immense plain, is a scorched brown. The intense heat and drought have reduced the Steppe to this condition, and far beyond the horizon line, and away, verst upon verst, is the same dreary-looking and apparently waste expanse. Not that it is all flat—hills, barren and rugged, diversify the line, and add to its difficulties in dry weather considerably, in wet incalculably. For look at the ground on which you stand. You are on one of the roads, as they are termed. Elsewhere, a road, good or bad, means something which has been *made*—a line upon which has been gathered material for binding and clasping, and below which there is some kind of draining; bad or good, the road is, as compared with the adjacent land, dry, compact, and elastic. Dismiss all such ideas from your mind, or rather drag your limbs for an hour behind that corn waggon, and such ideas will disappear of themselves. Dead and helpless seems that wobegone track, creaking and drawling over which comes the bullock waggon—all wood, and built precisely as waggons were built a thousand years ago. The driver sits in front, occasionally lashing the grey bullocks, more by way of form than with any idea of hastening them, and his massy beard hangs down over a species of censer, whence arise fumes of an unsavoury kind. But it is not in luxury, or in imitation of his eastern neighbours, that the peasant keeps this odour-breathing vessel under his nose—the contents are an abominable mixture for greasing the wheels of his waggon, and by which you may track it through many a yard of tainted air. Why he has placed the reeking vessel exactly between his legs I know not, unless it be to remind himself more forcibly of the

necessity of an operation, without the incessant performance of which his clumsily built cart would be on fire in four places at once. Contrast this wretched machine with the well-contrived, iron-mounted cart of the German colonist, a few miles hence. But on goes the waggoner, jolting and creaking along the unhelpful soil, and singing some of those old airs in which, rude as they are, there is a certain melody, or saying prayers to one or other of the multifarious national saints. On he goes, and so he and his predecessors have gone since corn was grown in Russia. Rickety cart, knotted rope harness, drowsy bullocks, wretched road—so crawls the loaf towards the Englishman's table.

We stand on the Steppe in dry weather. Weary as is the march, it is still feasible. But should rains descend, the transit becomes one of the most painful difficulty. The track is a marsh, and the feet of the hills are quagmires. The ill built waggons groan and toil against the obstructive mud, and occasionally lose their wheels in the soil. Still, the pertinacious Russian holds on; he prays, but he works too—*orat et laborat*—and somehow or other the cart is brought into Odessa, nothing lost except time, which in Russia is nothing. The average rate at which these waggons travel, under the most favourable circumstances, is about ten miles a day; and as the nearest point at which any thing like agriculture commences is considerably beyond one hundred, it is hardly necessary for me to dilate upon the advantages of the transit system as at present conducted. Were we theorizing on the question of increased demand and supply of food, it would be necessary to inquire what possible price could repay the transmission of wheat from any greater distances than those from which it is now sent by the means I have described.

To facilitate this consideration, we may place the price of land carriage of wheat as follows. For a distance of about two hundred miles, which may be taken as the average distance from which the wheat is brought (I will hereafter indicate the precise places, when upon the agricultural portion of the subject), it is conveyed for one silver ruble and a half per chetwert. The

price has risen to two rubles and a half, but the above is the present rate. The price of such conveyance has risen considerably since any official inquiry upon the point was made for England ; and the causes which are assigned for such increase, are the frightful mortality which has of late been manifested among the cattle, the increased difficulty in the way of obtaining pasturage upon the Steppe, and the confiscation, since 1832, of so many of the estates which belonged to various Polish nobles, and which lay along the line of travel.

There are two principal seasons of transit, namely, from the beginning of June, for about six weeks, and again towards September, after the respective harvest times. At the time I write, the second of these seasons is drawing to a close. Our own performances of the last ten years naturally set an Englishman's head running upon boilers and sleepers, the moment he hears of a difficulty of transit. A railway from Odessa into the heart of the corn-producing provinces is, of course, the first thing which will occur to him after reading what has been written. Before I conclude, I shall be enabled, I think, to supply data which will enable him to form an opinion whether, if such a railway could be suddenly flung down by miracle across the Steppe, as a drawbridge in old times fell across a castle moat, it would cause an important alteration in the wheat traffic. But one thing is tolerably certain—namely, that without such a miracle, there is wonderfully little chance of the railway. In all this monster empire, while the rest of Europe has been spinning its myriads of iron cobwebs from wall to wall, and from tower to tower, one line has been laid down (I do not speak of Poland), and that one a line which was all but unnecessary, and which actually runs along one of the few lines of Russian intercourse for which a capital road had already been laid down. The undertaking was either a job, or a mere effort of vanity ; probably both. But it will not be imitated. Railroads are not encouraged in Russia ; they are considered as connected in some way with the revolutionary tendencies of the age, and are accordingly disfavoured. As regards the transit of soldiery—the only point, of course, upon which it is worth the while of Russian authority to con-

sider them—the matter has been pondered, and the Emperor finds that he can move his armies (their appurtenances taken into account) as advantageously without rails as with them. As to private enterprise here, that is entirely out of the question. Without pausing to ask whether you can expect railway progress in a country which leaves one of its most splendid and important ports undrained and unlighted, or where the nation's very almanac is left a laughing-stock to Europe, we shall find that a more practical, if not a more real, obstacle opposes itself to the establishment of railways were they ever so much desired. *There is no capital.* The sinews of railway war are wanting. The money could not be found. In saying this, I am simply recording the answer made by tradesmen, by merchants, by proprietors, by natives, as well as foreigners, and even (in whispers) by daring officials, when questioned concerning the stagnation of all national and popular enterprise—"We have no money as a nation." I have received this answer a hundred times. Many Russians are rich, but Russia is poor. With this answer, of course, ceases my share in the question, as it appears to meet the inquiry which would occur to an Englishman on first considering the position of Odessa.

But while speaking of roads, I may as well make a reference which will save a digression hereafter. The road system throughout Russia is as bad as can well be conceived. This statement will receive little favour from the wealthy traveller whose carriage has rushed almost at railway speed along the road from Moscow to the capital; but it will be confirmed by those who do not rest upon an exceptional case, and who are acquainted with the real interior of the country. No repair is ever done in Russia until it is demanded by ruin. The "stitch in time" is a species of salvation held unorthodox by the Russian. When mortar falls out, or stucco peels off, he waits until the wall totters, or the house front is a mass of blisters, before taking any step in the matter. A crack in the roof is not worth attending to; but when the rain has descended for a few weeks, and a few strata of ceilings are destroyed, and the ground floor is getting rotten, he begins to think something ought to be done. So with

the roads. The hole, which a few kopecks would have set right, is left until it becomes a chasm, and then fills with water. The broken or dislodged stone is neglected until it becomes an agent in breaking and dislodging other stones, and the passage is rendered dangerous. Finally, a great man is fortunately thrown out of his vehicle by the obstruction—or, better still, a little great man, because he will make ten times as much fuss about the injury as an important personage, and there is the more chance of action. The road is then repaired, but how? Take as an instance the case of a Royal progress in Russia.

We know with what sincerity and earnestness our own population—whether its business be weaving silk or ploughing soil, raising coals or turning cheeses, dyeing broad cloth or sowing broadcast—rushes, shouting, to line the road along which our own Sovereign passes on one of her tours. There is no factitious pleasure in the sturdy cheering and shriller hurrahs with which the male and female peasantry of England receive the Queen as her carriage glides through their ranks. We have no right to suppose that the Russians, when they cheer their Emperor, are less sincere. On the contrary, it is considered that the principle of personal devotion to the Czar is remarkably powerful. But it is the Emperor's pleasure, though he has no railways, to travel at a speed which, upon that point, leaves the railway little to boast of. The tremendous pace of the Imperial carriage is proverbial. Horses in Russia all go very fast, but the Emperor's horses fly. To render such travelling practicable, the road must be looked to. The orders are given, the *corvée* is enforced, serfs are hurried up from the greatest distances, and at the times most injurious to their interests, and they work night and day. The road is patched, sand is thrown over it, and it looks remarkably neat—all that has been wanted, is that it shall be able to bear the passage of a couple of flying carriages. All—for from the time the progress is known the road is barricaded—the ordinary passengers must turn aside to another road, if there be one; at all events, the road must be kept inviolate. The day comes, and so does the Emperor—a cry of serfs, a cloud of dust, and the Sovereign is there, behind a group of maddened horses, tearing

over the ground like the ruck at the Derby, just before the "stars" finally break away for the struggle. Something like the same scene is witnessed after the race, for the public may now rush upon the ground, and the road may take care of itself until wanted again for a similar purpose.

A French engineer was recently expressing at Moscow his decided contempt for the Russian system in reference to public works. "If they do attempt any thing decent," he said, "they never quite finish it, far less keep it in order. When I travel, if I feel my carriage suddenly descend into some dreadful hole, and I am shaken into all corners of it at once, as we struggle out, I only remark, 'Ah, another specimen of Russian art!'"

Eminently agricultural as is Russia as a country, there are several phases of her peasant life which it would not be accurate to class among the manifestations of her agricultural system, and which yet have so strange a connection with it, that they cannot be passed over in an agricultural survey. And inasmuch as, from the nature of these, they force themselves upon the attention of a stranger before he has completed his examination of the system upon which they are excrescences, it may not be amiss to dispose of them in the same order. Let us therefore give a sketch of the position of the peasant who goes into a species of exile, which sometimes ultimately becomes, practically, a real banishment.

We have to contemplate a working man under an aspect, to appreciate which we must set aside all preconceived notions of the condition of the poor. We have to examine the pursuits, prospects, and habits of a man who is not, except in the most limited sense, a free agent. We have not to speak of him who, elbowed from his place by competition, ground down by penury, or encumbered by a starving family, is willing to give his labor for the lowest, or any amount of remuneration which will keep him and his children from actual starvation—but we have to speak of him who is the lawful and recognized property of another man, and whose intellect, strength, and skill, like his bones and muscles, absolutely belong to his possessor and master. We have to look at the serf. Into the inherent character

of the serf system in Russia, it would be foreign to my purpose to go. This monster institution (I cannot be said to misuse the name, when I remember that out of the 54,000,000 of whom the Russian population is understood to be composed, 42,000,000 are serfs, and but 12,000,000 free—about one in five) has been for years one of the objects upon which the pens of European economists have been exercised. Its vices are known to the world; nor have those interested in preserving it failed to set forth its alleged alleviations. The opinions, too, which the respective rulers of Russia have entertained upon it are also on record. It is even no secret, that the earlier convictions of the present Emperor of Russia (whose political education was confided to abler hands than usually direct the studies of Continental royalty) were in favour of modifying the system, and elevating, if not of enfranchising the millions. Nor is it concealed, among the few who dare speak at all, that the Czar's feelings upon the subject of serfdom did not exhaust themselves in mere words, and that his Majesty actually assumed the initiative in a course which would have led to serf-emancipation. It is considered in certain circles the reverse of a matter for regret, that resolute and implacable opposition, manifested not in overt act, but in dogged and dead-weight inaction, succeeded in causing the discomfiture and abandonment of the attempts in question. Nor is it probable that such attempts will be renewed from the same quarter. The Emperor's chief attention is now given to the soldierly education of myriads of plumed and glittering serfs of his own. A taste for military detail and display has succeeded, at Petersburg, to any effort for the settlement of graver questions, and, for the present, serfdom in Russia must remain what it is. The difficulty of any interference with it is still further enhanced by the example to which its defenders have been enabled to point, through the unparalleled ferocity and barbarity of certain serfs who (it was said, under some misconception of the pleasure of the Emperor himself) set to work to emancipate themselves. The atrocities they committed—which caused them to be hunted down like wild beasts—are pointed to as warnings how you entrust with liberty men who are not suited

for it. Murders, violations, mutilations, of the most horrible kind, were among the first sacrifices of these men at the altar of freedom, and are a powerful, if not an altogether silencing argument in the mouths of those who would keep barred the gates of the temple.

Very far, indeed, is it from my intention to indulge in any apologies for the system. An Englishman can have but one feeling as to the position of a man on a social level with the horse he flogs. But it is not so very long since a similar state of things existed in our own colonies; and let us therefore quietly examine the working of the system, leaving the reader to institute his own comparisons and deduce his own conclusions.

I have spoken of a certain species of serf as an exile, and I propose to glance at his position before referring to that of his resident brothers in bondage. It is this. The serf of a proprietor who resides, perhaps, several hundred miles from a certain large town, conceives that he shall "better himself" by leaving his native soil and trying his fortune in the town in question. He is a carpenter, or a mason, or has a general knowledge of some trade, though he may be engaged in agricultural pursuits. He proposes to his lord to let him go. Possibly his lord refuses, and there is an end of the matter; for the special case of the serf's taking leave without permission—in other words, escaping—is not now very frequent. Some time since, when government was desirous that the population of certain districts should be increased, the system of running away, on the part of serfs, and hiding in those districts (where ultimately they became "inscribed") was winked at; but I believe the case is now different, and that, unless the serf is almost miraculously lucky in evading all the network of the police system, he is uncereemoniously seized, packed off to the military depôt, made a soldier, and "accounted for" to his owner, when the latter has to pay his next instalment of serfs to the military authorities. But if the serf have a humane and liberal owner (and I am informed that there are hundreds of such), who can afford to part with him, the adventurer departs. He previously makes his bargain with his owner, as to how much of his earnings shall be

remitted to the latter, and the necessary passports from his proprietor are furnished to the police of the district in which he proposes to settle. The police system is so diffused, and has such manifold ramifications, that it is almost impossible to evade it long, and hence the owner has a safe hold upon the travelling serf even at the distance of five, six, or seven hundred miles; for nobody is allowed to live in Russia without leave, that is, without a *billet de séjour*, which has to be renewed every year—but in the case of the serf, and indeed of others, as the police may see fit, at the expiration of a much shorter period. In the serf's case, I believe, six months is usually the time. If the man has his lawful *billet*, which is strictly local, it is evidence that he has not run away; if he has it not, he is liable to be instantly seized. I am supposing, however, that he proposes to keep faith. He obtains his police *billet*, and he then seeks for what work he can get. Often, indeed most frequently, he does not leave his native place, except in company with a "gang" of companions similarly situated, who engage themselves *en masse*, under an arrangement to which all must be parties, and who have a leader, who conducts the business for them, and receives and divides their earnings. In this case they usually live together, and you meet them returning at night, in a body, to the large room in which they sleep, and in which they always indulge the Russian habit of eternal singing, to the no small dissatisfaction of involuntary audiences of neighbours.

The serf remains, and works. His rate or wages, of course varies with his trade and with his skill. A carpenter's wages will, for instance, vary from two rubles copper (about 1s. 10d.) to one ruble silver a day (3s. 4d.), or he may be so excellent a workman as to be hired, by contract, for forty-five rubles per month. He has to pay his lodging, and he has to remit his payments to his lord. And, if he have left a wife behind, and his inclination be to assist her efforts at self-support, he has the same means of remitting to her, namely, by the post-office—a very important department of which is appropriated to this kind of business. The rest of his earnings he may apply as he pleases.

The bare necessities of life are remarkably cheap in Russia.

The workman's living costs him the merest trifle. Vegetables constitute its chief article, although beef, which is excellent here, is but a penny per pound. But the lower class in Russia eat little meat, and prefer all kinds of mixtures, into some of which, however, meat is admitted. A species of soup, which they call *borsch*, and which has a sour-kROUT feature strongly developed, is one of their great viands. There is another preparation (which I thought on tasting far less objectionable) which is made of barley, ground with the shells. Immense melons—which, as I mentioned in an earlier chapter, are here in great profusion, at a nominal price, but which are very deficient in what we consider flavour—are much in vogue with the labourer, who will cheerfully make his dinner off some hunches of melon, some black bread, and some bad water. But all kinds of vegetables are in favour, especially cabbages, which I am informed will be seen in vast numbers, in the bazaar, in a short time, and whose coming constitutes an important era in the *cuisine* of the poor. To tea, however, the Russian of all classes is vastly addicted, and I have seen more tea made since I arrived here than I have seen for years together in England. Much of it is brought overland from China, and is called caravan tea—and a good deal comes from England. The tea-urn in Russian dwelling-houses, with its fire secreted under it, is a prominent object, and the usual vessel in which you take the liquid is a tumbler, except where innovation has spread. The labourer is choice in his tea, and would probably hint to the landlord—illustrating his subject by most uncompromising references to alleged indiscretions on the part of all the latter's female relatives—that he had mistaken his vocation, were the water as much smoked as I have known it to be, with impunity, in very genteel circles in England. There is another fluid, called *quass*, which is made of water into which bread is thrown and allowed to ferment, of which the labourer is also very fond, but I have not gone further than looking at this unspeakable nectar.

The labourer respects his *Voskrisinie*—that is, to a certain extent. If you particularly wish him to work on the Sunday, he will, of course for a consideration. But there is a series of

days upon which no earthly power, unless that of the Emperor himself, who can hardly be called a mere earthly power in Russia, could induce him to labour. These are the days which are set apart to the saints. These days are always coming, and they bring with them idleness and debauchery. No matter how important it may be to get a certain work done, the Russian will not give up the observance of a saint's day upon any compulsion. He dresses himself with an attention to his toilet which is by no means his failing—washes his hands, and, I believe I am right in adding, his face—puts on a clean outside shirt, tucks his trousers into his boots (a very sensible practice, by the way, and one which might be considered in countries where people protect half a yard of leather by covering it with fine cloth, reversing the obvious arrangement) and goes to church. In the afternoon, of course, he gets very drunk. Any attempt to reform this system would be pretty sure to produce a rebellion.

The institution of tea-houses has had a beneficial effect upon the Russian workman. There are many of these places in Odessa; the prices are very low, and they have materially injured the cellars where spirituous liquors (especially *votki*) are sold. Still, however, there are numbers of the latter, and on the Sundays and saint-days the Russian labourer reels from them in a state of almost entire stupefaction; the usual object, I should observe, in drinking—the jovialty and enjoyment of social intercourse, which form the bad and only extenuation for excess—having little place in his character. He would concur with an old officer in our army, who, hearing certain port wine found fault with, conceived that he could defend it in one comprehensive plea—"I don't see what you can say against this wine, gentlemen—I really don't. It's black, and it's thick, and it makes one drunk."

It is due, however, to the Russian workman to add, that he adheres rigidly to the fasts of his Church; and, although his habitual use of vegetable diet may render this more easy to him than it would be to a flesh-eater, he deserves all the credit which such observances may demand. Some of the labourers, I am informed, carry their scrupulosity to such a point, that upon the

fast-day they will not even sweeten their tea with sugar, because, although that is a vegetable substance, blood is used in refining it. These extra punctilious devotees, therefore, keep a raisin in their mouths, to supply the necessary sweetening.

It should be mentioned, also, that certain provinces acquire a reputation for furnishing expert artificers in particular trades, and that the natives of such provinces are somewhat more acceptable in the large towns of Russia than are persons from other departments. And this does not alone depend, as might naturally be imagined, upon the class of occupation to which the province in question seems likely to give encouragement or especial scope. Supposing that we were compelled to ransack the English counties for stone-cutters or smiths, we should feel as great difficulty in deciding where to look for either, but the Russian would not proceed upon precisely the same calculation. It is customary with the proprietors of serfs to select promising youths, whom they apprentice to such trades as they may consider most likely to turn out profitably to themselves. The youth is sent to some busy place to acquire instruction in his calling, and this added skill has, of course, corresponding advantage for the owner of the trained workman. And their various districts have gained what is probably a shifting reputation, as the *dépôts* for good masons or carpenters. Nor are the men themselves insensible to the vanity of claiming connection with a province in repute. Several of the workmen with whom I have spoken referred, in a knowing way, to the spots whence they had come, and which I found enjoyed this species of reputation. I am informed, however, that the apprenticeship system is by no means invariably successful. The young serf comes to a busy place, learns his trade—perhaps among free workmen, or at all events where he has the opportunity of seeing such men—finds that he can soon work as well as they can, but that he is working for another, who makes a large harvest out of his earnings. He sees no chance of improving the condition whose hardship he has been taught to discover, and he becomes sullen, discontented, and a drunkard.

The return of the adventurous serf is very uncertain. Some-

times he saves sufficient money to enable him to retire from the town, and go home; and then, if he can obtain his passports, all is well. But the police system bears very hard upon these men, and the lower class of proprietors are known to avail themselves of it for the meanest oppression. Instances have been known in which, after the lord has fixed the price of his serf's freedom, and the unfortunate fellow has transmitted the earnings of years to purchase the documents necessary for the manumission, the lord has neglected to furnish such documents, and the wretched serf's applications have been in vain, until he has been obliged to return to his toil, wearied out and heart-broken, and any inquiry on the part of a pitying superior has been met by the ready falsehoods of instructed subordinates. I have been furnished with some remarkable stories of this kind, which disclose a baseness that is, one would hope, of rare occurrence. But supposing the serf meets honourable treatment, and the exactions of the police are all complied with, he can purchase himself into a condition which we will consider hereafter.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Russian territory bordering on the Black Sea may, as regards the purpose of our inquiry, be described under the following titles:—Bessarabia, Podolia, Kherson, Kiev, and Tauride. Although the limits of two of the most important of the provinces I have mentioned do not approach within a great distance of the sea (I mean Podolia and Kiev), both are so inseparably connected with the agriculture of Southern Russia, and with the harbour of Odessa, that it would be impossible to exclude them from our inquiry; the more so that the agricultural system of Russia is more largely developed, both as regards its advantages and its defects, in those two provinces, than in those more closely bordering the Euxine. For the province of the Steppe, lying in a broad brown band between the green fields and the blue waters, effectually deprives the lower provinces of a vast share of agricultural importance. Indeed, as regards the Crimea (Tauride), its agricultural produce is and must be comparatively trifling, being raised only for the support of its own population, and, as regards the far larger part of the locality, wrung from Steppe land. But while this latter portion of the territory of the empire will demand but an unimportant place in our inquiry, the vast and rich provinces lying more to the north—whence really proceeds the grain-wealth of the south of Russia, and where must be sought the battle-ground between the advocates of two systems—will require an examination of a somewhat extended character.

It may be necessary for me here to apologize, or rather to account, for my entering into a larger detail, in connection with various topics arising out of the survey before me, than may at first sight appear absolutely necessary. Certain parts of this

detail may not at once be seen to assume their place in reference to my general object. But I venture to hope that it will ultimately be seen, that I have recorded little which is not useful towards a general comprehension of the subject. In reality, the task of rejection is by far the most troublesome one to an inquirer who has other objects in view than filling his sheet with novel and characteristic sketches, or with that pleasant and informing gossip for which ordinary readers are so justly grateful. It will also be remembered that the majority of Englishmen know far less of the interior of Russia, and even of the general social system of that country, than they do of India or America, and that the very Guilds of the empire are institutions little known to thousands who are familiar with the fact, that

“ The Brahmins in the fields of day,
The harmless amulet of Castes display.”

In very briefly recapitulating, therefore, the principal features of the Russian system, I may be allowed to consider that I am dealing with the data upon which the personal and industrial freedom of the population of the country must be discussed, as well as the alleged existence of laws and customs prejudicial to commerce and industry. And as regards such subordinate details as, at the apparent risk of digression, may be introduced, I will merely ask indulgence until it shall be seen whether they have assisted in affording the desired insight into the practical working of the systems under investigation.

“*Apis, anser, vitulus*,” says an old writer (alluding, I need hardly say, to the goose-quill, the parchment, and the seal) “govern this world.” Freely translating the zoological triad into “pen, ink, and paper,” I may truly state that a similar holy alliance governs Russia. In this country a man is nothing; his obvious flesh and suggested bones are nothing; he is unrecognised; he is unseen; in fact, he is invisible (with an exception in favour of certain microscopic observers in uniform), unless he has in his possession a certain piece of paper. Whether he be a stranger or one born in the land, the rule is the same. It applies equally to the Russian Ivan Ivanovitch, servant at my hotel, and at present making my bed with a cigar

in his mouth—to the Greek merchant who has just passed my window, and is the richest man in Odessa—and to myself. To be a Russian, or to live in Russia, you must be inscribed in the books of the police, and, in proof that you are so inscribed, you must have a species of ticket, *billet*, passport, or call it what you please. And this ticket you must renew every year. And you must be prepared to produce it whenever thereunto invited by any thing wearing the uniform of the Emperor's servants. Without this ticket you are nobody ; your rights are untenable, your privileges are neutralised ; and, no matter how rich, how noble, how learned, how virtuous you are, without this you are in a position of doubt and suspicion, which, if you allow it to endure, will with fatal rapidity be converted into a condition more unpleasant still. In a word, every body in Russia must have his ticket of leave to live. To enforce this great law, there is a vast army of police, spies, and others, all so deeply interested in the maintenance of the system, that there is no chance of escaping or evading it.

Now, though a national habit may easily be pronounced unwise, we must inquire before we pronounce upon its estimation among the people. One thing is certain—namely, that no member of the Greek faith can well complain of a system which may be said to form part of the articles of his belief. This is no flippancy of speech. When the battle of life is fought, and its dead soldier is brought into the house of God, that the last rites may be performed over the body, watch the process. After certain ceremonies of an imposing character, the priest approaches the coffin, which is open, and strews incense upon the breast of the dead. He then reads a paper, unfastens the front of the dress of the corpse, and places the document in the bosom. The interment then proceeds. That document is a *certificate and passport*, without which (duly *visé* by the priest) the officer in charge of the gate of heaven would refuse entrance to the soul of the departed. Even St. Peter demands the sight of a soul's papers. What word of objection can a worshipper of St. Peter make to such a system ? He must, on the contrary, rather regard the renewing of his *billet de séjour* as a species of

religious ceremony, and look upon the police officials as resembling his own priests—a point in which he will not greatly slander either party, both being, very generally, remarkably venal, dissolute, and worthless.

It must be remembered that there is no recognised distinction of honour in Russia, except one—distinction acquired by military service. Every man who desires to rise to dignities must make the army his ladder. Through that ascending filter must be purified all the aspiring spirits of the country. The father of his people does not know his children except in uniform. There can be no souls above buttons here. So far, the system is impartial. The child of the oldest house in Russia must ascend every step *pari passu* with the *parvenu*. Providence may have made him a count—that is nothing. Has the Emperor made him a colonel? The poorest and meanest creature who has a step in advance of him is for the present his superior, and entitled to be so treated. And this is not, be it observed, merely like the English, or any other army system. It is nothing, of course, to the Honourable Algernon St. Julians, and Lord Evelyn Trevor, that the third dandy standing in the club window with them, and helping them to scandalize the broughams, is the son of a grocer, and their superior in the army—his father's plums having told at the Horse Guards, while the St. Julians' entail and the Trevor mortgages keep the others waiting a little for their steps. Military rank, unless very high indeed, has no weight in society in England—except that, the older the officer, the more are light-minded people inclined to edge away from him, lest he should be loaded with long stories, and go off by unhappy accident. But in Russia the distinctions of military rank are every thing. The court sets the example of valuing them before all else, and of rewarding with them those whom it delights to honour. Titles sound well; but they are, indeed, but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, unless they bear some official affinity to the brass and cymbals of a regiment. Lord Evelyn and Mr. St. Julians would find the difference between themselves and Mr. Fitzvalentia if they and the young grocer were announced at a party in Russia. The Russian world is

too full of officials, each tremblingly alive to the exact limits of his position, not to maintain the inches of vantage in the strictest order. A living lieutenant here is a great deal better than the son of a dead hero, if the son's hero-worship has not taken him to drumhead altars.

But if the system affected the army only, it would be by no means so opposed as it is to an Englishman's notion of the fitness of things. If grades mean any thing, they mean obedience and command, and, if people like to keep their respective positions in sight at times when other people prefer to forget them, that is mere matter of taste. But the military system is not above half seen when seen only in connection with the army. To say nothing of the curious anomaly of giving military rank to the naval officer—whereby one sees a gentleman in a long cloak and boots marching from paddle-box to paddle box, and giving orders to the helmsman with the air of a warrior waving his troops to the charge—the bearing of the system on civil life is most remarkable. Although, of course, to be any thing but a soldier is beneath the dignity of human nature, still, such are our plebeian wants, that even in Russia there must be tutors, and physicians, and architects, and other inferior creatures. But if these people wish to be any thing more than contemptible beings, who teach, and cure, and build, they, too, must have recourse to the army. Military rank is necessary to elevate them into a decent sociable position, and military rank is accorded to them. A captain birches your little boy, and a major prescribes your rhubarb and magnesia, and a lieutenant designs the pediments and architraves for your grand new house. Custom-house clerks, post-office clerks, passport-office clerks, are all in uniform; and when they fill the pit of the theatre, and their manifold buttons sparkle in the light of the oil-fed chandelier, the effect, coupled with that of their stubbly heads—which, according to rule, are all cropped as closely as those of convicts—is, to say the least of it, remarkable. There are no less than fourteen different ranks in the “civil service,” and each of them has a corresponding military value. Thus a *Conseiller de Cour* is a Major, a *Conseiller de Collège* is a Lieutenant-Colonel, a *Conseiller d'Etat* is a Colonel, a *Conseiller*

d'Etat Actuel is a Major-General, a *Conseiller Privé* is a Lieutenant-General, and a *Conseiller Privé Actuel* is a full General. The lowest is, I believe, the Registrar of College, whose rank is about that of an Ensign, but whose dignified duties probably exalt him to the office of copying letters, and similar diplomatic exploits. Of course, all these gentlemen are in the service, but such among them as have professional engagements combine them with their duties to the State; and, when they retire from the latter, they preserve the military rank, which makes Russia resemble a vast barrack. I paid a visit with a friend, a few mornings ago, to the house of one of these civil heroes, and, in reply to the inquiry of my companion, the servant said, "Yes, sir, the general is here." I had prepared myself for the sight of a soldierly person, bearing the marks of service, and probably clanking a variety of the orders which are showered over Russia like the bon-bons at a child's party. I suddenly found myself looking down upon one of the tiniest, and whitest, and most meek of human creatures, who was bowing to my companion with exuberant gratitude for a business favour, and looking as if the untimely slamming of a door would scare the very soul out of him by the shortest cut. For a general, he bore a wonderful resemblance, so far as capability of service went, to another eminent military person of the same rank, who some time ago took London by storm, commanding under the modest title of Tom Thumb.

Were the effects of the system simply ridiculous, however, it would scarcely be worth remarking on; but it has a far more vicious tendency. The official, with his sonorous rank of Lieutenant-General, or the like, contracts an unhappy habit of expenditure, not in accordance with his real, but with his nominal rank. Lavish extravagance is common to the national character; but this system in a manner forces it upon individuals, and it is no uncommon thing to see men whose official income does not amount to two hundred a year, living at the rate of eight or ten. Where the balance comes from, is of course the stranger's question—the native answers it with a shrug. The man has an official position, which enables him to be useful or a hinderance

to the public who have to come in contact with him. He is compelled to seek bribes, and the public are compelled to give them. The frightful and shameless bribery which characterises official life in Russia, spreading through all ramifications of public service, and contaminating all that should be honest and impartial, is one of the worst features of the domestic system, and is much increased by the foolish military classification which I have described. But even the splendid contempt which the real soldier here, as elsewhere, manifests for the sham one, does not disconcert the latter, who is as proud of his livery as possible. The actual soldier regards these imitations much in the way that an officer in the Guards scrutinises a captain in a Yeomanry corps, or an officer in the Artillery regards one in the Artillery company. There is also another stall in Vanity Fair which has large dealings here—the Order booth. To see the mass of these appendages which hang along a species of line, stretched across the breast of the meanest and dirtiest-looking individual, would really scandalize one who was disposed to see, in the careful bestowal of such honours, a wise method of conferring honorary distinction. But to remark the kind of persons who come down to the pier, or to quarantine, with two, three, four, five, and more ornaments dangling and clicking on their greasy great-coats, is what our American friends call a “caution.” I need hardly say that no such observation includes the noble and honourable order of St. George (founded by Catherine II.), and which may be known by its enamelled cross of white and its escutcheon. This, in all its degrees, is an honour; but in its first class it implies the performance by the wearer of one of those actions which make a reputation for all time. The late Duke of Wellington was, I believe, the only foreigner upon whom this sign has been conferred. Other distinctions are bestowed in handfuls. I do not exaggerate; for upon certain State occasions hundreds of badges are given away—there is a perfect rain of falling stars.

Being a soldier, in any degree, the Russian has a *status*, and a valuable one, so far as his social position is concerned. The soldier is peculiarly favoured in his intercourse with his fellows;

he is treated with consideration when a civilian receives nothing but rudeness, and, whenever a preference can be given, the military man, of course, obtains it. You cannot move in public resorts either of pleasure or business, or go into society, without observing that the system which is so carefully tended and so rigidly maintained, has its fruits in enforcing public respect. It is not my intention to attempt examination into the military institutions of Russia, farther than as they affect its general interests, or those of the classes more immediately connected with the land; but I may remark that the system of discipline is represented to be severe in the extreme—that the precision with which details are looked to, is fractional to a point of which our own martinets have little idea—and that the slightest departure from the smallest regulation is a crime. From what I have personally observed, of the perseverance of Russian authorities in encumbering every transaction of life with the greatest possible number of formalities and ceremonies, nine-tenths of which a simple-minded man of business would reject with great contempt, I can easily imagine that the governing spirit is not likely to be relaxed in the army. But the spy system is too perfectly organized, I am informed, to make it probable that a stranger will ever hear a complaint on these points. Such a breath would indeed agitate the vast spider-web, and the ruin of the careless murmurer would be beyond a doubt. Of the life of the Russian officer I have nothing to say. But it has been my business to know something of that of the Russian private.

The levy which supplies the huge army of Russia is entirely at the will of the Emperor. But military matters are well understood by his Majesty; and there is no reason to say, as has been asserted, that the levy is wantonly or needlessly demanded by the present Sovereign. The vast needs of such an empire, as regards armed force, can scarcely be appreciated from without; especially amid the darkness in which it is the pleasure and policy of Russia to keep the other members of the European family as to what passes within her limits. The authorities at St. Petersburg know with how many myriads they have to deal,

and what manner of men those myriads may be. They have, therefore, the best materials upon which to calculate the squadrons with which it may be necessary to intimidate enemies at home and abroad. And the Emperor himself has rarely been accused of any disposition to misuse his gigantic power, so far as regards his own subjects. The military necessities of Russia may, and ought in candour to be judged by her military display—the fact itself may be simply stated in a sentence. The last return informs us that the army of Russia consists of 1,200,000 men. One man in ten is an “unproductive.”

The process of hero-manufacture is not, at first sight, so agreeable to the embryo hero or to the spectator as one would expect to find the early stage of an operation so desirable. The subject upon whom the experiment is to be performed, is perhaps the serf of a lord in one of the provinces I have above named—say Podolia. He is busily engaged in getting in his little harvest, or repairing his miserable cottage for the winter. The order for the levy has reached his lord. This last time it was for seven men out of every thousand—not a very formidable lottery, if lots were the order of the day; only they are not. The selection is not made in so random a way. The lord, assisted by his stewards and other servants, decides upon the hero without the aid of the goddess Chance. Naturally he would be disposed to take care that the army should not be too well served, nor would he voluntarily send away a really valuable article of property. Of course, if he dared, the maimed, and the halt, and the blind, would be provided for at the expense of the State by the means of the levy. But, as obviously, this would not do. The army is too terrible an institution to be played with—it is the Emperor's own *protégé*, and it is one of the few institutions of the country in which vigilant and swift justice is sometimes done. No recruiting on the system so admirably carried on by *Bardolph* and *Nym* at *Master Shallow's* will be tolerated here; the man who is to serve his Czar must be a man, at least. The next question is, what well-made men can best be spared, or may be most conveniently got rid of. The most honourable and humane proprietor of serfs would,

without blame, make such a selection as would clear away the idler, the thief, the drunkard, the *mauvais sujet* of every kind, from his estate; and no doubt such is the rule with very many proprietors. But that this arbitrary power of getting rid of any obnoxious individual is frightfully misused, there can be no doubt either. The serf who has offended his owner to a degree for which the punishment permitted to the latter offers no adequate vengeance, or the serf who has an inconvenient claim upon his owner, will not feel any thing like surprise—will feel nothing but dismay—at being pointed out for the levy; and subordinate agencies are so frequently at work in these cases, that they are even made the subject of jests in certain quarters. The serf has given private offence to the exacting intendant, the extortionate steward, or to some fellow-serf who may be under the purchased patronage of the latter. His way to glory is marked out for him—the lord, if present, knows nothing about him, but has nothing to oppose to the representation of his servant. The unhappy man is dragged from his home, his wife, his children, one half of his head is shaved from back to front, he is riveted up in heavy chains with the gang of his comrades, and away he is marched to the military dépôt.

There is even another agency which not unfrequently sends away an unfortunate serf to the dépôt. He may have been lucky enough, as he foolishly imagined himself, to win the heart of some pretty serf girl, and they may have set themselves to run the hard race of life together, their affections drawing gradually closer, as the feelings of these vulgar people often will, from the incessant hardships of their lot. Such things are not uncommon, I am told, among the serfs, who are very ardent in their attachments. But the charms which pleased the serf may also have pleased his betters. Perhaps it is the lord, perhaps it is only the steward, or some favourite servant, who has taken a fancy to the pretty serf-wife. He has signified his admiration. But sometimes it occurs that the wife will not come into the arrangement, and is proof against bribes and threats; and her husband, though every kind of persecution may be tried to overcome his scruples, refuses to sanction the intrigue. Let him look

out when the levy comes again. I have had some terrible stories of this kind given me.

With the recruit, after he is chained and shaved, I have no more to do, wishing merely to show the mode in which the liberty of one class of agricultural labourers is understood here, and how they can be and are withdrawn from the soil they till. Seven men in every thousand does not seem a very appreciable item in a country like this; but there are 42,000,000 of serfs in Russia! The warrior himself is conducted to the dépôt, and there, doubtless, his education is commenced upon the most improved principles. His comforts may suffer at first; for having been accustomed to the shaggy sheepskin, the warmest-looking article in the world, and to a thick cap, he is rendered nearly bald—he has a helmet given him—and his sheepskin is taken away in favour of the apparently thinnest uniform extant. There cannot be a greater contrast than the sturdy peasant, in the comforting dress I have described, and his shivering compatriot on duty as a sentinel when one of the Black Sea breezes runs a-muck at the town. It is the peasant who looks the soldier then, as he grins good-humouredly in the teeth of the wind. I think I agree with the Rev. Mr. Gleig, that the swaggering manner, “if it does not run wild altogether,” should be rather encouraged in a soldier—if he is to be formidable, he should believe himself so. But, as far as I have seen, there is very little of this in the Russian soldier—he looks very meek, and remarkably uncomfortable. In the capital, and around the great head of the army, no doubt things look differently, or travellers would not go away with such enraptured visions of glorious and gigantic guardsmen, and reviews which do every thing but realize Milton’s battle of the angels. I merely mention what I see. The soldier is not well fed, but the contrary; and when he is engaged, as he often is, to assist in heavy work, as lifting weights and similar matters, his want of power, compared with the civilian by his side, is not only evident to the eye, but registered in his wages, which are usually lower than those of his companion. I do not know that there is any reason why a soldier should be able to heave a sack easily—a man

who cannot carry a load may be very useful in carrying a town ; but I know what one of our own brawny and willing guardsmen would say, if he saw the apparent calibre of these men. In sickness, I am glad to believe that there is an intention to amend the treatment of the soldier—a necessary movement, considering the immense number of the Russian army at this moment in hospital, or unable to appear on parade. There has always been an enormous parade of care for him when sick, and the display of the military apothecary's gilded boxes and the like, have always been most satisfactory upon inspection, until the boxes were opened. But it is not very long since a discovery was made, that through the hideous speculation and jobbing prevalent in every part of Russia, the bark which was intended by the Emperor for the poor soldiers—a medicine almost as necessary as air to them, considering the quality of their food—had become, it was said, oak bark, but at all events rubbish—utterly useless, though the Czar had originally paid an enormous price for it. And now, at this very time, it is mentioned really as a matter of congratulation, that the influence of Prince Woronzow (whose whole life, as continually described to me by those who have known him best, seems to have been a constant struggle to ameliorate the condition of all within his reach) has introduced *quinine* into the medical chests of the army. What I have seen and heard, therefore, of the condition of the Russian soldier, does not tend to increase my faith in the system of which he is part ; but as I have been dazzled by no review, and have not even gazed with awe upon the armed giants of St. Petersburg, allowance must be made for the flatness of my description, when contrasted with the *couleur de rose* statements with which bewildered travellers from the Neva return to bewilder their friends.

But commercial life has its classifications in Russia as well as military life, and the distinctions which are laid down by law are as rigidly defined in one case as in the other—although, of course, it is the tendency of any very arbitrary rule to defeat itself, and, in reality, this is the result as regards many of the regulations to which I am about to refer. The mercantile and

trading population of Russia is divided by law into several classes, each having a different share of privileges and advantages. The division is somewhat elaborate; but as it will be seen that it has, and professes to have, a directing and restraining influence upon commerce, I shall not be performing a work of supererogation in very briefly explaining it. The mercantile world, then, is separated by law into a series of ranks, three of which (but not the highest) are called guilds. The members of the highest order are known as Notables. To enter this class, which is again subdivided into hereditary and non-hereditary portions, an individual must not only be possessed of a declared capital of 50,000 rubles (paper), but must be prepared to undergo, as regards himself and his affairs, what may be a very rigid examination, touching his habitual solvency, fulfilment of his engagements, and other observance of the rules of commercial honour. If he enters the class of Notables, he has attained the highest dignity to which mercantile men ever aspire, apart from official life. The three guilds follow. To be inscribed as a member of the first guild, a merchant has merely to declare a capital of 50,000 rubles. He is then allowed to build manufactories, to have country houses and gardens, and to carry on domestic or foreign trade at his will. He may also have ships; and he has another privilege which in Russia has its own value—he may drive four horses in his carriage. The member of the second guild declares to a capital of 10,000 rubles only. He can trade within the country, and may build manufactories, keep inns, and possess boats; but he may drive only two horses, and I believe there is also a condition imposed as to the character of the vehicle. The member of the third guild declares to a capital of 8000 rubles. He can neither export nor import. But he may be a retailer, and may attend fairs and markets. He has not the exemptions of the first and second class, except in regard to his taxation, which is levied, like theirs, upon the declared capital. In other respects he is in the same situation as the citizen class below him. These are the inferior class of dealers, whom, though the law has evinced much consideration for them in several respects, it has left exposed to corporal punishment, from which the elevated

mercantile classes are exempt. Of course the restrictions upon the inferior guilds are equally binding on the citizen. Below these is a "general" class, and we then descend to serfs of the Crown, and other serfs, of whom we shall have more occasion to speak. I should add that the higher classes, including the citizens, are exempt from the conscription to which the "general" class and its inferiors are subject.

The strangers, or foreigners, are again separately classified, and upon the whole the spirit of legislation in regard to this body is liberal. They may build manufactories at pleasure, and trade as they please. And it is right to remark, that not only in regard to foreigners, but in reference to the general internal management of the affairs of the people of Russia, the spirit of the law is most liberal and wise. There is machinery provided, to a large extent, for what we term self-government by the classes most interested in its due administration. The electoral habit is that most recognised by Russian law. But it is the vicious and destroying system that has been superadded to the original institutions which has utterly ruined them, and which renders men of position and responsibility in Russia unwilling to take upon themselves—or, if elected, to concern themselves with—the duties which none could discharge better; but in the slightest effort to discharge which an independent man is met, thwarted, and crushed by the whole weight of corrupt bureaucracy. The evils of the latter system are so constantly before a traveller, that he is in danger of losing sight of the fact, that the administrative system here is, after all, but an abuse and a corruption, and that it has taken the place of a system far more akin to that of England than most persons would be inclined to believe.

Without noticing a few special class subdivisions, which do not appear to affect the questions more immediately before us, we now come to the lowest class of Russian—the serf. I have already touched upon his condition, but I have viewed him only as an inhabitant of the town. It is to the agricultural serf, in connection with the system of which he forms so important a part, that a larger share of our attention will be given. I will venture

to complete this chapter with a narrative completely bearing upon the subject we are about to consider. It is the story of the life, thus far, of an agricultural serf, and it was communicated to me by a lady who possesses the best authority for the details. The narrative struck me as at once interesting, and as illustrating several points (to be hereafter more gravely considered) in the condition of the slave class; and although the story, told me in French, will suffer by its being given in other than the brilliant and epigrammatic style of my accomplished acquaintance, I do not think it will prove unacceptable.

Demetrius — was born upon the estate of Count —, in Podolia—which, as I have said, is one of the most fertile of the provinces which pour their corn upon Odessa. His mother (one of the handsomest peasants upon the property) and his reputed father were serfs; the former, so far as I can learn, having been a species of village coquette in a region where coquetry has a somewhat more extended signification than among more scrupulous people. It is right to mention this, because I have used the words “reputed” father, and because the individual currently supposed to have been the father, without the reputation, was a Greek pope or priest of the vicinity. Certainly Demetrius, though unable to free himself from the suspicion of being a child of the Church, lost in after-life no opportunity of professing his distaste for the pedigree thrust upon him. He prospered, however, under the double parentage allotted to him, and grew up, from a favoured, active, mischievous boy, to a smart, powerful, but dissolute and discontented young fellow. The Count, his owner, had taken considerable notice of him, had employed him about his horses, and had gone so far—being himself rather a free-thinker, and wanting a sufficient awe of the traditionary maxim in Russia against teaching slaves—as to cause the young Demetrius to be instructed in reading and writing. But free-thinking, especially if combined with gambling and other exciting extravagances, brings no good; and when Demetrius was about sixteen or seventeen, the Count’s estates passed, if not into other hands, under other mismanagement, and the nobleman himself departed to reside elsewhere. The new master—who,

according to the custom of the country, became possessed of all the authority of his predecessor—was a brutal and avaricious man, who proposed to himself simply to extort as much as he could from the wretched peasantry over whom his purse, which had befriended the count in his gambler's need, had given him sway. Things became changed—the stern rule sanctioned by law, but which the careless, good-natured spendthrift had greatly relaxed, was revived—and the serfs began to feel the chain which had hitherto scarcely galled them. Of course, there was nothing to do but to submit; for when a master has the right to flog a man ten times a day, and to send him to Siberia upon the mere condition of paying the expense of his transportation thither, it hardly answers a slave's purpose to complain.

Among the earliest sufferers was the young Demetrius, who, presuming upon his former favour, presented himself somewhat unceremoniously to the new lord, and obeyed with such ill grace the instant order to betake himself to field labour, that the keen, cruel eye of his master observed his bearing. The report of a servant of the house, who was happy to revenge himself for some mischievous prank played him by the lad, and rather approved by the count, was not necessary to ensure the result. The master rode his rounds, and very speedily detected Demetrius making some impromptu love at a time when he ought to have been, waist deep in wet mud, repairing the side of a dyke. A merciless flogging was administered to the young man; and, as soon as he was able to crawl, he betook himself to the individual whom he was certainly entitled to believe his father. But it was not for directions as to the road to heaven that he proposed to consult him—a line on which the good man's counsels might have been a little confused, especially late in the evening. But confiding in the air of kindness in which the shepherd usually, when conscious, addressed his sheep, Demetrius ventured to counsel him as to the road to Moscow. And, upon a little cross-questioning, he admitted that he was cherishing a design of escaping from the tyranny of his master, and of finding his way to the second capital of the empire, to seek his fortune. He had some vague idea of discovering a

relation of his mother's, who was said, upon the estate, to have settled and become wealthy at Moscow, and who therefore, thought the well-instructed serf, would naturally be rejoiced to see and aid an unfortunate kinsman. Nothing but the exceeding absurdity of such an idea, and the conviction that it could bring only disappointment, would have justified the priest in immediately revealing the intended attempt to the lord. The result of course was, that before Demetrius could be said to be well recovered from his first flagellation, he underwent a second, which pretty nearly deprived his savage owner of the chance of ever rendering such part of his property as was comprised in the bones and sinews of Demetrius available for the purposes nearest to his heart.

But a rather curious combination of affairs befriended him while he was lingering, almost hopelessly, under the brutal treatment to which he had been subjected. The charms of the village coquette, although that lady was now the mother of a lad of seventeen, had not entirely faded. At all events, her now full-blown attractions had sufficient power to please the coarse taste of her lord, and he—having had opportunity of fully observing her when she came to him, and upon her knees besought (vainly for the time) his forbearance towards her boy—signified his intention of taking her into favour. She became a resident in a cottage near his house, and her fascinations soon extorted from her grim lover an intimation, that if Demetrius chose to behave himself satisfactorily, he should not be again half murdered, for the present. With this charming *avenir* before him, the youth had nothing to do but to recover his health as best he might, and stifle such feelings as for the time could only interfere with his fortunes.

The influence which Anna — gained over her master was very great, as frequently happens in the case of hard, grasping natures, which, callous and oppressive to all else around them, become plastic in the hands of some worthless favourite. Anna, however, does not seem to have exercised her power very unworthily; but, warmly attached to her son, she chiefly devoted herself to the project of purchasing his freedom from his lord.

This object was environed by a double difficulty—first, that of obtaining the necessary funds; and secondly, of becoming possessed of them in a way which would not excite the suspicion of the keen-witted tyrant himself, who, of course, well knew what chances Demetrius or his mother had of accumulating any considerable sum of money. After this observation, one need scarcely add that Anna proposed to obtain the money by simply plundering her admirer. This was no easy task, but time, vigilance, and caution enabled her to effect it; and little by little she subtracted from the hoards of her master a sum which she relied upon as sufficient for the purchase of her child's liberty. The subject had to be gradually broached, in order to avoid arousing either the suspicions or the ill feelings of the master; but Anna's position gave her many opportunities, and her woman's wit aided her. She prevailed upon her lover to promise the manumission of Demetrius, if he should ever be able to raise a sum not much exceeding that which his mother had already stolen for him; and, this point attained, she paved the way for her lord's reception of a story by which she intended to account for the possession of a portion of the purchase-money. To carry this out she required a confederate, and naturally turned in her need to one who, if scandal were not libel, was at least bound to render her all the aid in his power. She applied to the priest. Now the good man, who had begun to grow old in the practice of all the manifold rogueries of his order, had no regular access to the proprietor of the estate, the latter being a Roman Catholic, like great numbers of the lords. He promised his assistance in Anna's scheme, provided she would obtain for him certain pecuniary favours which the master, between his conscience and his cupidity, had hitherto refused to the heretic priest. The compact was struck, and a plan was arranged, materially aided by the inventive genius of the churchman, by which the latter was to be called away to a distant district, and was to return with a legacy left to Anna by a dying friend. The scheme was a good one, but all good schemes do not succeed. Anna confided her savings to her ghostly confidant, who went away with them, and there his assistance in the plot ended, for he never returned.

Robbed and deceived in her turn, Anna did not give way to despair. She had determined that her son should be free. While casting about for a new plan of action, she continued to secrete money, little by little, belonging to her master, over whom her influence increased with his advancing years. Eventually, by dint of continued entreaty, she contrived to extort from her lover his signature to a document which manumitted Demetrius—but which, as the former stipulated, should remain in his custody until the ransom money, now fixed at a far more moderate price than before, should be paid. The proprietor of Demetrius affixed the signature with seeming reluctance. But such manifestation was mere pretence. He had received from the very hands of Anna, a few days before, a letter which revealed to him the previous portion of the plan. 'This letter was from the Greek priest, and whether written in mere malice, or whether from that feeling which begrudges to a rival the regards of a woman even for whom one has ceased to entertain a regard, it were difficult to say. Had Anna known or guessed at the handwriting—but, unhappily, Anna could not read.

Demetrius, being made aware of the existence of the document signed by his owner, proposed to make short work of the rest. But as any step such as was contemplated by the young man would of course have destroyed Anna's position, he was compelled to remain passive until her plot could be worked out. It might have been easy for Anna to steal the writing in question; but how could she have exculpated herself, she alone being aware of the contents and value, of which even the witness her master had employed, knew nothing? Some time elapsed, and the conspirators seemed no nearer their object, when the lord was seized with a violent illness. It threatened his life, and between its severer periods the old man set himself to the arrangement of his affairs. One night Anna, who watched him with an unwearying eye, saw him take from his strong box the paper of manumission, fold it in a cover, and seal and direct it. He then placed it in his bosom. Her nature, never a thoroughly bad one, warmed towards him at seeing this; for she entertained no doubt but that, contemplating the possibility of his death, he

was about to repay her attentions by presenting her with the freedom of her son. Nor was she disappointed. The following day he summoned Demetrius to the bed-side, and placing in his mother's hand the document in its sealed cover, he informed the young man of its nature, and told him that Anna had richly earned it by her fidelity and care. He merely desired that the document might not be used until after his death, which, he truly said, would not detain them long. Demetrius departed, taking with him the precious instrument, and went to his cabin. The joint occupant of that dwelling was a person to whom I have scarcely referred, because nobody else connected with the story seems to have paid much attention to him; this was, however, Anna's husband. The young man, in his exultation, informed his reputed father of the boon which had been bestowed upon him; but the other, who had certainly no great reason to be pleased with the general conduct of his lord, affected to undervalue the benefit, and even to cast doubts upon its reality. His sneers and scoffs so worked upon the mind of Demetrius, that, forgetful of his lord's injunction, he tore open the papers. The contents were a document of manumission, drawn up and attested in the most regular style—there could be no mistake as to the signature. The only defect was in the body of the writing, where was—not a blank, which Demetrius could easily have supplied—but another name than his own—the name of Gregoire Kuzma—a mere stopgap, as one might write John Smith or John Doe. Furious with indignation, he rushed back to the house, and found his mother weeping over the dead body of her master.

What could the slave do now? The influence of Anna had been used in vain, and was over. She was stupefied at hearing the news, but on her son's again examining the envelope of the document all was made clear to her. With the mocking writing, their owner had enclosed the letter from the Greek priest.

The mother's resolve had not given way. They retired to her cottage, and for some time lived together until those who had the administration of the estate arrived to take charge of it. The mother and son thought that it was desirable that Demetrius, who, as an able-bodied serf, would speedily be in

demand, should avoid meeting his new master. One of those travelling pedlars who form an important means of communication among the slave class in Russia, had, it was observed, spent much time in the cottage of Anna. On the night before the day upon which a general muster of serfs was expected, Demetrius and the pedlar disappeared together. The former had been supplied with a large share of the money which Anna had contrived to scrape together, and, with a solemn promise to his mother, he departed.

There is a certain part of the province of Bessarabia, in which the population seems to consist entirely of patriarchs. To visit the vicinity you would not perhaps notice the fact—indeed appearances are against it; but the books of the Russian police (which, in Russia at least, would be held as conclusive evidence against any witness, oral or written, which could be produced upon the face of the earth) testify that a wonderful number of the people live to unheard-of ages. Never were so many “oldest inhabitants” got together as in this obscure and seldom-traversed district. The Russian newspapers, even, were allowed to remark upon the strange healthiness of the place. Some of the people live to be 100, others to 110, and even 120 and 130. The police, of course, understand the matter, but it is not their business to explain it.

In this happy district there lived, previously to the breaking out of the “revolution” in 1832, a man apparently middle-aged, and named Gregoire Kuzma. Any one who had known the young Demetrius —, would have detected a strong likeness between the two persons, if indeed they were two; but it happened that none in the village in which Gregoire lived had enjoyed the advantage of the young serf’s acquaintance. It was only known that he had regular police papers, and that, although he certainly did not seem so old by twenty years or so as they described him, that was no business of the police, to whom indeed Gregoire behaved exceedingly well. He so ingratiated himself with them, that one day, when a large packet from Podolia arrived by post, and turned out to be a document manumitting Gregoire Kuzma, duly signed and attested, the whole

batch of officials were quite radiant in their congratulations—did not invent above half the usual number of unnecessary obstacles in the way of the recognition of the document, nor fleece the fortunate holder out of about twice the amount of fees permitted by law. Such a case of forbearance was quite unknown even in the memory of the oldest inhabitant there. The formalities were completed, and Gregoire Kuzma was a free man. By a curious coincidence, within a few days of the arrival of the manumission, a really old inhabitant, whose name was also Gregoire Kuzma, and whose death had been daily expected for a long time, departed this life. The younger Kuzma was with him a good deal about the time the former first appeared in the place, and certainly paid him money. But to say that the younger man was Demetrius —, and that he purchased the other man's name and police papers, and thus prepared himself for the reception of his paper of manumission—or to hint that such things are often done, and that a document passed from an old man to a young one unites the periods of two lives, and that when the young one becomes old he must, according to the police books, be very old indeed, and that the officials cannot see such things when pieces of gold are placed before their eyes—would be a series of hasty assertions, founded upon the assumption that the police system of Russia has its weaknesses, which is clearly impossible.

One fine morning, some months later, the travelling pedlar was again seen at Anna's cottage. Demetrius had redeemed his promise, sending word to his mother that he was a free man. And the Count —, who had in some measure retrieved his fortune by successes at cards, at which the adventures of his earlier life made him so skilful that many persons were timid enough to refuse to play with him, more than once met his former slave in very good society in St. Petersburg, and—must one add it?—cheated him sadly at various games of chance and skill. But he will not do so any more, because Demetrius, or rather Gregoire, having been foolish enough to mix himself up with the revolutionary movements of 1832 (in which he distinguished himself by great animosity against all serf-owners who were accustomed to flog their slaves), is at present located in Siberia.

CHAPTER V.

WE now come to a closer survey of Russian agriculture, as displayed in the vast and fertile provinces of Podolia and Kiev—to which, as its system is similar, we may add the province of Wolhynia. The three divisions I have named are conjointly the great corn-producing districts of the empire, and a description applicable to one is, with unimportant differences, applicable to the whole. These three provinces, at this moment shaven and bare, afford, towards harvest season, a wonderful display. Regions apparently illimitable stretch away on every side, presenting in unrivalled vastness the spectacle of a sea of waving corn—an expanse whose wealth the eye, overpowered with its hugeness, vainly struggles to embrace and to appreciate. There ripens the treasure of the thousand granaries of Europe—there rolls the golden flood destined to break upon a hundred shores.

The land upon which this mighty harvest waves is, generally speaking, the property of Polish gentlemen of “noble” birth. The estates into which it is divided are usually very large, and are inhabited by a population of serfs, whose residences are congregated in villages. In certain cases these estates are in the hands of intendants, or of farmers holding under the original owners, and in not a few instances the revolutionary movements of recent years have placed the property in the possession of the Crown, by means of the confiscations which followed the suppression of the insurrections. But these last-mentioned estates contribute, as a rule, but little towards the uniformity of the fertile scene, or to the wealth of the province in which they are situated, and this for reasons which will appear presently. The first described estates—namely, those in the possession of Polish noblemen, and cultivated by their serfs—form the far greater

portion of the region the characteristics of which we are now to consider.

In laying the soil of these districts nature has been most kind. A fine rich mould, varying in depth, which, however, is always considerable, rests either upon an argillaceous basis, or upon one of calcareous stone. The various landowners of whom I have sought information, have habitually admitted that their soil is, naturally, unexceptionable for corn purposes. And, upon their opinion of its merits, they defend a practice which the English farmer will scarcely believe possible. Little manure is used in these countries, at least for the purpose of fertilization. It is thrown away—treated as a nuisance; and the agriculturist does not scruple to avow his conviction—first, that the land does not and cannot require manuring; and secondly, that the soil would be actually injured by such application. With my English habits of reverence for the agent thus unworthily treated—having, in boyish days, seen it placed in literary juxtaposition with the most revered of all things, and having many a time transcribed the apothegm, that “money, like manure, was only valuable when spread”—I was scarcely prepared to believe that an article so honoured in England could be so scorned in Russia. My investigations have therefore been the more searching. The result has confirmed the statement originally made. Manure is not used, as such, in the corn provinces of Russia. It is used, however—if use the practice may be called—upon certain occasions; and it is employed in a fashion which I suppose will scarcely be considered more enlightened than that of entirely rejecting it.

“There are no real roads in these provinces.” So I was told, on turning my attention, as naturally happens very early in an inquiry into the condition of a country, to the means of transit afforded for its produce; and the statement has been confirmed by representatives of all classes of inhabitants of the provinces in question. Road-making, in the merely agricultural districts of Russia, appears to be a science utterly unknown. The following is as nearly as possible a literal translation of the words of one of the best informed and most enlightened of the gentlemen to whom I addressed myself:—

"Roads—no, we have no roads. Not roads as the word is understood among yourselves, you English, or as in France, or any where but among ourselves. It would not answer. To make a good road is a most expensive process, as you must very well know, coming from England. We have a simpler course than to gather together materials and build a pathway; for it is really building to make these ways as they are generally made. Observe, we do not need them. Not, of course, that it is not necessary that our waggons and carts and carriages should have a path, but we can supply that without much trouble. Land is not so valuable with us but that we can afford more for our transit than the strips of ribbons which you call roads in England, and which I have seen. We do not enclose our track. Its direction is clear enough, but its sides can hardly be called defined. Certainly," he said, laughing, "we have not hedges for jumping over by the hunters, or posts and rails to be stolen by the peasants. The course is wide and open. If the waggons and the carts tear it up, or the rains make it impassable in one place, it is easy to deflect a little to the right hand or the left, and to make a fresh track. That costs nothing. So that we have very good paths, after all."

In answer to my observation, that such good paths must become very bad paths in bad weather, he said—

"No doubt rain makes ground wet, and wet ground is not good for travelling. But observe, firstly, that at the times when we have bad weather we are not chiefly engaged in carrying. Storms may come, but they are accidents, and, as we say, in the hands of God. But it is not generally bad weather when our roads are mostly in use. Secondly, observe, we have means of mending very bad places in the roads, and of doing so at small expense."

"With stones, or gravel, or what?"

"Neither stones nor gravel; we have another way. There is this manure, which you are so anxious we should learn to mix up with I know not what cookery of M. Liebig and others—and that it should help to make our corn grow. Well, we do not wish that—perhaps we do not comprehend the cookery of

your M. Liebig. But we make the manure useful sometimes, for all that. We lay it down in the roads, where the weather has made the holes very bad, and it becomes very useful at once."

"And when it gets saturated with wet, the place is worse than before."

"By that time the chief work of the season is done, probably, and if not we can put down more. But I tell you the roads answer our purpose very well. If we had railroads I don't give an opinion as to what would happen. I do not think they would answer. But, assuredly, we are not likely to follow your system in England."

"But it seems to me that such paths as these must make travelling very slow. It must take weeks for a waggon of corn to make the journey from your own estate to Odessa."

"Corn is a quiet traveller, my dear friend, and complains not, Also, it travels fast enough, and as fast as other people's. You see you cannot make me discontented with our roads."

Another landowner to whom I applied, and who had travelled a good deal in various parts of Europe, fully confirmed the foregoing account, but by no means took so good-natured a view of it.

"The paths have this advantage," he said; "there is grass upon them for the bullocks that draw the waggons. As for corn, I say nothing. But as to the rest, I can only say that I myself have frequently, when travelling in my carriage, stuck in the roads for hours and hours, and I remember it once required twelve bullocks to pull me and my family out of one of the sloughs. To be sure, bullock labour is cheap enough."

Demand of whom I would, and as to whatever portion of these vast provinces I could mention, the reply was the same—"We have tracks, but no roads." Some of the witnesses appeared to consider the fact a subject for regret, and others had scarcely considered it at all. In more than one case, the *immediate* reply was, that the roads were very good indeed; but this was a mere impression which speedily yielded, by the frank admission of the speakers themselves, when they came to remember and to describe

the actual condition of the soil, and the rate of travelling. But the landowners in these corn-producing provinces do not see that the want of real roads in their country is, under the existing state of things, any practical evil. Nor could they—this is almost a needless addition to the preceding remark—be easily brought to any outlay, either of labour or of capital, which should simply have for its object an improvement of the means of transit. They live upon the sale of their corn, and the roads, as they exist, afford a slow, but tolerably sure means of travel for the bullock-waggon of the serf during the seasons of transit; the corn is, sooner or later, housed in the granaries of Odessa; and it would be difficult to show these gentlemen how such an addition could be made to that result as would justify the investment of precious capital in the formation of a newfangled road.

Of the "roads" of the Steppe, which extend for upwards of a hundred miles around us here, I have already spoken. I have described them as about as discouraging as any practicable paths well can be. But the evidence of numerous witnesses assures me, that the Steppe roads are frequently far better than those which run through the rich and fertile regions of which we are speaking. Nor will this, upon consideration, be thought improbable; the nature of the two soils being remembered. The very character of the land upon which the luxuriant harvests of corn are supplied renders it unfit for purposes of traffic, while the dried and parched Steppe region affords, at all events, a surer pathway. To counterbalance this advantage, however, the frequent sterility of the latter makes it too often a terrible road for the unfortunate animals who traverse it; and this is a point which must not be omitted in the general estimate of the transit means at the disposal of the Russian. Of course, in the limited distances of our own country, where the space between town and town is nothing formidable; the question whether grass grows by the roadside is interesting only to the gipsy with his donkey, or the travelling showman with his bare-boned pony. But in speaking of districts of vast size, and infrequent population, the matter assumes another aspect. When the bullock-waggons return from Odessa to the estates whence they have

come laden with corn, the place of the discharged load is supplied with hay. As I write, the rain is streaming in dense torrents upon a string of fifteen of these waggons, piled to the height of seven or eight feet with hay, and on their way homewards. The present rain, which has been of but two or three days' duration, will possibly not affect the Steppe roads; but should it continue, the effect of which I have heard sorrowful stories will occur. The road is rendered difficult by the wet, and the journey is mercilessly protracted. The hay which is bought for the support of the bullocks will be exhausted—who, if fully fed, of course quickly use up their provender, and if underfed are incapable of the exertion requisite to shorten the journey—the grass of the Steppe has long since vanished—and the poor animals will die of exhaustion and ultimate starvation, as happens to great numbers when the ordinary obstacles of the road are increased. This it may be well to remember, when considering the road question. It should be added that the landowner has no direct interest in this part of the question, the bullocks being the property of the serf himself, who has engaged to transport the corn.

We will now proceed to the question of actual cultivation. In speaking of the vast unbroken sea of corn which meets the eye of the spectator, in one of the provinces of which we are speaking, on every side, it should be observed that the description applies only to what is termed a bird's-eye view. But, could he survey the country from a point which would allow him to combine a general *coup d'œil* with close observation—he would remark that a very considerable portion of the land below him was out of cultivation.

The course of cultivation is this. The Russian farmer divides his land into three parts, equal or unequal according to circumstances, but, from necessity, of no very great difference. In the same year he sows one of these divisions with wheat, a second with oats or barley, and the third remains fallow. In the next year the division previously sown with wheat is sown with oats, the oats division is left fallow, and the fallow division is sown with wheat. In the third year, which completes the farming

cycle, the wheat division of the first year is fallow, the oats division of the first year is sown with wheat, and the fallow division of the first year, being of course the wheat division of the second year, is sown with oats. Thus the rotation is formed, and thus it will appear that one-third of the farmer's land is constantly out of cultivation.

The vast size of the estates in these provinces enables the agriculturist thus to recruit his land in some degree by allowing it these incessant holidays. And this system affords the means by which the Russian farmer is enabled to dispense with manure. "What should I manure my land for?" said a many-acred nobleman to me; "when it has done its work for the present I can lay it aside, and take to it again when refreshed."

It is not for me to express an agricultural opinion upon the system. In the judgment of many well-informed landowners even here, this system is gradually found to impoverish the soil. It is difficult—in fact, it is impossible—in Russia, to arrive with exactitude at any result solely depending on figures; for there are no persons who esteem themselves sufficiently interested in a general view of a subject to take the pains without which such data cannot be procured; while, unluckily, there are many persons who, from various causes, are mischievously active in impeding, if not in entirely choking up, various channels of information. But the general impression is abroad, that the land of the corn district, originally so rich, is becoming impoverished under the system to which it is subjected; that the produce, although there may be no obvious difference in the returns of a port, nor any actual economizing in the outlay of a nobleman, is not what it used to be, and that, some time or other—the usual date at which it is proposed to commence alterations in Russia—a change of system will become necessary. Meantime, so long as the landowner can keep apparently up to the average mark, he is satisfied.

But the system of cultivation will be better understood when I have adverted to the relation the labourer bears to the soil. The Russian serf, as I have said, is, to all real intents and purposes, the absolute property of his master. Nominally and

publicly, and in the private conversation of those who know themselves to be under official cognizance, it is the custom to speak of him as a being attached to the soil—one of the *adscripti glebæ*—and by no means as in the condition which Englishmen understand as slavery. It is not worth while to cavil upon words. The serf is born a serf, is unable without his owner's leave to depart from the estate on which he is born, and is bound to give a large portion of his time and labour to the cultivation of that estate without fee, hire, or reward. He may not, according to law, be flogged by his owner beyond the amount of five lashes at a time; but, as a most kind-hearted owner of many thousand slaves said to me a few days since, "What signifies that restriction? The law provides that I shall give my slave only five lashes at a time. But the law does not say how far that 'time' shall be from the next 'time.' Suppose I supply the law's defect, and say five minutes, I do not think the serf is much a gainer by the law." In the sketch of the life of a serf in the last chapter, I also mentioned that, if a serf displeases his master, the latter has only to signify to the governor of the district that he wishes the offender transported to Siberia, and the government immediately charges itself with the care of the serf, conditionally only on the master becoming responsible for the expense of the transit to the place of transportation. But as this latter exercise of authority would simply deprive the owner of the estate of a piece of valuable property, it is not likely to be often exerted; it must, however, be mentioned in describing the condition of the serf, and in illustrating the position of these *adscripti glebæ*. To this must be added, although there is a show of denial of the fact, that a serf *can* be removed from estate to estate at the good pleasure of his proprietor, although an attempt at legislation, of which I shall presently speak, affected to place some restrictions upon this kind of removal.

The serf, therefore, is the unpaid labourer, by whose assistance the lord cultivates his land, and produces the corn which is poured into Odessa. Now, great numbers—indeed the majority—of the noblemen to whom these provinces belong, retain the management of the estates in their own hands, and direct the

agriculture, aided of course by the usual officials. The large size of the estates is in no small degree maintained by the policy of the Government of Russia, which is determinately opposed to the subdivision of landed property, as being likely to aid in producing a fusion between classes whom it is considered far better to keep apart, estranged, and even hostile. Not long since a gentleman left ten sons, among whom his property would have been apportioned in the usual way—when it was signified by authority that it either was or would be held contrary to the interpretation of Russian law, that any estate should be subdivided below a certain point, and that such an arrangement must be made as would preserve the property in respectable integers. It is, therefore, upon a grand scale that the system of serf-cultivation, be it good or bad, is usually conducted. Although it is not easy to lay down any standard of size, it may be convenient to mention that, whereas the possession of “one hundred souls” (the regular and authorised term) is the smallest which entitles an individual to be considered a landowner, the possession of two thousand “souls” implies the holding of a very large estate.

These people reside in cottages, generally similar in form, but differing in comfort according to the means and habits of the occupant. To each serf enough land must be allotted for his own support, and that of his family. The lord has the sole right of setting apart this allotment; and he formerly possessed, and often exercised, the right of varying it at whatever time and season he pleased; but this power has been in some sort restricted, as we shall see.

The ordinary quantity of labour exacted from the Russian serf, was formerly precisely that which it pleased his lord to demand. But this condition of things has been amended—for every thing between superior and inferior is amended, that is reduced to any species of rule; and custom, and the attempt at legislative interference already alluded to, have practically settled the time at about three days in the week. It amounts to somewhat less in certain portions of the provinces, where, I am informed, it sometimes does not exceed two days. On three

days the serf works for his lord—on the remaining days of the week he is at liberty to cultivate his own ground for his own support.

The farming implements with which the serf performs his agricultural duties, not only upon the land allotted to himself, but—and this is worthy of remark—upon the estate of his lord, are the serf's own property. They are his own in a peculiar way. For when he fails in performance of his duty, or in making any payment which he may have contracted for—and the lord has the power of evicting him from his cottage, and of sweeping away all that he has in the world—an exception must be made in favour of his farming implements—a term to which rather a large significance is given in an agricultural population. The "tools of a man's trade" are protected, under certain circumstances, in England; but it is curious to see that, in the middle of a slavery like that of Russia, a similar exemption should be afforded. It is, I am informed, rigidly preserved, and the implements are "sacred against the master." But it should be noted that, the culture of the land being carried on with instruments belonging to the ignorant and pauperised serf, there is small chance of any of the improvements of modern science finding their way into the soil of Russia. The serf himself would consider it—as the wretched Irish peasant considers it—a species of irreligion to fall away from his father's creed in the matter of a plough or a dung-fork. But I do not know that, in many instances, had the landowner to find the implements, there would be much difference. There is the same adherence to old rules in landlord as in serf, though from different reasons. The serf remains what his father and grandfather were, and does as they did, from sheer ignorance; but the landowner refuses to move, from a resolute determination that no outlay of capital which can, by any earthly resistance, be avoided, shall be risked upon his estate. I am acquainted with the case of an exceedingly wealthy landowner—one whose fortune cannot be less than £15,000 a year—who was recently counselled to introduce upon his estate an agricultural instrument considered a necessary on almost every farm in England, and his answer was—

"*Mon Dieu!* look at the expense. Why, you are asking me to lay out nearly sixty pounds! No, no; we'll keep to the old plan."

There are, however, two sides to the question of the land-owner's unwillingness to invest capital in his land, and I shall, before concluding this part of the subject, bring forward the statement advanced by those who are not to be accused of avarice, and hardly of shortsightedness. But we will, in the first place, proceed with the matter immediately under consideration. As regards the draining of these vast districts, I need hardly say that, hearing what I had heard, I did not expect that the witnesses I examined would have any very satisfactory account to give. But nature, who so often helps those who will not help themselves (to the great discontent of those who will, and the unsettling their convictions as to the duty of industry), has in some degree anticipated the negligence of the Russian farmer. The great corn-producing districts are not only so diversified with gentle slopes and undulations as to be in some sort provided with assistance to drainage; but, as if it had been foreseen that it is of no use merely to assist the Russian—you must do his work for him—the country itself abounds with a series of natural dykes, which in wet seasons accumulate great quantities of the superfluous moisture. And although, of course, some application of science to the object of drainage would improve the kindly provisions of nature into an admirable system, the present state of matters is, as regards the land itself, by no means so unsatisfactory as might be expected from the neglect by the population of the ordinary means. Of course, these dykes, or natural water-courses, are abandoned to the chances which govern other things here—where they intersect a "road," the passage is usually difficult, and sometimes dangerous—the bridges which are thrown over them are of the most miserable description—and a traveller who has known them often inquires, with no small trepidation, while the horses are being put to his carriage, whether he will be obliged to cross a dyke that stage. A Russian lady—to whose kindness I would gladly bear a more distinct testimony, but that it would be no friendly return to

indicate, in Russia, an individual who had given a stranger information of the smallest of its shortcomings—told me that one day, travelling in the heart of one of the provinces we are speaking of, the carriage came to a dead stop. Her own servant was probably asleep, for the postilion presented himself, and announced that a dyke was before them, which there were two ways of crossing, and he requested Madame's orders.

"But why do you ask me?" replied the lady; "take, of course, the safest way."

Still the postilion was unsatisfied. He was willing to take either course, but he could wish the responsibility removed from his shoulders. The case stood thus:—The dyke was crossed by a wooden bridge; but this was at once so rickety and so rotten, that there was considerable probability that it would give way with the weight of the carriage, in which case—

"*Mon Dieu!*—yes; and the other way?"

The other way was *through* the dyke, which had, however, been swoln by rain, and the carriage might either swim, if the wheels did not touch the bottom, or might be half filled with water if they did. Under these circumstances—

The lady was in despair, and was perhaps thinking of trying her fate by the *sortes* (only that the censorship proscribed all books written by any body, except writers never suspected of being conjurers), when, on the opposite bank of the dyke, she saw some travellers with carts, who seemed also in doubt how to proceed. They appeared inclined to give her the *pas*—but the maxim *fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, or its spirit, came strongly upon her mind, and the lady determined that the plebeians should cross first. So they sounded the water with poles, and shook their heads, and then traversed the frail bridge, and shook their heads again. Finally, they took engineering measures of considerable ingenuity, for, having some boards in their carts, they laid them over the worst holes in the bridge, and then fetched a quantity of manure from a neighbouring heap, and laid it over all, so as to make a tolerably smooth-looking, easy road. Then with fear and trembling, as true believers cross Al Sirat, they crossed, and Madame (not forgetting to pay toll to

the rustic Telfords and Tierney Clarks) crossed also. But nobody should ever be in a hurry in Russia, except the Emperor.

Of the general character of the Russian system of farming, I could not prevail upon any of the defenders of the system to speak with any thing like dispraise; although, when pressed with questions founded upon my acquaintance with what we term good farming in England and in Scotland, it was obvious that they conceived much time and labour were thrown away by our own agriculturists, and, in consequence, that the improvements of our own country are unknown or unheeded in Russia; and of what we call clean farming they had obviously no idea, and conceived it a species of coxcombry. At the period of the year at which I write, a personal inspection of the provinces of which I speak would be useless—if, indeed, their distance and vastness, and the difficulty of travelling from point to point, did not render such an examination impracticable within any reasonable limits of time. But I believe myself to have obtained a closer insight into the system of Russian agriculture, than I could have gained by months of wandering over the soil itself. I have availed myself of somewhat unusual facilities for obtaining access to individuals connected with the land, as owners, as agents, and as labourers. I have derived my information from the very sources whence alone I could have hoped to gain it had I explored the districts themselves, while I have also had additional important assistance. I have sought the aid of the owners of large estates and numerous serfs, and I have talked (through an interpreter) with numbers of the serfs themselves as they arrived from their distant districts, and on their return; while I have also fortunately been made acquainted with several persons who, for purposes of business and with other objects, have resided in the provinces we speak of. And, were it not for the system which renders it worse than dangerous for a Russian subject to be known as giving the species of information which I have desired—a system which has compelled many gentlemen with whom I have been in intercourse to see me with precautions to which I need not refer, and has caused it to be matter of general request that “no names may be mentioned”—I could supply a

long list of authorities for all that I have said, or may say. I do not suppose that, though this explanation may be surplusage to any one who knows Russia, it is altogether unnecessary as accounting to the general reader for the absence of names, and other specific indications.

I have said that the lord is not always the landlord of the estates. The change in proprietorship—I use the word advisedly—is made for the time being by means of a lease, which is frequently granted to some other person, who may be disposed to manage the estate, or a part of it. There is a rule restraining the indiscriminate grant of such leases. The person to whom a lease is granted takes the place of the lord, and must be in all respects clothed with his powers as regards the serfs on the estate. It is therefore necessary that he should be in the same rank as the lord—that is, he must not be a serf, for he has to rule serfs, and he must not be a Jew or heathen, for he has to rule Christian men. The same rule, I am informed, applies to the appointment of an intendant, when the lord desires to absent himself; and as such appointment must in all cases be submitted to and approved by the authorities, who insist upon knowing in whose care a mass of serfs are left, and upon taking order that such person shall be one on whom Government can depend, there is little chance of evading this rule. But notwithstanding the vigilance of authority, the rule excluding Jews, at least, is continually broken, as the possession of wealth enables the holders to overleap most earthly barriers here as elsewhere. The Jew is tolerated in Russia, and that is all—but he contrives, by the substitution of other names and other agencies, to manage many a hundred head of Christian serfs. The farmer, however, to whom the lease is granted, and whose name appears in the public registry, must fulfil the conditions required by law.

And here let me mention, that the Russians have anticipated us in reference to a registry of deeds and documents. The farmer's lease of which I speak, is not only upon stamped paper, and duly signed by the necessary parties, but to give it validity it is registered in the local court of the district where the property assigned is situated. And the same remark applies, *mutatis*

mutandis, to all contracts, mortgages, sales, and other formalities and it is stated to me, that a Russian title to property may be completely investigated from books to which the public has access.

The lease of an estate is for three, six, or nine years ; but three is the most usual term. At its expiration the farmer will have tried the system of cultivation explained in the earlier part of this letter, "all round," and will be able to decide whether he shall ask for a renewal of a grant of land with which he has then had the fullest opportunity of becoming acquainted. The serf usually finds the new *locum tenens* any thing but a satisfactory exchange from the original lord, who is better known upon the estate, and more interested, of course, in the welfare of the peasantry. The farming proprietor has but one object, that of making as much out of the estate during his holding as possible ; and whatever relaxation of rights may ever be made, as regards the demand of labour and other service, it is not often made by the substituted lord.

There is another lord, who must by no means be omitted from the list—viz., the Crown. I am not now speaking of that headship as applicable to the case of what are termed Crown serfs, as their condition will be separately noticed ; but I allude to the Crown in the capacity of proprietor of confiscated estates. It is not necessary here to advert to the circumstances which produced the outbreaks in which so many Polish nobles took so prominent a part. It is enough to say, that among these gentlemen were some of the wealthiest and most respected landowners of Russia. The revolt crushed, the property of those engaged in it was seized, whether in town or country. Here, in Odessa, one of the finest buildings of the town—and one which early catches the eye, and leads one to believe the place a museum or public library—was built as a granary and store by one of these nobles ; but the government has appropriated it to military purposes. The magnificent house of the same noble is also converted into a government office. In the country the confiscations were upon a large scale. Of these appropriations it is difficult to say who can complain—the insurgents, as Colonel Talbot says to Waverley,

of the Highlanders of 1745, had their eyes open to the game. "They threw for life or death, coronets or coffins, and could not claim to draw stakes because the dice had gone against them." But the population upon the forfeited estates found the change for the worse. The government, anxious not to throw the land out of cultivation, sought to manage the estates by means of commissioners of its own, who were put into the places of the extirpated nobility. The result might easily have been predicted, and was not slow in coming. The *employé* system, fastening upon the unlucky serfs, worked the most wretched oppression and jobbing—the exactions were terrible, and yet the Crown reaped little advantage. The peasant, brought into contact and collision with a class of men who had no interest in him or the estate, but whose only aim was self-enrichment, had no chance of fair play; and he might, probably, have suffered somewhat longer, only that he was found to be suffering in vain. But as it was obvious that the Crown revenues were being plundered, and that the estates were likely to be something worse than merely unprofitable, it was resolved to change the system. The *employés* gave way to the soldiery. The government established upon their estates a kind of military colony. This can scarcely be called a retrograde step; for though the estates are no longer, I believe, cultivated for profit, but simply for the support of that portion of the army placed upon it, the administration is said to be better and more humane than under the griping reign of the commissioners. But the withdrawing so many of the inhabitants of these estates from the general agricultural occupations of the country, has decidedly had one deleterious effect upon the corn trade. It has aided to raise the expense of transit (as I showed in an earlier letter), and, combined with the effects of recent terrible mortality among the cattle used for drawing, supplies another item for discussion when the indirect hindrances to increased supply are under consideration.

There is also another mode of management of estates, which I will not omit, although instances of it are at present rare. It sometimes occurs that a lord, either from want of success in farming, or from want of taste in the pursuit, or because his

presence may be needed elsewhere, calls his serfs together, and proposes to them to manage the estate among themselves. He, of course, being well aware of its capabilities, makes the best bargain he can, and the community, binding themselves to pay him the remuneration decided on, take the estate into their own hands. They take it only in an administrative capacity, and not with any delegation of the lord's own powers, which cannot devolve upon a serf. And in this manner the estate is managed—the remittances going to St. Petersburg, or Paris, or wherever the owner is located, and the serfs doing the best they can for themselves with the remaining profits. This plan is, I am told, not often adopted, although I believe that it has been found to work pretty well. One reason why it is not extensively pursued is to be found in the policy of the State, which has no great opinion of the absentee system, and is exceedingly chary of granting to any of its children permission to travel, far less to remain abroad. And as no person can quit Russia without proper papers, the check is easy. I am aware of cases in which very distinguished persons, by no means out of favour at headquarters, have for years been soliciting permission to visit England and France, but the necessary sanction has invariably been refused—of course with the utmost politeness, and not unfrequently upon grounds with which it was impossible to quarrel, but the restraint, courteous or stern, is still the same. And a landowner will scarcely care to abandon his estate simply for the sake of living in another part of the empire.

The residence of the landowner in these provinces does not much resemble the château of France, or the country seat of England. But it is a dwelling in which comfort is found, and the word is well understood in Russia, where, I am bound to say (in the presence of many absurdities), certain contrivances, lacking among ourselves, for making home agreeable, may be discovered in every residence you enter. The Russian's stove warms his house all over, and the Russian's double windows keep out the winds and the draughts. In the districts to which I refer, the house, as a general rule, is extensive, but seldom consisting of more than one story. To the original plan each owner adds

what he imagines himself to require, and the architectural irregularity of the edifice is of small consequence where there are no critical eyes. The house is surrounded by a large garden, but this is not a collection of grass-plots smooth as billiard-tables, or walks hard and sparkling with brilliant gravel, but is chiefly used as a kitchen-garden. The service of the house is performed by the domestic serfs, who are usually numerous, and whose functions are very much subdivided—a system which, so far as I have seen it in operation, does not carry with it the usual advantages of the division of labour, but has more affinity with the old Spanish practice of the multiplication of offices, which once—story says—caused a Sovereign to be toasted because there was nobody near whose duty allowed him to interfere. But the system of domestic economy of course varies with the master, and still more with the mistress; for whilst, in some houses which I have visited, I found that the obedience of the servants, though always given, was given in the way least pleasant, and that in others every servant seemed to be doing the work of some other official than himself, I have also seen the serfs discharging the work of the house with as much cheerfulness, noiselessness, and precision as we are in the habit of expecting in England. These household serfs, being constantly in contact with their owners, acquire better manners than the class out of doors—frequently “take pains with themselves,” as the phrase is—and, after long and good service, are often rewarded with the present of their freedom. They are not, as a body, remarkable for honesty; but some of them I have heard very highly commended in this respect, and their natures, under kindly treatment, develop into a cheerfulness and cordiality which it is pleasant to see. Among themselves they are full of liveliness and merriment, and the least trifle is sufficient to occasion a startling shout of mirth in the serf’s apartments—a noise which at first surprises the stranger, accustomed to the order and quiet of home, but of which the owners of the house either take no notice, or evince an interest in its cause. The manners of the domestics are apparently far less restrained in the presence of their superiors than with us—I do not mean,

that there is any want of respect, but the tone is far more conversational than is encouraged in England, where Mrs. Gabriel Varden's axiom is usually a sort of golden rule for servants—"Answering me, Miggs, and providing yourself, is one and the same thing." If a serf conceives himself, or especially herself, better informed than the person giving instructions, I have never seen that serf display the slightest hesitation in arguing the case in question. The obvious devotion of the household serf, male and female, to the children of the family is a pleasant sign. In one family which I had the pleasure of visiting, I noticed that one of the nursery-maids in attendance on a child of the house was disfigured with scars, to an extent which made her almost hideous. I am somewhat of a convert to the doctrines of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, at least as regards the appearance of those who are placed around children—and probably may have looked twice at the very ill-favoured maiden in question, for the mistress of the house said, laughing—

"I am afraid that M. B—— is not admiring our poor Teckla?"

"Speaking frankly, one's admiration is probably due to your attendant's intrinsic merits."

"It is, indeed," said the lady earnestly, "and I am glad to have an opportunity of telling you so. She was, four years ago, as pretty a girl as you are likely to see among our peasants. Our house in the country took fire one night, and a considerable portion was destroyed; but every body was saved, and indeed the person who had most to regret the accident, was Teckla there. We were all standing looking at the conflagration, when it rushed into Teckla's brain that this child here, then a baby, was left behind in the burning house. She set up a wild shriek, which frightened us more than the fire had done, and sprang into the building through a window, the wood-work of which was in flames. Forcing her way through the smoke, she managed to penetrate into one of the bed-rooms, and there she must have fallen down overpowered. She was got out with great difficulty, and not until another side of the room to which she pushed had given way, and she was discovered lying near a bed, with the child's bed-cover in her hand. She must have madly snatched

at that, and then dropped. She was dreadfully burned, and her life was despaired of, but she ultimately recovered, though disfigured as you see. Her own account is, that she looked round for us all, missed the baby (she had been carried into a neighbouring cottage), and remembers nothing else."

I did not ask whether Teckla was still a serf, but the character of the lady with whom she was, and that of her husband, were guarantees that the faithful girl was, or would be, precisely in the position best for her, and deserved by her.

The last point to which I shall advert in this letter, is the demarcation of the boundaries of the estates. These divisions would more than puzzle the acutest land surveyor who ever fixed a rental upon rods, poles, and perches. "We have no hedges for jumping over by hunters," said an informant, whom I have already quoted, who, by-the-by, seemed to think that we were at last making some little progress in agriculture in England, when I told him that many English farmers were beginning to consider the hedge as a thing to be "put down." Nor have the Russians stone walls, like those which Irish horses go over like cats, touching the top. It would be difficult for a stranger to say that the estates were divided at all. But a description, obligingly furnished to me by an eyewitness of what he tells, will best explain how this department is managed:—

"I was invited to spend some days with the three sons of a deceased friend, whose large estate was to be divided between the young gentlemen, and the ceremony of partition was what I was asked to see. The affair was made the excuse for great hospitality, not only to the aristocracy but to the population around. For several days we had all sorts of festivities, and open house was kept for all who chose to come. The serfs got very tipsy and very uproarious; but if their betters did any thing in the same way, I beg you will attribute it to the humane motive of not wishing to discourage their inferiors by a display of too much perfection. One morning I was awoke by a great shouting and drumming, and looking out, I found a motley kind of procession, with flags and music, about the house. I dressed, and soon discovered that the great event, the dividing the estate, was really

to come off. We started, most of the gentlemen on horseback, and I think there was a carriage or two, but the "following" was on foot. We had various officials with us, besides land-bailiffs, surveyors, and I don't know what other attendant gentry. Presently we came to a sort of long mound, which I should hardly have noticed, but which it appeared marked one side of the estate, and the authorities conferred together, and by certain signs and references to the points of the compass, agreed upon its identity. I had scarcely remarked that a great number of the peasantry had long slender wands in their hands—but at this moment all these wands were shaken as by common excitement, and the bearers rushed towards the mound, all apparently trying to hit a blow at something. I heard a desperate screeching, drowned in shouts of laughter, and pushing my horse into the crowd, I saw, trying to escape from the mound on which he had been tossed, a boy, of twelve or fourteen, who was certainly receiving as sound a flagellation, though administered amid roars of merriment, as a young gentleman of that age would desire. Every body was cutting at him, and he was so hemmed in that he had no chance of escape, the less that he was encumbered by his drapery, which had been disarranged, in scholastic fashion, that the castigation might more effectually reach the quarter for which it was chiefly destined. Well, the lad, having received a goodly memento of the place, was allowed to go away, which he did, running and roaring, both in good style. Requesting a little enlightenment, one of the most animated of the operators said—

" 'He will say to his grandson—that is the south boundary of the land—I know it well, and I shall never forget it, for I was well whipped upon it, thank God, fifty years ago.' "

" And this pleasing ceremony of beating the bounds (of course varying the victim) we performed at a vast number of places during the morning's ride. We found mounds around the estate, and at each of these, some lad green enough to be caught, underwent Spartan discipline, but by no means in Spartan silence. And where the new boundaries were to be made, which had obviously been arranged beforehand, fresh mounds were thrown

up, and other lads had the honour of being the first to be fustigated thereon. Never was such a flogging-day since the seventy young gentlemen of Westminster school were all whipped the same morning. Then we all returned to the mansion, and the jovialties of preceding nights were outdone by all who had taken part in the affecting ceremonial, with the exception, I suppose, of the young gentlemen, who had not even the comfort left to sit them down and cry."

CHAPTER VI.

WE will now examine the condition of the agricultural labourer in Russia, that labourer being a serf.

The nation of serfs, although now in circumstances, social and physical, which afford little apparent promise of elevation of character, individual or national, is not entirely without its traditions and recollections. Its songs, still preserved, and characterised by a natural melody not unfrequently found linked to the legends of uncultivated races, speak of union, and happiness, and patriotism; all, however, antedated to the subjection of the original population of Russia. I have not been able to meet with any printed collection of these compositions, nor have those whom I have consulted any recollection that such exists; but I have had the words of several of the songs repeated to me, and it would not be difficult to throw them into a form which, coupled with the original airs, might make them acceptable even among the mass of so-called national melodies with which the invention of our composers at home teems so satisfactorily. In love-songs (I may also mention the fact as helping to illustrate the character of the people) the serf's minstrelsy is peculiarly rich; but, so far as my limited acquaintance with his lyrics goes, he does not seem to have found any thing new to say or sing upon a subject which, one way and another, has been a good deal discussed in its time. Beyond the delivery of sentiments of the order habitual to the inspirations "to be had in the theatre, price one shilling," the serf in love has not much in him; but, as might be expected, he occasionally goes further than the decorum of English audiences might think it discreet to follow him. He is also very religious, according to his lights, abstaining from work and adhering to whisky upon saints' days with

extreme scrupulousness. The species of devotion which he is likely to be taught by his priests (I speak of the lower class of course), is not likely to have much influence upon his daily walk and conversation; and its connection with the duties and restraints of life may be estimated by the fact, that the thief or burglar, when captured, and his proceedings traced, is often found to have visited the church in the way to the scene of his offence, and to have bespoken from one or other of the saints a benediction upon the tools of his vocation. There are few places devoted to the use of the serf in which you will not see some kind of religious image; the more expensive ones are manufactured in Italy, and consist of a sort of picture-frame, varying in size from six inches to two and three feet square, and a few inches deep—the front being of glass. Within is a blaze of gilding, leaves, flowers, garlands, and other devices, in the middle of which is usually the Virgin, sometimes holding the child, sometimes recumbent, and a host of little wax figures hanging about and over her, and intended to be regarded in the light of cherubim. Some of these shrines are very showy, others of a mean character, but the leading idea is always the same. The serf entering a place where one of them is hung up, never omits his reverence to it. The question of the attempt at fusing what was formerly the United Greek and Catholic Church with the Orthodox rankles in the serf's pious mind; and, I am told, is considered by him as one of his grievances, but it is a topic upon which it is not easy to get him to speak, except under a somewhat incongruous influence, which deprives his theological speculations of much of their value.

I have said that the serf was entitled to an allotment of land sufficient for his support, and that of his family. This allotment, of course, varies in proportion to his requirements; but it is upon rather a large scale, taking the average, and a scale which will in some degree show the extent of the estates. The quantity, on the average, is usually what is called a *deciatine*, or nearly three acres. This the serf cultivates in his own way, and at such times as he is not doing his duty to his owner. Under a former *régime* the permanent possession of this ground by the

serf was very uncertain, the owner having, and frequently exercising, the power of displacing and removing him at will, and at times when such removal must entail upon the unlucky creature the most disastrous consequences. But this, at least, has of late been rendered difficult to the most arbitrary master.

For many years it has been the desire of the government to take some step which should ameliorate the condition of the serf, by rendering him somewhat more independent of the lord. Even the emancipation scheme, as I have mentioned, found favour for a time at headquarters, although subsequently laid aside. But a measure which promised to bear some good fruit was actually introduced some years since, and but for causes of a peculiar character, would at this moment be in general operation. This was a government measure usually known as the "Inventory." Its character, which would scarcely be gathered from its ordinary title (any more than would the nature of our own Statute of Frauds), was to adjudge and define the relative position of lord and serf in regard to matters of property and other details of serf-life. The general principle of the measure was considered to be just, and the measure itself was approved by many of the proprietors of estates. That the serf might be enabled to avail himself of its provisions, it was ordered that in each district to which it related three copies of the "Inventory" should be kept for public inspection—one in the church, one at the house of the priest, and one at the court-house—an arrangement which would apparently secure to the serf a knowledge of his rights under the measure. But various agencies were at work to defeat its operation. Not the least important, perhaps, although a very common-place one, was its own voluminousness. Keen-witted as the serf may be in matters concerning his own interests, a mass of paper, fortified with law phrases, is a formidable barrier between him and an adversary. And though no doubt the placing one copy of the measure in the hands of the priest—who, being of the same faith with the parishioners, whose guide, adviser, and friend he ought to prove himself, might be expected to assist them in working out its objects in opposition to any resistance by heretic lords—was designed to

confer advantage on the peasants, such has hardly been the result. For the priest—needy, sordid, and cunning—has usually, it appears, been found to play the game of the wealthy Catholic lord rather than that of the poor Greek serf. And, once gained over to the owner's side, it is not difficult to imagine into what an abyss of error and perplexity a cunning priest, interpreting a legal instrument, might plunge a whole village of helpless demi-savages. The law has been greatly evaded or neglected, and at present there seems no means of enforcing it more rigidly, were the disposition of government inclined to further interference. It has had a beneficial effect, however, in reference to two points of importance—it has caused the creation of a very reasonable species of tenant-right—that is, it prevents a serf from being suddenly turned out of his holding, during any part of the year, at the whim of his master; and it has tended to regulate the periods at which the latter shall demand the serf's labour—the old system affording no check whatever, and enabling the lord to select precisely such days as might suit himself, or as the state of the weather rendered advantageous, without regard to the necessities of the serf, or the little harvest upon which he depended for existence. On these two points, both of great importance, the "Inventory" is stated to have exercised a salutary authority.

It is not denied that the policy of the supreme authority in Russia, is far from unfavourable to the welfare of the serf, or that, if measures for his benefit could be carried into effect with safety (a word of extended signification under the circumstances), his condition would be materially ameliorated, and the landmarks of right and remedy would be established around him. It is not necessary to search for any secret motive for this benevolent disposition in favour of the serf, or to contend, as is unhesitatingly done by the landlords themselves, that it is, and always has been, the policy of the crown to promote, as much as possible, disunion and distrust between the lord and the serf. It is not needful for me to dwell upon the fact that the Crown discourages any attempt on the part of the lords themselves to ameliorate the condition of the peasant; and indeed when it

was, at no distant period, discovered that the circulation of writings upon the subject had spread and confirmed an opinion, on the part of some of the landowners, that the initiative might advantageously be taken by themselves, very great disquiet was occasioned at St. Petersburg. A movement which should promote good feeling, and should create better ties than those of authority and servitude, between these two interests, was by no means acceptable to the third and dominant interest. But with this I have not, as it seems to me, much to do. From all that I can learn, there can be no doubt that the Emperor himself, however he may feel it necessary to adhere to a certain political system, is sincerely desirous to promote the happiness of his subjects, free and serf; and, without attributing any second motive, it may reasonably be believed that he would gladly avail himself of any opportunity of benefiting the millions, who look up to him with so strange a devotion. The discussion of the agencies which would clash with any such manifestation of the imperial will, is scarcely calculated for these letters.

But—and the chief purpose of the preceding paragraph is to lead to this statement—the landowner avails himself of the circumstance I have indicated, to justify *his* policy in dealing with the estates in his hands. Not one ruble of capital will he unnecessarily (as he interprets the term) lay out upon his land—not an improvement will he make—not an eye will he cast to the future welfare of the property; but he will continue the old system, year by year extorting from the land all that it will yield, but doing nothing further. In vain it is proved to him that a better system and better means of transit would in a course of years enormously increase the value of his estate, and enable him to transmit a noble inheritance to his children. He is not unwilling to admit the fact, but he justifies his refusal to risk a ruble upon a plea with which it is difficult for a stranger to deal. He has no confidence in the endurance of the social system upon which his present prosperity is founded; he has no certainty, he declares, that state policy, or servile revolution, may not deprive him of his serf-property. He holds on, and believes he does wisely in securing the harvest and housing it

while he may—but he has seen too much, and has learned too much, to build upon the perpetuity of any thing around him. Such is the argument which is addressed in reply to the advice to “farm high.” I have no reason to doubt that, in numerous cases, the conviction of insecurity does operate to prevent improvement and outlay; but I also believe that, speaking generally, the spirit and habits of the landowner are opposed to any operation of which he does not see the instant result. He prefers “housing” his money. And I have, upon no scanty inquiry, and upon no hasty reflection, formed the conclusion, that from the present race of landowners in the great corn districts of Russia, we must look for no movement in the direction of progress. We see what those districts can produce, as under the present system we see what they do produce—but in my judgment there is no present probability of their being enabled to do more.

The labourer's position, therefore—and, as will be observed, it is to bear upon this that I have thus briefly touched upon a subject which, discussed for its own sake, would demand far ampler handling—is likely to be stationary, except under the operation of influences on which it is impossible to calculate. So far as the landlord is concerned, the peasant must remain *in statu quo*. Let us, therefore, complete our examination of that *status*.

The serf, dependent for his subsistence upon his agricultural exertions, is usually found to be a creature of few wants beyond those within reach of his hand. He eats but little meat—a fact I have already adverted to in the case of the town-dwelling serf, and one which is worthy of remark in a country where the price of meat is so low. Vegetables of various kinds are his chief diet. In most cottages we find the *pot au feu*—that enduring and most excellent kitchen, which, if English landlords would teach their peasantry to adopt it, would confer a real blessing upon the latter; for nothing can be more savoury or more economical than the cookery of the *pot au feu*—nothing more wasteful or more monotonous than the cookery practised among the humbler class (when they obtain meat) in England.

The perpetual *pot au feu*, always ready, and yet always prepared, in the most catholic spirit, to receive any addition which good fortune may bring, animal or vegetable—always redolent of an aroma, suggestive at once of nourishment and of flavour, and always preserving to the eater the best and most nutritious portions of the food confided to it—is a wholesome contrast to the English contrivances for getting as little as possible out of the best possible material. Of wheat, in a world of wheat, the serf knows nothing except as a costly article of commerce, his own rye-bread being ordinarily as dark and heavy as can well be imagined; though of this bread there are various qualities, and I have seen some which might take its place as one of the exceptions ordered “for a change” for the breakfast table at home. But the favourite food of the serf is a species of gruel, “thick and slab,” made of the grits of buckwheat, and by no means bad to the taste—especially when flavoured, as it sometimes is, with vegetable condiments, of which one retains the smack for a couple of days. Millet is also much used by the peasant. Salted cucumbers—not the huge green *baton* with which the London supper-eater defies the nightmare—but small, hard things, of a few inches in length, and very bitter, are among his staple articles of food, as also is beet root, which he devours to an amazing extent. Lard is also a very important feature in his housekeeping—it is plentifully used in his cookery, and for other purposes for which one would prefer engaging the assistance of butter. The drink of the serf is water, except when he can get *votki*, wherewith he loves, not to become gradually excited, but to stupefy himself as rapidly as he can—a slave Mokanna leaping at one spring into the “burning waters” of oblivion.

The house of the serf is usually built, in Podolia, of laths and mud, and thatched vilely; but elsewhere, and according to the resources of the district, it is either of stone, or of wood. The latter substance is used when the estate is in the neighbourhood of some of the vast forests which supply the serf with building materials, and his lord with delicious truffles. The floor of the house is of clay, and there is a chimney to carry away the smoke

of the stove, which warms the single room in which the family huddle together through the dreadful nights of winter. Beyond the presence of exceeding dirt, there is nothing else of a character worth noting. I have, however, seen filthier hovels in Ireland than any I have yet seen in Russia, and I have noticed in the former country more evidences of an indisposition on the part of the peasant to help himself to the most ordinary comforts. Though, as I have said in an earlier letter, "a stitch in time" is by no means the habitual remedy of the Russians, still, if a hole comes in the wretched thatch of the Russian cottier, he sometimes scrambles up and re-thatches the spot—while the Irishman gets away from under the hole, so that the wet may not actually fall upon him, or, if he be of an unusually active character, he thrusts up into the hole some article of household use, not obviously wanted at the instant. The peasants of the two countries have, however, more point of resemblance than it is perhaps worth while to enumerate here.

As regards the moral condition of the serf, I fear that my report must be of a very unsatisfactory character. The causes of this will have already unfolded themselves. Utterly without secular instruction, and delivered over, for religious culture, to as depraved and worthless a priesthood as ever taught superstition to ignorance, what possible hope is there for the Russian agricultural serf? He is an habitual drunkard, and would be an habitual thief had he the opportunity. What he can be when his nature is inflamed into insurrection, has been seen in history which has been acted within our own recollection. The better side of his character exhibits him as patient and industrious, far from morose or savage, and reposing a species of religious faith in his Emperor, whom the serfs have been taught, not unsuccessfully, to regard as their real and true friend. As to the characteristic of the serf, as regards the relation of the sexes, I cannot discover much that deserves commendation. The marriage tie sits lightly enough; but the serf not unfrequently forms an intensely strong attachment, and deeply resents any interference with its object. But its impression is said not to be durable. In order to elucidate this part of the serf's character,

I have put to members of that class a variety of inquiries which might, by less scrupulous people, have been deemed a little impertinent, but which have not, so far as I could learn, caused any particular offence in the quarters where they were made. In one case, a tall handsome-looking serf, of about five and thirty, whose beard and mustache gave to his broad, good-natured face a very picturesque expression, unhesitatingly admitted that he was as successful in his love affairs, in any portion of his neighbourhood, as he could desire to be, and on his proceeding to mention his wife, my companion intimated that, of course, she was unaware of his conduct. But in reply he gave us to understand, with an air of total unconcern, that his wife was at perfect liberty to please herself in every thing not expressly connected with his personal comforts. But one glance into the interior of a serf's cottage will instantly account for any depreciation in the standard of morals. In the single room is the family altar, the stove. Upon, and against, and around that, through the long nights, are clustered, and heaped, and huddled, father, mother, brothers, sisters, relatives of all ages, without the slightest distinction. The married couple, the marriageable girls, the children, the young men growing into manhood, all are crowded together about the only means of defence against the intensity of the cold. This mode of living, recognized as one of the most fruitful sources of profligacy in England, is in Russia a habit with the mass of the peasantry.

In the event of the serf becoming utterly unable to maintain himself, or in the case of the family of the serf who is seized for the purposes of the army, the lord takes charge of the individuals reduced to this condition of helplessness. The mode in which this is managed varies; but the most ordinary is for the lord to summon certain of the other serfs around him, and commit the pauperized individuals to their charge, making such compensating arrangement as he pleases. Thus the serf is not absolutely hopeless as regards his old age or poverty; but it is stated to me that a serf can live—that is, exist—upon so little, and his powers of endurance are so considerable, that, except in cases of

downright disabling, accident, or disease, the poor creatures often manage to struggle on, with such miserable volunteer assistance as they can obtain from others.

But although I have not described the ordinary condition of the serf as very flourishing, inasmuch as I have dealt with the situation of the millions rather than of the units, it must not be supposed that even among the agricultural serfs there are no exceptions. With the advantages which the serf has—his *deciatine* of fertile land, and his economical habits of living—it is almost surprising that more do not save money. And, but for the national vice of drunkenness, it is probable that great numbers of these peasants would be in a far better condition. But the moment a serf becomes the possessor of money he hurries to the drinking-house, and in a brief time the high-priced liquid in which he chiefly delights has not only drowned his reason, but emptied his pockets. There are, however, exceptions, and without advertng to cases in which serfs have acquired really large fortunes (cases not altogether so rare as might be deemed likely), I should mention that there are numerous cases in every province, of men who have been enabled to add land to land, have greatly increased their original stock of farming implements, have multiplied their bullocks, and have, in fact, “prospered.” Such men might be the founders of a race of yeomanry, if other times should come. It is exceedingly rare, however, for even these men to purchase their freedom. The lord, in the first place, is disinclined to lose men of that stamp from off his property, and will probably, if asked to put a value upon their freedom, name one which, however complimentary to their intrinsic worth, is effectual as an obstacle to their acquiring liberty. In the next place freedom is not the object of the aspirations of the agricultural peasant. It would place him under serious disadvantages as compared with his neighbours, and it would simply isolate without elevating him. He does not feel the common bond in which all around him are equally linked with himself a disgrace; but he feels that, by throwing it from him, he should expose himself to new burdens which might be less easily borne than the old. Freedom, which might be a boon to the serf who is a

workman, and who desires liberty to journey, is not so attractive in the eyes of the agriculturist.

It is of course an item in the account of the freedom of an individual, to ascertain how far he has a remedy against those who wrong him. The serf's position in this respect is determined with no great difficulty. In the event of his lord wronging him, except in cases provided for by the law, to which reference has already been made, the serf is without redress, his lord being absolute. To suppose that the serf could get one of his master's neighbours and equals to listen to an appeal—to suppose that such neighbour should care to go out of his way to intercede for the complainant with the proprietor—and to suppose, further, that this last should not be exasperated at the slave's impertinence, and should not order him to be flogged for the same, but should redress his wrong—is one of those wild trains of improbabilities which would certainly be thought bold if employed by the writer of a Russian romance. Of the chance of such a course being conducted to a happy termination out of romance, every one may form an idea. An accident which might apprise the governor of the province of some terrible hardship inflicted on a serf might occur; and it is probable that if it did, the governor, acting in accordance with the spirit of his instructions, might proceed to order an investigation. It would then be the lord's duty, as matter of self-preservation, to see that the inquiry came to nothing. The governor is a man of rank, and wealth, and high character, and unapproachable by unworthy means; but between that official and the serf is many an individual whom none of these terms would precisely describe. The lord's rubles will do him good service, and it will be his fault if, by the time the matter again comes before the honourable officer at the head of the affairs of the locality, the whole business be not so perplexed, so distorted, and so misstated—if hostile evidence be not so suppressed, documents lost, of course by accident, and the entire case so very helpless on the side of the complainant—that little can be made of it, and it is either decided against the latter, or a series of weary delays commences, against which it is useless to appeal. If the complaint, however, arise out of an

infraction of the "Inventory," there may be even less chance of redress, inasmuch as the details of carrying that measure into execution rest in hands even more accessible. As a general rule, it may be said that the lord does not often commit injustice in the ordinary relations between himself and his serf; but that upon other points he does pretty much as seems good to him, and that, practically, the serf has no available redress. And if it be remarked that such species of interference with the precarious justice of the tribunals as has been alluded to, be that of which a high-spirited and honourable man would scruple to avail himself, it is unfortunately necessary to reply, that—although, in their relations with their equals, the majority of the Russian landowners would probably show themselves as scrupulous as the ordinary rules of civilised life demand that a gentleman should be—the whole course and current of justice has been so polluted by the system in fatal practice in the country, that the most notorious tampering with officials is considered the necessary line of self-defence. But even were it not the custom to administer bribes, wherever bribes will be taken—that is to say, in nineteen places out of twenty—another feeling would arise, the question being between a lord and a serf, which would, in the mind of the former, necessitate his victory at any price. It might be difficult to over-estimate the effect of the precedent which would be held out to an estate by a serf's triumph over his owner.

The grave question of the state of feeling between the serf and the lord, is not one which can be omitted from our consideration. It is one which can only be looked at, however, in a general light, and perhaps the exceptions on both sides run into greater extremes than any of the phenomena of Russian life. That instances are known in which the most deadly hostility exists on the part of the serfs towards their lord, and that, in other instances, similar hostility has actually broken out in the most frightful violence is perfectly true; and, despite the almost preternatural secrecy in which the occurrences of actual life here are shrouded from the public, I am able, in reference to the latter class of instances, to mention names and places. But, in

opposition to these terrible stories, I can also point out estates where the lord and his family are all but idolized by their serfs; who fly to them for advice in trouble, for charity in need, and for medicine in sickness, and would, in return, perform any service which the prudence, or even imprudence, of their owner might require. But the mass of estates would appear to be held upon a somewhat more moderate tenure of hate or love. The serfs would not use violence to their owner, but neither would they use it for him. They have no tie beyond that of neighbourhood. There is none of that personal knowledge, which gives to the intercourse of an English landed proprietor with his tenants and poor neighbours, something of a feudal character. The lord is probably of a different race, and of a different creed from that of the serf. He sees nothing in his "property" but a good or a bad investment; while the "property" can see little in the lord but a gentleman who wishes to get rich as speedily as may be. Of a real sense of reciprocal duties there appears, as a rule, to be very little. Natural kindness of disposition on the part of the lord, may go a long way towards supplying the want of a better system; but it is the vicious absence of the honourable relations between a landowner and a land cultivator, that must perpetually render a well-managed serf-estate an exception, and must make still more exceptional the occurrence of those feelings between lord and serf, which it would be most pleasant to believe in, and most agreeable to describe. I have already indicated where, as regards a superior, whatever there is of loyalty and attachment in the serf is directed—and there alone, in an emergency, might their sentiments be relied upon; although, brutally ignorant and terribly debased, the serf, aroused to any manifestation of feeling, might be a worse ally than the army of Porus found its wounded elephants. Assuredly, so far as I have been successful in prosecuting that part of my inquiry which refers to the feelings and opinions of the agricultural serf, I have arrived at no indications that he entertains, or that the lord believes him to entertain, any great sympathy with his proprietor. Of his proprietor's feeling towards him it is far more difficult to speak; because,

though we reduce our inquiry to a comparatively small number of objects, each has an individual character. You cannot mass a collection of educated men as you mass a horde of serfs. My own experience of these gentlemen would induce me to believe, that although they are disposed, theoretically, to take the same view upon the subject of the serf population as that entertained by the majority of disinterested persons, they are so keenly alive to the almost anomalous position they occupy, that they would give conscientious opposition to almost any experiment which should have for its object a real modification of the present system. They are content to believe that the serf, if he has his grievances, is in many respects better placed than thousands who would revolt at the name of serfdom, and that the provinces he inhabits are administered, all things considered, as fairly as they can be "with safety." They do not look for any affection or loyalty from the serf; but they think that, if let alone, and especially if let alone by the higher powers, he will continue to work out his time and theirs. And perhaps this is as much as can be expected—a humane concurrence in philanthropic theories, and in the mean time a decided resolution to "let things be."

I should here mention that the taxation of the serf population of Russia is a capitation tax, which is levied upon every male in a family. The tax is, in the first instance, collected from the serf himself by the proper officer; but, in the event of his being utterly unable to pay it, the lord becomes responsible to the Government. That it is at this moment in arrear to a very large amount is well known; and, indeed, the fact is candidly admitted in a paper which has been permitted to appear, and which has just been placed in my hands. The writer (whose essay is transferred to the columns of the Government journal of St. Petersburg) says, "*Les arrérages considérables d'impôts de la classe agricole servent de preuve que sa situation ne répond pas point à ses besoins.*" But long before the final appeal is made to the lord for the arrears his serfs have been unable to pay, every species of means is resorted to in order to wring the amount out of the unhappy agriculturist. Among the severest of these means—and one which I am told sometimes extorts from the suffering pea-

sant little hoards which had been intended for the support of his age—is the plan of extinguishing the cottage stove, and so building up the chimney that the fire cannot be again lighted without suffocating the inmates of the house. What this deprivation of warmth to a miserable family must be in the pitiless weather of Russia, I need not say; but if this *peine forte et dure* fails of its effect, I believe the hope of obtaining money in that quarter is considered at an end. There are various hardships in the way in which this capitation tax is levied. For instance, it is affixed subject to a revision which does not occur within the interval of several years. The tax is laid upon the number of males shown to be in the serf's family at the time it is levied. If two-thirds or three-fourths of them are next year swept away by the cholera, as has been the case in thousands of families, the law, or rather the collector, can take no cognizance of the fact; and the serf must continue to be charged with, and if he can to pay, the same amount for the sons or brothers who have been destroyed, as he would have done in the event of their having lived, and until the next revision comes round he cannot be relieved of the absurd overcharge.

I described in an earlier chapter the condition of the serf who obtains leave of his lord to travel, and who remits to him such payment as may have been agreed upon in exchange for that liberty. There is also an ordinary arrangement entered into between the agricultural serf and his lord, which has the same character about it. The serf may desire to have all his time to himself, finding the land which he is occupying sufficiently profitable to deserve all his exertions. Or he may be desirous to undertake work at a distance from his lord's estate, an offer having perhaps been made by a neighbouring landowner for a large temporary supply of labour. In this case he bargains with the lord for a remission of the labour which he is bound to give, and stipulates for the payment of a certain sum, called the *obrok*, in lieu of it. This arrangement is not an infrequent one; but it can, of course, be carried into effect only, or chiefly, upon well-populated estates, where the landowner can afford to dispense with the service of some of his vassals.

The condition of the Crown serf, as compared with that of the serf who belongs to a private individual, will naturally excite question. At the first glance, it would reasonably be considered that the Crown serf—held directly by the father of his people, and in whose case gain to his owner would be a secondary, or at all events not the single, object sought for—must be better situated than the individual out of whose labour it is simply the object of a grasping master to enrich himself. And so, indeed, would the case be, could any thing be done in this country in conformity with the rules of honesty. Were the Crown serfs in the condition in which the Emperor desires to see them, they would have little to complain of beyond their want of freedom. But, unhappily, the bureau system comes in between these people and the humanity of their master, and, by its shameless and grinding tyranny, places them in a worse position than their fellows. They are exposed to all the exactions and rogueries of the *employés*, and, in proportion as they appear to be nearer the fountain of justice, the more impossible it is for them to partake of its benefits. The administration which deals with these men, is perhaps as thoroughly detested as any in all Russia. The best proof that can be afforded that the nominal protection of the Crown is not even so available as the dubious security afforded by selfishness in protecting “its own,” is to be found in the fact, that the number of the Crown serfs is shown by the census to be diminishing, while that of the serfs on private estates is upon the increase. The Crown serfs are taxed in the same way as the private serfs; but the rigidity with which the impost is enforced by the officials, is said to be far more severe than that displayed in the case of the private serf. The wits of the *employé*, sharpened by greediness, are constantly on the alert to see that the wretched peasant does not evade his taxation; and it is needless to say, that where a private lord would have an interest in showing forbearance, and even extending support to a good and useful serf, the official can feel nothing of the kind. The unanimous verdict appears to be, that taking into consideration the hardships to which the Crown serf is exposed, by his being brought into contact, not with an interested proprietor,

but with grasping officials, his condition is less enviable than that of the agricultural peasant in private hands. There is little or no other difference in their conditions or occupations; and the description which has been given of the home and habits of the private serf, will apply to the case of the serf of the Crown.

Hitherto we have spoken only of the serf where he is grouped with a mass of individuals in similar circumstances with his own. And, as regards the agricultural serf, he must usually so be considered, as the smallest Russian estate, worth cultivating at all, requires a large number of hands upon it. It should, however, be mentioned, that there are owners of a very small number of serfs; and, though these are chiefly residents in towns, it is not so in all instances. In the case where the number is much reduced, the condition of the serf becomes proportionately worse, as he comes more constantly under the eye of his owner; while that owner is of a class which knows less shame in its avarice, than is usually found in the higher order of proprietary. Heaven help the serf whose lord, or owner, has but scant means, and has not many vassals among whom to divide his attentions? The petty and constant tyranny exercised in these cases, is said to be far worse than that displayed towards either of the classes whose conditions we have examined.

I have spoken of the serf as an uneducated being, and I have used the word advisedly, although there is a qualification which I must append to the description. He is not literally without a certain instruction, which sounds as if it were valuable, and which of course has its utility, even under the disadvantageous circumstances of the peasant. Schools have been established by government, in a great number of the country districts, expressly for the benefit of the serf; and in these schools, which are conducted upon a military system, the peasant is taught to read the Russian language, and to write. A limited portion of arithmetic is also administered, and that there may be the less wanting to make the educational course look well upon paper, a species of history—that of Russia—is included in the list of school-books. So far, therefore, as the man can be benefited by the acquirements I have mentioned in a country like this, the

serf has reason to be thankful. But this reading and writing, the earlier rules of arithmetic, and the so-called history, are all, literally all, that is comprised in the peasant's education. Of real culture, of even the humblest kind, he is utterly deprived. He stands like a soldier to have the required lesson drilled into him, but nothing is added to it. Of moral training, of the humblest kind, none is given; and, of course, it is not to be expected that any instruction should be afforded likely to awaken in his mind the idea, that any other duties can be demanded of a man than hard work and fidelity to his Sovereign. It may be said that, having been taught to read, he is enabled to acquire moral and secular information for himself; and this would be a just argument in a different country—in France, for example, or England. But in Russia you have done little for the man whom you have only taught to read Russian. The religious works used by his Church are in Slavonic, and consequently he peruses them as an uneducated Roman Catholic reads Latin—that is to say, the words are on his lips, but they convey no idea to his mind. And he has no other books to which he can gain access. There is no publication of works of any value to him, in the only language he can comprehend, and if there were he could not obtain them. Virtually he is as much excluded from the sources of knowledge as if he had not been taught at all; and that this is not mere surmise, may be seen in the helpless and brutal ignorance of many a man into whose hands, if you put a Russian book, he will read it to you with an ease which would delight a “visiting committee.” The absence of the moral sense, which would be produced by the simplest and humblest form of training, is too painfully evident to need pointing out; the degradation of mind and of morals is equal, but in the mockery of tuition, such as is afforded in the schools I speak of, the government finds an excuse for doing nothing better, and—which is more valuable to it—a justification for a boast to Europe that the Russian peasant is an educated man. It is very desirable that this system should be thoroughly understood before any hypothesis is reared upon the fact that there is a great deal of schooling in Russia. It would be worse

than imprudent to assume, from the returns of scholars at these establishments, that the mass of population among whom they have been planted, have been thereby brought one inch nearer the condition which might justify their rulers in entrusting them with privileges. On the contrary, there could perhaps be no greater danger to civilisation, than the attempting to excite these men to any demonstration in behalf of civil rights. The Russian would, in the first place, blindly believe whatever representation was made to him, and would rush to the fulfilment of his new-acquired idea with the dogged energy of the *savage*; at the first check, hesitation, or hindrance in his way, his own untaught and untrained nature would blaze out, and we have seen the results already, in deeds almost too dreadful to be written. No, the peasant has little to be thankful for in the education which has been given him—its best fruits are, that it enables him to hold his own a little better when a squabble upon money matters arises between him and his superior, and that his national character, such as it is, has been confirmed, and his devotion to his original habits and customs strengthened, by the historical course of reading he has gone through; for the history of Russia which has been imparted to him is framed upon the safest possible principle—that of proving the country in which he lives to be the noblest, wisest, most prosperous, most religious, and most civilized nation in the world, and the only one governed in a way really approved by Divine Providence.

The whole of the present chapter has been devoted to the condition of the serf; and, if the subject has necessitated a somewhat dry and matter-of-fact mode of treatment, I trust that I shall be pardoned for having dwelt thus upon a topic which will, one of these days, be “the question” in Russia. I might have reduced into somewhat livelier form my notes of visits to the dwellings of these people; and assuredly the artist who has an eye for the grotesque, whether he labour with pen or with pencil, has the richest field for his talent among the lower classes of Russia. As regards personal appearance, there is every conceivable variety of startling quaintness and ugliness. Among the older

women, squatted by their stoves, or sunning themselves at the doorstep, I have seen scores of faces into which the accumulated hideousness of a hundred nightmares would seem to have been crowded for the dismay of beholders. What visions I have beheld of these old women, some of them crippled or shrunk as regarded their bodies, but with vast heads and masculine features of enormous size, which, amid the deep wrinkles and the white bristly hairs upon the face, gave the idea of great and cruel strength. Sometimes, getting among them, where I have found a group clustered together of all ages, from the terrible hags I speak of, whose years no one might think of counting, down to the tiniest and ugliest babes (the Russian babies are very ugly), swathed and rigid, I have half-realised a picture which I saw in one of the Continental galleries, in which the mad whims of a middle-age painter have broken out in a large scene describing the horrors of hell. In the appallingly ridiculous faces of that "sick man's dream," where huge heads of great viciousness are walking about bodiless, but sustained by naked splay feet growing from their necks—where other faces grin at you from lurking-places at the end of some filthy abyss of impossible perspective—and others again, like ghouls, are perching on the bodies of the damned, and either scratching out their eyes with hot rakes, or making a horrid feast out of the more sensitive parts of the system,—I have scarcely seen more hideousness than I have seen indicated, and ready for a painter's development into actual terrorism, among these lower class serfs. I could not have believed in such living caricatures of the image of divinity. Hitherto I have often wondered where many of the old masters could have obtained the revolting originals of their hags and fiends; but I can now understand that a painter, in a morbid state of mind, might stray away from the haunts of civilised beings, and plunging into the country, might make his way to some old, squalid, dreary village, where, among living and breathing Troglodytes, or such creatures as those I have seen, he might fill his mind with shapes of savage deformity. I have certainly seen Anglo-Saxons ugly enough; but I never witnessed in England the type of so much grimness. There are remarkable Jews

here, too, of fearful age, and whose miserable dress, long grizzled beards, and glittering eyes, would be a fortune to an artist. Their intense eagerness, their clutching with their long, dirty, bony hands, and the preternatural volubility with which they hurry out a jargon known only to themselves, are all characterized by an intensity to which the energy of their brethren among us is a mere nothing. They linger about in front of a coffee-house appropriated to them here; and as a victim comes, out flies the lean arm and clutches him, drawing him close, that the old man's mouth may reach his ear—one thinks of the frightful Polypus, seen by the diver (in Schiller's ballad), at the bottom of the gulf. But the artist's sketch-book need not be entirely filled with ugly faces and shapeless forms. Among the serf girls he will find many a countenance and limb which will help him with his nymphs and rustics. The expression in the faces of many of these girls is confiding and child-like, and is frequently aided by very delicate features, and by blue eyes of much softness. They are tall, and walk with a swinging step, and, being little encumbered by drapery, they get over the ground at a capital pace. How they manage to exist with so few clothes is a mystery—the male serf is well wrapped up, and seems to take care of himself; but the girls appear to have as little upon them as possible, and what they have is of the thinnest and scantiest kind. On a wet day—and I have seen some days when the rain came down with deluging impetuosity—I have observed the peasant girl, throwing her exceedingly thin frock over her head, and thereby rendering it painfully evident to the most discreet observer, that the dingy petticoat below was companionless, trudge about in the teeth of a cutting wind, and, meeting a friend, stand chattering and laughing for an hour, with no more apparent consciousness of the bitter weather around her than if the day were brilliancy itself. The hardihood and cheerfulness of these girls are very remarkable; they carry weights obviously too great for their strength with great willingness for long distances, and they sing all the way, except when the song is interrupted for a jest with a friend, or a good-natured greeting to the stranger. They marry, unluckily, very young, and have swarms

of children, and then, although it is melancholy to think of it, some of those whose bright eyes and merry laugh have set rival suitors beating one another's thick skulls, and rending one another's huge beards, become in process of years the hideous old women who seem to have been created only for the use of artists. It would have been easy, and by no means unpleasant, to have enlivened my observations upon serf life with sketches from the houses into which I have been, or of the groups continually to be met in the streets and country; but I thought it better to confine myself for the moment to the details of a social system, which not only presents a very grave aspect to the philanthropist of to-day, but may afford a very grave problem for the statesman of to-morrow.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next province to which I will advert is Bessarabia.

This district is essentially different, in most important respects, from the rich corn provinces to which attention has already been given. Its history is not theirs. It is the fruit of comparatively recent military successes obtained over a neighbour. Bessarabia, formerly part of Moldavia, was formally surrendered by Turkey to Russia in 1812, a cession including all that part of Moldavia which lies to the east of the river Pruth. It were unjust to deprive that boundary stream of its dignity; but having seen the important division line on my way to Odessa, I am compelled to confess that a brook would be a designation more nearly consonant with the result of one's own observation. Bessarabia's more imposing boundaries are the Danube and the Dniester, between which it lies.

Thus acquired, Bessarabia was not found to be inhabited by a class similar to that which, as we have seen, constitutes the agricultural population of the great corn provinces. It had no lower nation of serfs ready to be affixed to allotted soil. Great numbers of its inhabitants appear to have fled. It is certain that the newly gained district was by no means populated to an extent which could render it valuable to its fresh masters, and it became necessary to encourage, either directly or indirectly, an influx of labour and productive power. The government, therefore, saw fit to allow almost any body who chose it to settle in Bessarabia, with little or no questioning as to whence he had come, or whether he were his own property or any body else's, and he often obtained an allotment of land, and soon became established in the province. I am informed that this attraction drew away great numbers of serfs from other parts of

the Russian dominions. I referred to this fact in a former chapter, when alluding to the condition of certain slaves who had effected their escape. The result was to people Bessarabia, although by no means to the full; and the population, as may easily be surmised, is of a very mixed character, and, were pedigrees traced, would be found to contain representatives of almost every department of the empire. Bessarabia is not one of the great corn provinces of Russia. The vocation of its inhabitants is chiefly the breeding of cattle and sheep. There is a cultivation of Indian corn to a considerable extent, but it is principally used as the food for the people themselves; very little of it finds its way to the Odessa market, except under the pressure of some extraordinary stimulus of famine prices. In regard to corn, therefore, this province need not be taken into the general account. Its pasturages are rich and extensive, and cattle from considerable distances are sent thither for grazing.

Large estates in Bessarabia are in the hands of individuals high in office and honour in the Russian empire. Count Nesselrode, for example, has a fine estate there, comprising, perhaps, 50,000 deciatines, and other noblemen, whose names are well known in Europe, are among the Bessarabian landlords. Much of the information which I have obtained in reference to this province has been afforded me through the kindness of a proprietor of one of its estates, who has had the opportunity of comparing the condition of his own district with that of other countries, and whose opinions are entitled, therefore, to a degree of attention which might not be due to one who had possessed more limited facilities of observation. I do not know that I can do better than give the substance of his own words:—

“The species of test to which you would submit the agricultural districts of Russia, presupposes a system. You would take it for granted that the Russian farmer goes to work like a man of business, and as his contemporary in England or Scotland would do—carefully considering his whole plan of operations, keeping such accounts as will enable him at any period to compare their successes, and prepared to adopt such alterations, and to make such fresh combinations, as his books, and the state of

his farm, may dictate. Such is not the course of the Russian farmer. He has no system, unless that may be called one which consists in an implicit reliance on the wisdom of those who have preceded him, and even in the precedents of his own customs. The Russian farmer, in effect, is in a state nearer akin to that of barbarism than the majority of his fellow-subjects—I speak of barbarism, of course, in a qualified sense, and as signifying what is in arrear of the advances of civilisation and science. And as regards ordinary registers of agricultural operation, such as those you have in England, the Russian knows nothing of them. Certain rude records in the shape of accounts are kept upon most farms; but as for the system which teaches the English or Scotch farmer to keep books like those of the trader, and enables him to show balance-sheets at the end of his term, it is certainly foreign to the Russian's ideas either of utility or practicability. I use a familiar expression when I say that a Russian 'gets on' as well as he can, but how he gets on is hardly known to himself or to any body else.

"Therefore, of course, if you ask me to state what are the farmer's ideas of capital, of remunerative price, and of safe or unsafe investment, I am unable to answer you, and I am quite certain that he himself would be even more puzzled to reply. If you inquire all over Russia as to the real amount of produce in the various districts, you will receive the most contradictory, and often the most absurd, answers. For example, you will be told, in reference to the sowing of corn and the harvest, 'that ten for one' is produced—a boast which has been made, and which has sounded formidably in the ears of Europe, but which I know to be utter nonsense. But another farmer to whom you may apply is just as likely to tell you that 'two for one' is the average product, which is an enormous under-rating, except in a very bad year. If I were asked the question, I should answer, though not with certainty, that about 'six for one,' including all kinds of corn, might be about the mark in an average year. But I do not believe there exist at this moment materials in Russia which could enable an inquirer to make up the account of the harvest whose products are now before your eyes, on their way to the ships.

“And as regards Bessarabia, in which I am more immediately interested, although it is not a great corn country, it seems to have adopted the want of system characteristic of the corn provinces. I do not suppose that even the omnipotent order of the Emperor could elicit a really valuable return, one worthy to be ranked among agricultural statistics, although, upon such an emergency as that, something would of course be framed which would answer the purpose of the authorities. I could tell you what is done on my own estate, but you must not suppose that my neighbours, right and left, would recognise that as their guide, or that they would confirm me as to the majority of the details I could give you. You could not with safety assert the existence of any system from what I should describe. But I will mention in the first place a few points upon which there would be, and could be, no diversity of information.

“You inquire about taxes. Well, we have no taxes. That sounds pleasantly, does it not? No, we have no taxes, except a small local tax, which is said to be for the maintenance of roads, an outlay of no great magnitude, and a subject upon which, as you know, we are not very anxious. There is, however, a payment which perhaps may be considered in the light of a tax, except that it is voluntary with the inhabitant whether he will pay it or not. This is the sum paid to Government for exempting us from having soldiers quartered upon us, a proceeding which is much followed in the free districts of Russia. In connection with this is a point worth mentioning, as it illustrates the wise and careful system of administration pursued in this country. The exemption amount is charged upon the value of the property inhabited. To show how Government is treated, it is only necessary to say that whereas, for the purposes of regulating this exemption, property is valued at an amount ridiculously below the real value, the contractor who has to give security to Government for the due fulfilment of his contract, and who either assigns property of his own—or, more commonly, procures security from other persons, at an average rate of four per cent. interest—usually contrives to have such property estimated at three times its value, at least. There is

no real rule for such valuations, except that which is made convenient to certain functionaries to adopt; for the house in which you are sitting"—(I can give a London reader an idea of the size of the house, which is situated in the neighbourhood of Odessa, by saying that it resembled one of the best class of villas in the Hampstead-road)—"about five pounds a year is paid for the exemption from liability to give quarters to the soldiery.

"The payment, as I have said, is not necessary, and, in the case of the humbler population, it is not usual. The Government treats the free peasant here as if he were a conquered subject, and *væ victis*! The poor agriculturist is ruined by the imposition of this burden, from which the serf is protected; for I need hardly say that it is not the interest of a lord that his slave should be beggared by having to provide for the soldier. Nor, were the law adhered to, would the imposition itself be so inordinately oppressive, although, under any circumstances, it would be heavy. By law, all that the peasant has to find for the soldier quartered upon him is firing, quarters, and salt. But, practically, the soldier lives upon the unfortunate peasant. As for any appeal upon the subject in a nation where the army is looked upon as the 'one thing needful,' and is favoured in every possible way, that is out of the question for a man who has scarcely the means of living, far less of bribing the officials in whose hands is the administration of law. I do not accuse the military authorities of any desire to be oppressive; on the contrary, I say, without hesitation, that the only quarter in which one can look in Russia with any hope of success, for a manifestation of an effort to be just and humane, is in the superior grades of the Russian army; but it is not to be expected that, under the circumstances, they should be disposed to concede any advantages, or to seek a limitation of the soldier's claims. It is simply a notorious fact, that the peasant in whose house the soldier is quartered keeps him. The cost of the large bodies of military in the district of which I am speaking, is thus heavily thrown upon the class least able to bear it; but it must be added, such is the system that there is nothing saved to the Government by reason of the amount in which the peasant is

amerced above that prescribed by law. The Government itself is charged with the extra provision for the soldier's living, and, wearied as an inquirer into Russian life must be with the constant iteration of the subject, I must point out that jobbery and corruption here find another harvest.

“And now as regards our produce. I believe you are aware that the question which has in recent years engaged the attention of such of our agriculturists as have eyes for any thing about them, has been the breeding of the Merino sheep, and the problem to be solved has been, whether the expense and risk of breeding these animals will be compensated for by the profits. The experiment has been tried upon a large and a small scale, and is still pursued, although some proprietors have given it up in despair. There are cases of landowners possessing as many as 50,000 and even 90,000 sheep. And so valuable are certain of these animals that in a *troupeau d'élite*, as we term it, which was purchased a short time ago for a nobleman, and which consisted only of sheep of pure blood, one ram of exceeding beauty and vigour, was valued and paid for at the price of £40—of course a case of rare exception. But the chief portion of these sheep are half-bred, and yield what is called metis wool, which may fairly take rank with that produced in your Australian colonies. The manufacturer has his choice between the ‘long staple,’ which of course takes the lead as regards quantity, and the ‘fine staple,’ the quality of which is its characteristic. As I do not myself breed these sheep, I have been spared the anxiety attendant upon the solution of the problem of profit; but, from being acquainted with numbers of sheep-breeders, both large and small, and having had frequent occasion to watch the progress of their experiments, from the first purchase of stock up to the present time, I may claim a better acquaintance with the general question, than perhaps an individual proprietor might possess. There are scarcely two of them with whom I am intimate, who pursue precisely the same course with their sheep; but I find that an accident, or disease incident to some particular year, easily turns many of these individuals from a plan which they had previously declared could be the only rational one,

from which it is fair to argue that they have often proceeded upon hastily formed notions. But there is one result to which, as it appears to me, all these experiments will come, sooner or later, although it may be many years before those who have taken so enthusiastically to sheep-breeding will confess to its not being suited to Russia. Our climate stands in the way of our profit. Our merinoes flourish, and the wool is excellent, and commands its price in every market where wool is known. But the great number of months during which it is impossible to allow the sheep to graze, during which house accommodation must be afforded them, and house food must also be given them, will always prevent us from maintaining a successful competition with those who may be enabled to add to all the advantages of our breed a climate which will, generally speaking, enable the sheep to dispense with artificial protection; and to revert to what I have already referred to, as Russians become better and more precise book-keepers, they will generally discover what many among them have already found out, namely, that the conditions of success in merino breeding are wanting to our country. But I do not anticipate this discovery being made at a very early period.

“As regards cattle, the breeding of that class of animal is liable, generally speaking, to only the ordinary risks of a pursuit which is tolerably well understood among us. But the frightful ravages of the last distemper, in which it has been estimated that a million head of cattle must have perished, would be looked upon as an accident which we have a right to hope may not recur. Its effect has been to raise the price, especially of the oxen used for the purposes of draught, and of the cow. I can answer your inquiries as to prices, by averages which, upon inquiry, you will find confirmed pretty generally. The price of a bullock, such as is used for drawing, ranges during seasons where no such epidemic prevails, from 18 silver rubles to 30; and, perhaps a bullock which has been accustomed to draw, will, if sold with his usual comrade, fetch a couple of rubles additional. The price of a milk cow ranges from 40 to 60 rubles, and a calf of six to seven months old, should fetch fifteen rubles. But to estimate the

real value of these animals, it is necessary to know the real cost of their food and of their produce. The following may be taken as a fair average account of the price of the articles mentioned, when sold in the south of Russia. Hay, by the load (that of two bullocks), about six silver rubles, and extreme periods have occurred, when it has mounted up to twenty rubles. Straw, sixty trusses (but these are about half the size of the ordinary English truss), a ruble and a half. Great quantities of straw are purchased simply as fuel, for which purpose it is largely used. On the other hand, the price of milk is about thirteen kopecs silver per quart."

It seems to me well to add here the prices of a variety of other articles, the result either of agricultural labour, or otherwise connected with the land. I have taken considerable pains to verify these by repeated inquiries, and they may be depended on. They refer, of course, to the ordinary market prices in the south of Russia. Beef, three silver kopecs per pound—containing ten per cent. less than our own pound. Mutton, about the same. Veal, six silver kopecs. Bread, six silver kopecs per pound. The best white wheaten, twenty silver kopecs. Fresh butter, twenty-three silver kopecs. Salt butter, seven silver rubles per *pood*. Eggs, ten silver kopecs for ten. Of cheese so little is made that it cannot be included among the ordinary agricultural products. As regards poultry, I find that a turkey, not fattened, will usually cost a silver ruble, and a pair of fowls about forty silver kopecs. And for fuel, wood is sold by the cubic fathom, but the packing is so bad that it is difficult to say how much is included in that admeasurement—such nominal fathom is, however, about twenty-three rubles, and charcoal is one silver ruble per chetwert. And, in further reference to bread, for the information of those who may wish to compare the Russian peasant's loaf with that of the English labourer, I will add that rye bread may be estimated at one English penny per English pound, and coarse wheaten brown bread at the same price. And the average wages of a good labourer range from twenty-five to thirty kopecs silver a day, and in and near towns often rise to forty.

I will now illustrate another chapter in the Russian system. I have recorded the statement of my most intelligent informant, who, in speaking of the free districts of Russia, remarked that there were "no taxes." My next reference will be to the working of a system which is substituted over all the country for an excise duty. We shall see how far a nominal exemption in this respect, and a rigid monopoly, work, as regards the interest of the Government and of the people.

You are travelling—it may be in your carriage, if you happen to have a strong faith in its powers of endurance—and you observe your driver look wistfully at a wretched kind of large hovel situate at the junction of a couple of the paths which, by a strange misuse of language, are called roads in Russia. You call to him to know what the place in question is, and he replies to you in Russian—the material word of his answer being *katchma*. He has already checked the horses—so, as you begin to perceive that the place is a species of inn, you signify that he may halt. You find that you have stopped at a shed or, covered yard, looking into which, you will observe filth of every description, and possibly some oxen, looking moodily round at you from their hay, or a miserable horse or two, much too hopeless to give the ordinary greeting with which a horse that is in the habit of being well fed salutes you when you enter his stable. To the right and left of this shed you see an appearance of a lodge for human habitation, and if you push open a door on the left, you will see a batch of Russian clowns, and among them a carrier or two, who are drinking brandy, and bawling out songs of extreme vigour, both as regards the music and the sentiment. They will honour you with a stare, but will not pay any other attention, unless you happen to be in uniform; and a remarkably villanous-looking Jew will waddle from behind a sort of screen, and, according to his frame of mind, will either offer you a stool, or ask you what you want there. Look at him, with his grizzled beard, keen black eye, and long, ragged, greasy coat. Wretch as he seems, he is a superior creature to the "Christians" around him, and they keep following him with their eyes, let him move where he will,

as animals will watch you as you walk round a room. Your driver has entered behind you, having, as usual, wasted little time in taking care of his horses. He, as your friend, advises you to sit down, and even (the attention was shown to me during one of my excursions in Russia) spits upon his cuff to cleanse the stool for you more delicately. He signs to the Jew, who presently sets before you a bottle of brandy and a tumbler. Perhaps you taste the spirit, and sicken at the odour. But you push over the bottle and tumbler to your servant, and look round. The grimy stove, the muddy window, a rabble of mongrel dogs dodging about your legs, the boors stupefying themselves, and occasionally howling out a scrap of blatant minstrelsy, and the general aid of cold, uncomfortable debauchery, fix themselves with daguerreotype rapidity and precision upon your memory. So does the look of cunning complicity interchanged between your driver and your host, when, having "seen enough," you demand the price, are charged forty silver kopecs (the price of a whole bottle of poisonous brandy), and the driver assures you that the charge is correct. You throw down the money, and, as a prudent traveller, you turn your servant out before he can drink more than his tumbler full. Vain precaution, for when the carriage is again on the road, and he has seen you into your seat, he runs back to get the other glass, which he has clearly earned by helping the Jew to cheat you.

In revenge you pester him by incessantly calling to him with cautions, and vexing his soul with questions injurious to his reputation for good driving, or for knowledge of where he is going. Perhaps you question him about the place he has just left, but in that case you will not get much more out of him than an iteration of the word *katchma*. But if he could or would enlighten you, he would apprise you that the government of his country enjoys a monopoly of brandy, and that it farms out that monopoly, in slices, to individuals who are called "brandy-farmers"—that these individuals compete by tender for the exclusive right of selling brandy to the subjects of the Crown and the serfs of the lord—and that even the landowner,

if he manufactures brandy, is compelled to sell it to the brandy-farmer, or rather, is forbidden to sell it to any one else, except that he may vend it, retail, upon his own estate, in order to increase his income by encouraging his serfs to brutalize themselves. Some little further insight may thus be gained into the flourishing fortunes of the Russian corn-grower, when it is known—and the matter is too commonly notorious to be contested—that many estates have no clear profit whatever except that which arises from the retail sale of brandy to the peasant. The lord, who of course deposes his authority, allows a Jew to take or erect one of those sheds upon some convenient part of his estate, where the greatest number of people are likely to be passing, and there he establishes the drinking-place, the name of which, as used in the south, we have already repeated, but which is called a *kabak* in the northern part of the empire; and the Hebrew delegate of the Catholic sells to the Greek the abominable liquor in question. It is usually made from rye; but when the wheat upon the estate does not promise to command a ready sale, or when, thanks to the admirable arrangements of roads and carriages, there is no great chance of that sale being a profitable one, the corn itself is used for the manufacture of the “fire-water.”

The brandy-farmer himself is a gambler who sees strange variations of fortune, but who always clings to his play to the last possible moment. He takes a large district, at an exorbitant price, and having given security to government in the way I have already referred to, he usually finds himself getting deeper and deeper into the debt of the State year by year. But if he cannot manage to make his fortune out of one district, and has to pray indulgence for his arrears, he usually tries to have another and another annexed to it, in the hope by setting upon several cards to win on one at least. In the meantime he is generally living in unbounded luxury and extravagance, by way of increasing his chance of paying what he has undertaken to pay. But if the people will not or cannot get so drunk, or get drunk so often, as is necessary to enable him to prosper, it is not his fault; and for a long time the government appear to think

so, for arrears are allowed to accumulate to a terrible extent. It is said that in the case of some of the larger defaulters, who have of course given very extensive available security, let it be overvalued as it may, the authorities hesitate to exert their right of foreclosing, from a reluctance to take possession of the very startling quantity of property which would thus come into their hands. Every way, therefore, the system goes wrong, the nation is cheated, and, what is worse, a direct interest in producing demoralization is created among those who should be teachers and examples.

Of the provinces of which I originally spoke as forming the Russian territories on the Black Sea, we have surveyed the condition of the most important—and, indeed, it may be said, of all which bear a considerable part in the production of the agricultural wealth of Russia. But there are several circumstances connected with the remaining portions of the territories in question, which make it desirable to refer to each in its turn.

Cherson is one of those provinces which is entirely formed of Steppe land, and in which the obstacles to corn-growing have therefore proved too great for that pursuit to be the staple occupation of the inhabitants. There is but little corn grown in Cherson, and that little produces a satisfactory harvest upon rare occasions only, perhaps once in seven or eight years. At other times the inhabitants are compelled to struggle with the disadvantages of their position, and by dint of every makeshift to which a distressed agricultural class can resort, including that of payments in kind, contrive to exist, although the precariousness of their condition frequently renders it most unfortunate. I find, indeed, from a paper which has been prepared under the inspection of the Russian Government, that the opinion entertained in Russia itself of the Steppe soil, is unfavourable to the probability of its ever being cultured with advantage. It is true that in certain portions of the south we find a different system of cultivation, but one which is certainly not more scientific than that which has been described. The vast and comparatively unvalued plains of this part of the country enable the agriculturist to adopt a course which, in no other civilized land,

would be thought of, or could be practicable. This is to cultivate a certain portion of the land, get out of it whatever it is capable of yielding, and then, instead of taking any further trouble with it, to abandon it, and begin sowing somewhere else. The practice may be defended on the ground that a fine crop is seldom or never got off the Steppe, except upon virgin soil.

But this part of the empire, though poor in corn, is rich in cattle, which are bred for a manufacture largely carried on in Cherson, namely, that of tallow. The three governments of Ekaterinoslov, Tochernomori, and Worenege, are the great places where this manufacture is pursued. The history of the tallow is briefly this. When the animals are well fattened—that is to say, about autumn—they are slaughtered, and the first melting takes place, the result of which is the production of a very fine tallow, which, however, is not so acceptable in the market as the material in a more adulterated form. The tallow thus having undergone the first process, is distributed into parcels of twenty poods each. It is wrapped round with mats, and as soon as the weather sets in cold, it is placed upon sledges, for it will not bear such wheel carriage as the country can afford, and is sent to Bielgorod, which is in the government of Koursk. Here it undergoes a second melting, and the “tricks of the trade” begin here. It is put into casks, and its price is now about eleven rubles the pood. From this place it is sent away to the various markets. The north of Russia has the chief part of the trade, but it is stated that attempts are being made to divert it to Taganrog. The system of adulteration and of gambling which is connected with the tallow trade is not precisely within the scope of these chapters, but it would be worth the attention of some mercantile “Lancet.”

The town of Cherson, which has been called the capital of New Russia, was built by Catherine the Second on the north bank of the Dnieper. Its vicinity possesses its most enduring claim to the attention of the world, from its possessing the remains of our own John Howard, who died here, a victim to his philanthropical zeal, in 1790. Some Russians to whom I was speaking, adverted to the fact of his monument in Cherson

having been erected by one of themselves, and remarked that England had given herself no concern about his memory. They were surprised to hear that at all events we had given him a statue in St. Paul's—an honour which they appreciated more keenly when I informed them that the edifice was chiefly devoted to monuments to the most distinguished members of the military and naval professions.

The other province to which I will briefly advert (rather to complete the list, however, than because I can, in this case, offer the results of personal inquiry), is that of Tauris, which includes the Crimea. This, again, is not one of the agricultural districts; the character of its Steppe soil precluding its taking its place among them. The country itself has had a series of masters of different races, the Genoese having been driven from it by the Tartars in the fifteenth century; and the latter having held it as tributary to the Turks till 1774. In 1783 the Russians took possession of it, and it was formally ceded to them shortly afterwards. The upper portion of the Crimea is flat and comparatively barren, but it is among the mountains southward that the country takes another and a more delightful aspect. There the land becomes fertile, and that advantage, coupled with the beautiful mountain scenery, has induced the selection of this part of the Crimea for the country residences of distinguished personages. One of the magnificent of these residences has been erected by Prince Woronzow, at Alapka, and although duties of a still higher order than those of a nobleman upon his own estates enforce the absence of the illustrious owner, who usually holds viceregal court far away, the utmost courtesy and attention are invariably shown to any traveller, especially to an Englishman, who may desire a sight of the edifice. The graver duties of an inquiry which permitted but little time for pleasure-visits, forbade me to sacrifice the number of days which a journey to this part of the country would have demanded; and from the descriptions afforded me, by an English gentleman at Odessa, who has had opportunities of admiring the lordly terraces and noble chambers of the chateau, and of examining in detail its elaborate elegance, it must be a

matter of regret to me that I have been prevented from seeing this specimen of Russian magnificence, which, it should also be remarked, is the result of the architectural talent of an Englishman. The Crimea is remarkable for producing excellent fruit of various kind, and especially walnuts; and instances are not infrequent of a whole family being supported by the sale of the produce of two or three of the walnut-trees which flourish in the better portion of the peninsula. But the Crimea has other and more important features in its ports, and their connection with the naval power and purposes of Russia.

Although Azof is not strictly within the term of territories bordering upon the Black Sea, a few words upon that position of the empire may not be out of place. The Sea of Azof labours under great disadvantage in regard to temperature, and scarcely enjoys more freedom from ice than the northern parts of Russia. Were it otherwise, and were the navigation of the Don improved, this sea might become an invaluable rendezvous for foreign, and receptacle for native, produce. But the suddenness of the frosts which block up its waters for months, and the shifting and changing character of the obstacles thrown up by the Don, present in combination almost insuperable difficulties in the way of continuous commerce in the Azof. The Russian Government—probably more alive to these facts than those who would censure what has been called an “obstructive” policy in regard to the admission of foreigners into this sea—has sought to make it less a centre of commerce than “a nursery for seamen;” and though it may be questionable how far the more important part of a sailor’s duty can be learned in the Azof, it may not be undesirable that attention should be given to the uses to which this *mer bien gardée* is turned by its rulers. The Don, for commercial purposes, is said to be even less available than it was in the time of Peter the Great, but there is something of his spirit moving in the Azof.

I will here terminate the inquiry to which these chapters have been chiefly devoted. A concluding chapter will comprise two or three incidents of Russian administration (as seen in the public offices of Odessa), which may give some little additional

illustration of the system of which they are a part, and I shall also have one or two more pleasant recollections to record. I may, however, be permitted to state, that having started for Russia without having bestowed very much more specific study upon her internal administration than is usually given by an Englishman, I have had few preconceived notions to abandon or correct—and that, even if the topics to which I have devoted myself had not been in a great measure removed from the influence of possible prejudice, I have at least entered the Black Sea without any prepossessions on my mind. I have merely felt it my duty to obtain from those best qualified to give information, such details as seemed to me necessary to illustrate the subject, and to confirm such details by comparisons, and, wherever it was practicable, by personal investigation. The vast extent of the districts to which my attention has been directed, the absence of means of communication and of residence, and the character of the inhabitants themselves, necessarily preclude such a survey as in countries of railways, diligences, and inns, becomes the natural mode of obtaining information. My course was, first, to discover individuals from the different regions in question, and to overcome their greater or less unwillingness to afford what I sought; and, aided by the advice of gentlemen intimate with Russia and the Russians, and further assisted by my own excursions and observations in such parts of the country as were within my reach, and by my researches among the humbler and working classes on the Steppe, and in the city, I have collected a mass of notes of which these chapters contain the pith.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is not a very easy thing to get into Russia, but it is a far more difficult one to get out of it. Russia neither

“ Welcomes the coming, (nor) speeds the parting guest.”

But the obstacle interposed between an outside traveller and the domains of the Emperor is of a single character. He is either allowed to enter, or he is not. There is no great array of technicalities in the case. But when you have partaken of Russian hospitality until you have spent a sufficiency of silver rubles, and desire to visit some land where prohibitory tariffs do not compel you to pay about three times the value of almost every article you buy, your endeavours to escape must be seconded by energy and pertinacity. I speak of a foreigner's case. I believe that a Russian must possess something more than even those valuable qualities before he can obtain leave to quit. But I will speak only of a stranger's position, as illustrated by my own.

When the vessel in which I arrived was moored in the harbour, a couple of Custom-house officers came on board to inspect the baggage. The scrutiny was very severe; and here, as at Orsova, books seemed to give the officials the greatest discomfort. My travelling library was very small, but, being in English, it occasioned much shaking of the head. It was amusing to see the eagerness with which the men read every word of the title-pages, in the hope of gaining some clue to the character of the contents. Sometimes, in extreme helplessness, they would consult other passengers, and then lay the books down on the seats, and take them up again after a little time, as if they expected the printing to become more legible by exposure to the air, like marking ink. Any explanations of

mine were received with evident suspicion, and for a long time, I feared that my books would be carried off and impounded. But after a last and very melancholy look over them—a process pursued by each in turn, in a way which reminded me of Gurth, Robin Hood, and Wamba, when Front de Bœuf's letter is delivered to them before Torquilstowe—they decided on risking the thing, and I was allowed to repack my trunk. And as I left the vessel I was told to apply to the police for my passport next day.

The police-office is at the opposite side of Odessa from that of the harbour. It is remarkable for a somewhat lofty tower, from which a watch is kept up for fires in the town, and there are huge balls which can be hoisted as signals, variously arranged so as to indicate to the officials the quarter in which the conflagration may have broken out. The building itself is extensive. The intense respect which the inhabitants of Russia are taught to show to every thing bearing the semblance of authority, was curiously evinced by many of the persons entering with me, who uncovered their heads with great deference, long before they reached the outside door, and bowed most humbly to the scrubbiest-looking clerk they met in their way to the departments within. The same reverence, I observed, was shown at the post-office, where the persons bringing letters stood uncovered, with bated breath and whispering humbleness, as if they were imploring a great favour from the close-cropped clerks tendering the missives for despatch; and I thought how an Englishman would stare—as a prelude to an impromptu commination—if a clerk at St. Martin's-le Grand signed to him to take off his hat while handing in his letter. After wandering through a variety of rooms, in each of which I was desired to explain my business, and then, after being asked a variety of questions, was referred to another department (for there were no notifications on the doors, as in France and England, of the duties performed in each locality), I was informed that when I wanted to go away I must come *there*, but in the meantime I must apply to the governor. I should observe that the Russian authorities take it for granted that every body is to understand the Russian

language, and although it is *de rigueur* to speak French in society, few of the police officials with whom I came in contact understood a word of the latter tongue. As a passport-bureau is supposed to be especially constituted for dealings with foreigners, this selection of *employés* is judiciously contrived for the stranger's confusion and discomfiture.

So much time having been wasted, thanks to the directions received on board the boat, I went off to the governor's. His Excellency's chancery is in the house which contains the public library, and looks upon Richelieu's statue, and Prince Woronzow's giant staircase. Here I found a much better class of officials, who received me with civility, and told me to come again in two or three days. Before this period had elapsed, I had the honour of making the personal acquaintance of the governor; and as at that moment I had not been made aware of the time I should lose in visiting the Crimea (from the infrequency of any communication), I requested a passport for that district, and his Excellency politely ordered one for me. I did not therefore again apply until desirous of leaving Russia, and then I found that I ought to have obtained a *billet de séjour*, and that I had been living unlawfully; but divers explanations on my part induced this informality to be overlooked.

The next thing with which I was furnished was a printed notification to the police, on the part of the governor's chancery, that I was to be taken in hand. And this, together with my passport, I was desired to take to my friends, the police. Away I went, and reached the fire-tower about mid-day. It was of no use trying to form any idea of the office to which one ought to apply—the only plan was to exhaust the capabilities of the whole establishment, by which process I trusted at last to get my work done. I tried five or six rooms, in each of which the clerks, the majority of whom were remarkably dirty, heard my application patiently, as if comprehending it, and then grinned at one another, as if intimating that it was a very fine thing not to be able to understand any language but their own. English was out of the question. French no better, and even Italian was useless. But I determined to inspect the whole

establishment, and wandered on, proclaiming my demand, broadcast, among each group I discovered, until a little sickly old man, with his face swollen and tied round, like Mrs. Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*, came out of a corner, where he was brooding over a cigarette, and looked at me pensively for some moments. He then took my passport and its accompanying note, and went away. I waited about three-quarters of an hour, and then thought it might be as well to see after him, and, by dint of exceeding pantomime and loud elocution, I contrived to send a reluctant clerk after him. Shortly afterwards the little old man came back, obviously finishing his dinner, a meal which I trust had been sweetened to him by the contemplation of my passport, and the thought that the owner was wasting his afternoon waiting for it. He signed to me to follow him, and took me into another room, strongly savoured by the meal he had been making, and sitting down he began to scrawl what it seems was a petition on my part. It took him half an hour, and caused him much perplexity, but it consisted only of about eight lines, in the composition of which he laid his head nearly flat upon the table, followed the formation of the letters with his tongue, grunted heavily, and generally worked as if he was undergoing a great labour. Four or five of his friends came in to help and advise him, and each in turn read his work, and ridiculed it until he became exasperated, and was going to destroy it, when I stopped him, and made him understand that I thought rather well of the performance. This seemed to give him comfort; he pushed his friends away, and indicated that I was to sign the work, which I did, though to this hour I have no idea of what I petitioned for. I can only hope it was nothing compromising my allegiance to the British constitution. He then took me across a large and most filthy yard, in which the ordinary mud of Odessa was amalgamated with the outpourings of a variety of offices, and conducted me up a flight of steps (at the very bottom of which he pulled off his hat) to a wooden lobby, along which the remains of somebody else's dinner were being carried by a barelegged girl, and so I presume the place was somebody's residence. Then he vanished, signing to me to un-

cover my head, while I waited in the lobby of dignity; but this did not seem to me necessary, the less that the day was bitterly cold. In a short time he re-appeared, and took me again over the filthy yard, and back to the bureau, where he demanded certain rubles for items which I caused him to write down. Then he demanded something for himself, but refused to give the slightest idea of what were his notions of guerdon. I concluded that I had given him rather too much, because at first he made a bow and seemed pleased; and then, as I was turning to go, he held out the money, and looked abjectly at me, asking for more, according to the Russian custom—pay what you will; but I learned afterwards that I had hit within a few kopecs of the proper remuneration. He then sulkily told me to come again in four days—a time he denoted by saying “Ponidilnik” and “Vtornik,” words by which I have reason to think he may have meant Monday or Tuesday. He further explained himself by exhibiting for my inspection four of the dirtiest fingers I have seen in Russia.

It appears that what is termed “publication” was the object of the ceremony I had undergone. Before leaving Russia, every body is compelled to advertise himself, and the place to which he is going, three times, in a newspaper of the locality in which he has resided. I had therefore to appear three times in the journal to which I have alluded in a former letter—the *Journal d'Odessa*—once in its Russian, and twice in its French impression. The nominal reason for such publication is that a man may not leave debts behind him, and therefore it might be expected that some pains should be taken to procure an accurate description of the traveller, that at least an interested person may not be brought from some distant place, post haste, to stop insolvent Robert Tomkins, when the real man who has advertised is honest Richard Timkins. Whether the Russians spell every body's name as carefully as they did mine, I cannot say. All I know is, that I eagerly consulted the little pages of the original and impetuous journal in question, and morning after morning I found, after a string of announcements, that the Emperor had turned this doctor into a *conseiller d'état*, and assured that colonel.

that his men were in excellent order; and, after a mass of miserable imitation of Jules Janin, 'in the shape of criticism upon a couple of fourth-rate *prime donne*, just then afflicting Odessa, that my petition had been granted, and my Odessa creditors were put on the alert. But as I scarcely recognised my own name in the mis-spelling—they had contrived to be wrong in the initial, and five other letters out of a dozen—the alertness ought to be very great indeed. I half conceive myself to have got out of Russia under some other gentleman's name.

This gentleman having been published three times, I, having paid for the process, went to the police to claim the benefit of it. Nobody knew any thing about the matter, as before, but I hunted up some of the friends of the little old man (who did not appear), and as they had great opportunities of examining me upon the former occasion, and had availed themselves thereof, they remembered me, and fetched somebody else, who fetched another person, who looked at me for a good while, and then went to a huge pile of papers, and pretended to hunt for a portion thereof. He went all through these papers three times, and then declared that the passport was not ready, and that I must come next day. On the other hand, I remarked that it ought to be ready, and that I should remain where I was until I had it, and to make this clearer (though as this man spoke French there was no mistake), I took a chair which stood beside some other official's desk, and placed it in a comfortable corner, sat down, and took out *Punch*. In two minutes he found my passport, which was second from the top of the heap. I was subsequently informed that I could have obtained the same result another way—namely, by putting my hand into my pocket, in which case the passport would have been produced at the first inspection; but that, not giving a fee to which the *employé* had no right, I was fortunate in not having had to make four journeys to the bureau, as happened to an unlucky Swiss, my neighbour at the hotel.

Having obtained the police passport, I had to go back to the governor's, where, as before, every thing presented a marked contrast to the police system. Civility and intelligence charac-

terised every *employé* with whom I had any thing to do. A further delay, however, was necessary, and another visit. The time lost by this passport work is uncountable.

I attended again, when a fresh passport was drawn up, describing me with the usual catalogue of eyes, hair, height, &c., and which always seems useless, except in the case of some remarkable personal characteristic. Then two other statements concerning me were written into books which I had to sign, and I also signed some separate paper, and then flattered myself that I might say, as Elliston used to observe when he had silenced a claimant by accepting a bill, "Now, thank Heaven, *that* matter is off my mind for ever!" It *was* self-flattery.

I went to buy my ticket, entitling me to go to Constantinople. These tickets are sold in a room in the Custom-house, a propinquity which made me begin to be dubious as to results. The clerk immediately demanded my passport. This *did* seem to me absurd. "What on earth has the ticket-clerk of a steam-boat to do with my passport?" I said; but I had learned in Russia that the shortest way to get what you want is generally to do as you are bid. So I produced it. That was not it—he wanted my paper last given me at the governor's. Luckily I could produce that, too. He looked at it, and at me. I think he was going to give me my ticket, when it occurred to him to turn the paper over. Immediately he shut up his book of *coupons*. Where were the other signatures? What others did he want? "What others!" he repeated—not rudely, but as compassionating my ignorance—"why, you must get the signature of the captain of the quarantine, and the signature of the officer of the *douane*, and you must also get the signature of an officer of the Board of Health. Without those, I dare not give you this ticket—come another day."

It is not, perhaps, necessary to detail the tedious process of obtaining the three additional signatures to the testimonial of my being a fit person to be let out of Russia. The captain, and the doctor, and the *douanier* were all very polite, and, armed with their autographs, I made another attempt upon the ticket-vender, this time with success. I confess I did not suppose that even the tenacity of Russian hospitality could

lime another twig to prevent my departure. It is ordered that voyagers shall be on board at least an hour before the time appointed for the steamer to start, and I was punctual—that is to say, I drove into the quarantine, whence the embarking takes place, about three o'clock in the afternoon. My charioteer—he deserves the title, considering the terrific pace at which he lashed his horses down the steep streets—was suddenly brought up by a tremendous shout from a cluster of officials, waiting in a kind of warehouse on the road—and my luggage was snatched from the car and laid upon the ground. The officials then resumed a conversation which my passage had interrupted, and, as this did not seem to have a direct bearing upon my voyage, I begged to know how long I was to be kept. One of them, after a pause, informed me that my luggage must be weighed. This was reasonable enough, and my only demand was why they did not weigh it—a remark which struck them, I suppose, for they only finished a few anecdotes, which made them all laugh heartily, and then one of them flung my modest packages into a huge scale. I am bound to say that I expected some charge, and watched the scale narrowly, but I happened to be, in point of luggage, an ounce or two under the allowed weight, and so they walked off. As nobody seemed to have any thing to say, my driver, who had been enraged at the epithets which had accompanied the order to stop, indignantly rushed at the trunk and desk, and replaced them. As we drove off, I think a demand was made for a fee for weighing, but as I am not quite sure of this, and, as I am quite sure that none was paid, I give the officers the benefit of the doubt. We entered the main enclosure, and, after a few trifling mistakes—such as my driver placing the boxes, first in a coal-yard, and then at the door of a soldier's station, to the exceeding rage of the sentinel—I was safely housed in the first portion of a shed, beyond which was a large room, fenced from us by gratings, and the further side of which was also formed of gratings. I could see another smaller grated room behind this, and beyond all I caught sight of the bright blue sea, with a number of masts dancing and flags fluttering.

This began to look like business, and I discharged my man with a cheerful heart—an advantage I sought to put into his possession by a few kopecs over his legitimate fare, and he scarcely grumbled enough to keep up his national character. The scene around me was lively enough. Almost all nations were represented, in great force, if not in great respectability. Several Turks—large, coarse, sensual-looking men—were squatted on the ground, talking bad Italian to anybody who would speak to them, and recreating themselves with the vast, juicy, but flavourless melon of the country. Nearly all of them had carpets, beds, pillows, and brass kettles, rolled together in huge bundles, from which I concluded that they were to be deck passengers. They had young boys with unwholesome-looking countenances with them, and there was a Turkish woman who religiously avoided the gaze of the infidels by keeping her *yash-macc* close over her face, and by squatting, with her back towards us, in the dirtiest corner of the little yard upon which the shed opened. Eager Armenians were driving their last bargains, and various Jews, with keen glances and long black gowns, were at the same work, but with even greater intensity of interest. One of them was very anxious to do a little business with me—What money had I got?—I was going among the Turks, and should want piastres and paras—he would give me some; and he almost forced his hand into my pocket to obtain my rubles, for which he swore he would give me better exchange than any man in Europe or Asia, for he loved the English. And as I did not avail myself of his kindness, he came back, after a short time, and said that the Black Sea was very cold—I had not half enough clothing, and he happened, by the express blessing of Luck, to know a friend who had a lovely fur cloak, which I should have for about a tenth of what it was worth. *Fur—homo trium literarum*, I muttered, but the Hebrew did not heed, and finally offered me an amber mouth-piece for my cigar. Why did I smoke without a mouth-piece? and incontinently he pulled one out of a greasy pocket, and desired me to try how beautifully it fitted my mouth. Again repulsed, I do not know what else he would have tempted me with, but that he was called off by

an accomplice, who directed him to a more promising customer. The busy crowd thickened, various Odessa merchants came down, as did a cluster of women, to take farewells, and some dark-eyed Italians, who were going with us, and had dreadful fights with their avaricious drosky-drivers, in which some words sounding sadly like *diavolo* and *inferno* came into great play. Presently the epaulettes of the quarantine officer glittered among the mob, and his white-coated followers cleared him a passage up to the door of the first grating. He immediately turned us all out of the shed into the yard, where we crowded together with great friendliness, and he sent in men to clear the large apartment of which I have spoken. What quantities of fruit, chiefly lemons, they staggered away with for some half-hour, it were difficult to estimate, but the place teemed with odours, which, under the circumstances, were peculiarly refreshing. This ceremony ended, the officer called his subordinates around him, and they formed a sort of vista, at the end of which he took his station, and demanded the passports of passengers. These were handed in to him with a rush, as petitions are fluttered up from all sides to the table of the House of Commons, and he inspected them severally, with great attention, and put several aside, as incomplete, to the dismay of those therein named. Mine was among these; so I pushed my way through the soldiers, and required to know what was the matter with my precious paper. He thrust it to me without speaking, but a man at my elbow said, "There's another signature wanting."

If they had told me to go to St. Petersburg, and obtain the hand-writing of the Emperor ("the Autograph of All the Russians," as Mrs. Ramsbottom called him), I should hardly have been more astonished. I looked round to see whose signature I should ask, at random. Any body who would have favoured me with his hand should have done so. But a soldier observed my state of mind, and quietly withdrawing himself from the *cordon*, signed to me to give him the paper, and disappeared. I followed him, and he entered a low building in the neighbourhood, in which he remained so long that I began to apprehend some new stratagem to detain me in the country.

But after I had battered at the door a good many times, he came out, apparently without any paper, but intimated that "all was right." As he did not produce the document, I was not so sure of this, and luckily espying a man whom I had heard speaking Russian, I requested him to demand the paper. After a few words, he said, "He thinks you ought to give him a small present." "Let him give me my passport, first," I said; upon which hint the fellow produced it from the breast of his coat. I snatched it away, and hurried to the officer, who was pleased to say that it would do. What the soldier got put upon it I never knew, but he had earned the ten kopecs I threw to him. The officer then directed that I should be let into the large apartment, into which I went, dragging my trunk after me. I was locked in, and was fairly in quarantine. Nothing now could take me out on the land side—I felt that I was a dangerous person, and associated with plague localities. In that grated cell I was kept a long time, and five or six others, cabin passengers, were also let in. We could see sailors clustering on the sea-side, and apparently waiting to take us away. After about half an hour, during which nothing seemed to be done outside, the officer let himself in, locked the door, and filtered us through into the further chamber, calling out our names—queerly mutilated, from the passports, which he gave to us as we passed through. Then we were locked in the last room, but we could see two large boats—one for luggage, the other for us—jumping up and down by the quay. Another long wait, and the last door was opened, the sailors rushed frantically upon our luggage and hurled it into the boats; some of us sprang in wildly after it, utterly refusing to be dislodged, and defying all the world; and finally we shoved off in a very mutinous state, and in ten minutes were alongside the Cherson steam-boat. Our passports were then taken from us for the very last time of asking, and in another hour we were out of Odessa Bay, and those who were subject to such affections were yielding to the antibilious effects of the long, dangerous swell of the Black Sea.

Such is the process of getting out of Russia. I have described it exactly as it took place, without a particle of exaggeration.

Any one who is good at arithmetic can sum up the number of hours likely to be wasted in obtaining the number of signatures required; and any one who is equally good at practical philosophy can sum up the advantages which any body, except a mob of *employés*, gains by the system. I need not say that there is a goodly quantity of fees coming out of the operation, to say nothing of bribery (which I did not employ) to expedite it in cases of emergency. To the poor, this must be no small addition to the heavy expense of travelling in this part of the world. But I have nothing to do with results—my object here, as elsewhere, has been merely to state facts, or to record the sentiments of those affected by them. The passport system is most rigidly enforced, and any idea of breaking through any of its nets or their smallest meshes is only paralleled by Mr. Wyndham's celebrated illustration of a certain proposed *coup de main*—"You might as well talk of a *coup de main* in the Court of Chancery."

Before leaving Odessa. I availed myself of almost the only opportunity which my occupations allowed me of making a visit which had no connection with the business on which I entered Russia. The kindness of a friend procured me admission to the magnificent house in which, to the great regret of the city, Prince Woronzow's important duties forbid his often being a resident, although the mansion itself is kept in perfect order and readiness for its owner's reception. The house stands on the best site in the town, and is nearly the first object on which the eye of the spectator rests as he approaches from the sea. It is rendered still more striking by an entirely detached colonnade on one side, consisting of a double row of bold and lofty columns, which, rising from the elevated cliff, invest with a classical character the earliest impressions of the place. The house is very spacious, and commands a superb view of the whole port, and a fine look-out to sea. The entrance is in an extensive court-yard, on one side of which is a building so elegant in its form that it is necessary to enter it to discover that it is simply a range of stables. Opposite is the house, which forms an angle, and takes nearly the whole of two sides of the court. The arrangement of the rooms is very good, and the ornaments comprise numerous specimens

of rare and valuable productions of various countries, while the walls are decorated with a choice collection of pictures, chiefly formed by the prince's father, so long known and so highly esteemed in England, where he resided as ambassador. Among the more striking ornaments is a magnificent gold vase, of very large dimensions, presented to the prince as a military recognition, and another vase of great size, in malachite, one of the most beautiful specimens of this stone I have ever seen. A collection of busts of royal and distinguished personages, chiefly, I understood, presents from the originals, are likewise here, as also marble copies from many of the more famous works of ancient art. One of these was pointed out to me as having been curiously affected by one of the earthquakes which have been sustained by Odessa—it was not thrown from its pedestal, as might have been expected, but was turned nearly round, with its face from the spectator. Large full-lengths of the recent Sovereigns of Russia, by eminent artists, are among the adornments of the house, and in particular I was interested by a masterly picture of Catherine the Second, in which the artist, while preserving the portraiture of a very fine and almost captivating woman—flesh, blood, and animation—has not shrunk from indicating, with great truthfulness, certain other characteristics of this strange creature, which history has recorded with a less artistic severity. An admirable portrait of Mr. Pitt, with the motto, *Non sibi sed patriæ*, hangs perhaps in a less advantageous light than so fine a work deserves, but it cannot be passed over by the most careless spectator. There are, indeed, numberless recollections of England throughout the mansion; and I was much pleased to see on the children's shelves the soundest and best of the works of Miss Edgeworth and Maria Hack. It is almost trespassing on fairy ground to describe the *boudoir* of the Princess Woronzow, with its charming *demijour*, half due to exquisite coloured glass, and half to the towering tenants of the spacious conservatory upon which it looks. The prince's own cabinet, with its collection of philosophical instruments, might perhaps be a more legitimate subject for description, were one writing for that purpose, and not merely recording a most pleasant visit. The library contains but a

comparatively small portion of Prince Woronzow's collection of books, but it comprises a large mass of valuable works, and includes not only the oldest but the newest of our own most valued authors. It was more than agreeable to withdraw for an hour from the examination of a system and the collection of details, and to find myself suddenly in the midst of evidences, not so much of the power of wealth and rank to accumulate elegant luxuries, and to appropriate honourable testimonials, as of the exercise of taste and intellect in the selection of the real treasures of art and literature.

That, in regard to the latter department at least, there is no very strong sympathy among Russian officials, was evidenced under my observation at the Custom-house. A gentleman who had recently returned to Russia had some months previously sent home a number of books, in various languages, and these had been, of course, stopped at the *douane*. On his arrival, he set himself to work to get them through, and was in many instances successful, despite the great severity of the censorship. This "censure" appeared to me to work exceedingly harshly, except in the case of the deserved condemnation of immoral books, which, however, though rigorously proscribed, are continually introduced under cover of most virtuous titles and letterings. In the present instance, the owner of the books sought to be brought in was particularly anxious to obtain some Swedish works which were among them. But these were as pertinaciously denied him. He vainly demanded some reason for the exclusion, and explained that they were all of the most blameless character, having nothing to do either with religion politics, or morals. All was of no use—he could not have them. Again he desired to know whether any of them were specifically objected to, as he could not imagine that all Swedish works were proscribed in a mass. No explanation was afforded him, but that the books would not be given up—that was all. But he reminded the officials that, some months before, they had actually passed a number of Swedish books for him—what did the change mean? His perseverance began to offend the authorities, and he got no other answer but the preceding one, a little more tartly given.

But he finally obtained some light on the point, for one day he contrived to gain a sight of some of his Swedish books, with the word *Inconnu* over the batch. Upon this hint he represented to the officials that he had become aware that they knew nothing about the books one way or the other, and that they should endeavour to be enlightened, and he begged them to read the books. Out it came at last, that, there being a censorship for the examination of books, and the condemnation of such as were immoral, that censorship comprised nobody who understood a word of Swedish, or could give an opinion on the subject. So that Swedish literature—and the admirers of Jenny Lind and Frederica Bremer may as well know it—is at present excluded from the south of Russia, and the national lyrics of the one and the national novels of the other must not be sent to that discourteous market.

It is also due to Odessa to mention that it is not altogether unaware of some of its deficiencies, and especially of its want of decent lighting. And as far as setting up a few stalwart looking gas-lamps goes, in one part of the town, a step has been taken in the right direction. But there is a serious drawback to the utility of these lamps, in the fact that there is no gas, and no great chance of there being any. A few days before I left, however, a sensation was caused by the rumour that on a given night gas was to flow into the pipes, and the town was to be in a blaze, and people promenaded in the hope of seeing the phenomenon, as in other countries they look for fireworks. Having walked until they were weary, and the fire not having appeared, I presume they went home by oil-light, as they have done for many a long year. There was, I found upon inquiry, considerable foundation for the report, inasmuch as a gentleman of some theoretical knowledge, or at least ambition, on the subject of gas—but who, I was informed, had never seen either a gasometer or even a gas-light at all—had undertaken to illuminate the town upon a principle which he supposed to be new and good, but which turned out to be neither. He was, with commendable spirit, a good deal encouraged by the authorities, but the affair ended in disappointment. An English company, if they could

be admitted, would have the town in one blaze of light in a quarter of a year; but this would not suit either systems or individuals, and an attempt of the kind, already made, was burked at the earliest outset.

I cannot conclude this series of letters on Russia without bearing testimony to the kind assistance which I have received from numerous gentlemen in the course of my inquiries, and without which aid, in a country like Russia, it would have been impossible for me to have carried out those inquiries. To record their names would be to violate promises which, however I may regret their necessity, I must keep, until released from them by those to whom they were made. But there is one case in which, happily, no such secresy is needed, and that is in the case of our own Consul-General, Mr. James Yeames. To that gentleman's earnest interest in the object I had in view—to his sound and practical advice, founded upon the experience of more than a quarter of a century in Russia—and to much invaluable information afforded by him upon statistical matters, I am most happy thus to record my debt.

THE END.

A LOVE STORY:

A FRAGMENT FROM "THE DOCTOR," ETC.

BY THE LATE

ROBERT SOUTHEY,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

EDITED BY

JOHN WOOD WARTER, B.D.,

HIS SON-IN-LAW,

VICAR OF WEST-TARRING, SUSSEX.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

1853.

PREFACE.

IT has been suggested to Messrs. Longmans and Co., by one very competent in every way to give an opinion, that the "Love Story," from the DOCTOR, &c., would form an interesting number for the "Traveller's Library." "It is equal," he says, "to Addison or Goldsmith, one of the most simple and beautiful stories in the language—and lost to readers in general, because readers in general will not be at the trouble of picking their way to it through much that to some people is tiresome." On this suggestion, and with these remarks, it is now printed separately.

Possibly the publication of the story may call the attention of more readers to the DOCTOR, &c., a work which has now become an English Classic, and contains more food for thought than any other that could readily be named. In a letter addressed to me, October 25, 1834, SOUTHEY speaks of it thus:—"I have traced the

PREFACE.

Colloquies to Boethius. This *opus* is not in like manner traceable to any single prototype, but it savours of Rabelais, Montaigne, Burton, Bayle, and Sterne;—the five producing what might be called a *sextum quod*.”

I may note in passing, that the “Love Story” is incomplete; but that the lamented SOUTHEY always intended to complete it, as he told Mrs. Southey and myself more than once. It must pass as a happy fragment, like the FASTI of Ovid, and rare Ben’s SAD SHEPHERDESS, and the SQUIRE’S TALE of Chaucer, to which Milton alludes, when he would—

“Call up him that left untold
The story of Cambuscan bold.”

JOHN WOOD WARTER,

VICARAGE, WEST-TARRING,
July 28, 1853.

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A LOVE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

RASH MARRIAGES. AN EARLY WIDOWHOOD. AFFLICTION RENDERED
A BLESSING TO THE SUFFERERS; AND TWO ORPHANS LEFT, THOUGH
NOT DESTITUTE, YET FRIENDLESS.

Love built a stately house; where Fortune came,
And spinning fancies, she was heard to say
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame;
Whereas they were supported by the same.
But Wisdom quickly swept them all away.

HERBERT.

MRS. DOVE was the only child of a clergyman who held a small vicarage in the West Riding. Leonard Bacon, her father, had been left an orphan in early youth. He had some wealthy relations by whose contributions he was placed at an endowed grammar-school in the country, and having through their influence gained a scholarship, to which his own deserts might have entitled him, they continued to assist him—sparingly enough indeed—at the University, till he succeeded to a fellow-

ship. Leonard was made of Nature's finest clay, and Nature had tempered it with the choicest dews of heaven.

He had a female cousin about three years younger than himself, and in like manner an orphan, equally destitute, but far more forlorn. Man hath a fleece about him which enables him to bear the buffetings of the storm;—but woman when young, and lovely, and poor, is as a shorn lamb for which the wind has not been tempered.

Leonard's father and Margaret's had been bosom friends. They were subalterns in the same regiment, and, being for a long time stationed at Salisbury, had become intimate at the house of Mr. Trewbody, a gentleman of one of the oldest families in Wiltshire. Mr. Trewbody had three daughters. Melicent, the eldest, was a celebrated beauty, and the knowledge of this had not tended to improve a detestable temper. The two youngest, Deborah and Margaret, were lively, good-natured, thoughtless, and attractive. They danced with the two Lieutenants, played to them on the spinnet, sung with them and laughed with them,—till this mirthful intercourse became serious, and, knowing that it would be impossible to obtain their father's consent, they married the men of their hearts without it. Palmer and Bacon were both without fortune, and without any other means of subsistence than their commissions. For four years they were as happy as love could make them; at

the end of that time Palmer was seized with an infectious fever. Deborah was then far advanced in pregnancy, and no solicitations could induce Bacon to keep from his friend's bedside. The disease proved fatal; it communicated to Bacon and his wife; the former only survived his friend ten days, and he and Deborah were then laid in the same grave. They left an only boy of three years old, and in less than a month the widow Palmer was delivered of a daughter.

In the first impulse of anger at the flight of his daughters, and the degradation of his family, (for Bacon was the son of a tradesman, and Palmer was nobody knew who,) Mr. Trewbody had made his will, and left the whole sum, which he had designed for his three daughters, to the eldest. Whether the situation of Margaret and the two orphans might have touched him, is perhaps doubtful,—for the family were either light-hearted or hard-hearted, and his heart was of the hard sort; but he died suddenly a few months before his sons-in-law. The only son, Trewman Trewbody, Esq., a Wiltshire fox-hunter, like his father, succeeded to the estate; and as he and his eldest sister hated each other cordially, Miss Melicent left the manor-house, and established herself in the Close at Salisbury, where she lived in that style which a portion of £6000 enabled her in those days to support.

The circumstance which might appear so greatly to have aggravated Mrs. Palmer's distress, if such distress be capable of aggravation, prevented her perhaps from eventually sinking under it. If the birth of her child was no alleviation of her sorrow, it brought with it new feelings, new duties, new cause for exertion, and new strength for it. She wrote to Melicent and to her brother, simply stating her own destitute situation, and that of the orphan Leonard; she believed that their pride would not suffer them either to let her starve or go to the parish for support, and in this she was not disappointed. An answer was returned by Miss Trewbody, informing her that she had nobody to thank but herself for her misfortunes; but that, notwithstanding the disgrace which she had brought upon the family, she might expect an annual allowance of ten pounds from the writer, and a like sum from her brother; upon this she must retire into some obscure part of the country, and pray God to forgive her for the offence she had committed, in marrying beneath her birth, and against her father's consent.

Mrs. Palmer had also written to the friends of Lieutenant Bacon,—her own husband had none who could assist her. She expressed her willingness and her anxiety to have the care of her sister's orphan, but represented her forlorn state. They behaved more liberally than her own kin had done, and promised five

pounds a-year as long as the boy should require it. With this and her pension she took a cottage in a retired village. Grief had acted upon her heart like the rod of Moses upon the rock in the desert; it had opened it, and the well-spring of piety had gushed forth. Affliction made her religious, and religion brought with it consolation, and comfort, and joy. Leonard became as dear to her as Margaret. The sense of duty educed a pleasure from every privation to which she subjected herself for the sake of economy; and, in endeavouring to fulfil her duties in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her, she was happier than she had ever been in her father's house, and not less so than in her marriage state. Her happiness indeed was different in kind, but it was higher in degree. For the sake of these dear children she was contented to live, and even prayed for life; while, if it had respected herself only, Death had become to her rather an object of desire than of dread. In this manner she lived seven years after the loss of her husband, and was then carried off by an acute disease, to the irreparable loss of the orphans, who were thus orphaned indeed.

CHAPTER II.

A LADY DESCRIBED WHOSE SINGLE LIFE WAS NO BLESSEDNESS EITHER
TO HERSELF OR OTHERS. A VERACIOUS EPITAPH AND AN APPROPRIATE MONUMENT.

Beauty! my Lord,—'tis the worst part of woman!
A weak poor thing, assaulted every hour
By creeping minutes of defacing time;
A superficies which each breath of care
Blasts off; and every humourous stream of grief,
Which flows from forth these fountains of our eyes,
Washeth away, as rain doth winter's snow.

GOFF.

MISS TREWBODY behaved with perfect propriety upon the news of her sister's death. She closed her front windows for two days; received no visitors for a week; was much indisposed, but resigned to the will of Providence, in reply to messages of condolence; put her servants in mourning, and sent for Margaret, that she might do her duty to her sister's child by breeding her up under her own eye. Poor Margaret was transferred from the stone floor of her mother's cottage to the Turkey carpet of her aunt's parlour. She was too young to comprehend at once the whole evil of the exchange; but she learned to feel and understand it during years of

bitter dependence, unalleviated by any hope, except that of one day seeing Leonard, the only creature on earth whom she remembered with affection.

Seven years elapsed, and during all those years Leonard was left to pass his holidays, summer and winter, at the grammar-school where he had been placed at Mrs. Palmer's death: for although the master regularly transmitted with his half-yearly bill the most favourable accounts of his disposition and general conduct, as well as of his progress in learning, no wish to see the boy had ever arisen in the hearts of his nearest relations; and no feeling of kindness, or sense of decent humanity, had ever induced either the fox-hunter Trewman, or Melicent his sister, to invite him for Midsummer or Christmas. At length in the seventh year a letter announced that his school-education had been completed, and that he was elected to a scholarship at — College, Oxford, which scholarship would entitle him to a fellowship in due course of time: in the intervening years some little assistance from his *liberal benefactors* would be required; and the liberality of those *kind friends* would be well bestowed upon a youth who bade so fair to do honour to himself, and to reflect *no disgrace upon his honourable connections*. The head of the family promised his part, with an ungracious expression of satisfaction at thinking that, "thank God, there would soon be an end of these

demands upon him." Miss Trewbody signified her assent in the same amiable and religious spirit. However much her sister had disgraced her family, she replied, "Please God, it should never be said that she refused to do her duty."

The whole sum which these wealthy relations contributed was not very heavy,—an annual ten pounds each; but they contrived to make their nephew feel the weight of every separate portion. The Squire's half came always with a brief note, desiring that the receipt of the enclosed sum might be acknowledged without delay,—not a word of kindness or courtesy accompanied it: and Miss Trewbody never failed to administer with her remittance a few edifying remarks upon the folly of his mother in marrying beneath herself; and the improper conduct of his father in connecting himself with a woman of family, against the consent of her relations; the consequence of which was, that he had left a child dependent upon those relations for support. Leonard received these pleasant preparations of charity only at distant intervals, when he regularly expected them, with his half-yearly allowance. But Margaret meantime was dieted upon the food of bitterness, without one circumstance to relieve the misery of her situation.

At the time of which I am now speaking, Miss Trewbody was a maiden lady of forty-seven, in the highest state of preservation. The whole business of her life had

been to take care of a fine person, and in this she had succeeded admirably. Her library consisted of two books; "Nelson's Festivals and Fasts" was one, the other was "The Queen's Cabinet unlocked:" and there was not a cosmetic in the latter which she had not faithfully prepared. Thus by means, as she believed, of distilled waters of various kinds, May-dew and butter-milk, her skin retained its beautiful texture still, and much of its smoothness; and she knew at times how to give it the appearance of that brilliancy which it had lost. But that was a profound secret. Miss Trewbody, remembering the example of Jezebel, always felt conscious that she was committing a sin when she took the rouge-box in her hand, and generally ejaculated in a low voice, the Lord forgive me! when she laid it down: but, looking in the glass at the same time, she indulged a hope that the nature of the temptation might be considered as an excuse for the transgression. Her other great business was to observe with the utmost precision all the punctilios of her situation in life; and the time which was not devoted to one or other of these worthy occupations, was employed in scolding her servants, and tormenting her niece. This employment, for it was so habitual that it deserved that name, agreed excellently with her constitution. She was troubled with no acrid humours, no fits of bile, no diseases of the spleen, no vapours or hysterics.

The morbid matter was all collected in her temper, and found a regular vent at her tongue. This kept the lungs in vigorous health; nay, it even seemed to supply the place of wholesome exercise, and to stimulate the system like a perpetual blister, with this peculiar advantage, that instead of an inconvenience it was a pleasure to herself, and all the annoyance was to her dependents.

Miss Trewbody lies buried in the Cathedral at Salisbury, where a monument was erected to her memory worthy of remembrance itself for its appropriate inscription and accompaniments. The epitaph recorded her as a woman eminently pious, virtuous, and charitable, who lived universally respected, and died sincerely lamented, by all who had the happiness of knowing her. This inscription was upon a marble shield supported by two Cupids, who bent their heads over the edge, with marble tears larger than grey pease, and something of the same colour, upon their cheeks. These were the only tears which her death occasioned, and the only Cupids with whom she had ever any concern.

CHAPTER III.

A SCENE WHICH WILL PUT SOME OF THOSE READERS WHO HAVE BEEN MOST IMPATIENT WITH THE AUTHOR, IN THE BEST HUMOUR WITH HIM.

There is no argument of more antiquity and elegancy than is the matter of Love; for it seems to be as old as the world, and to bear date from the first time that man and woman was: therefore in this, as in the finest metal, the freshest wits have in all ages shown their best workmanship.

ROBERT WILMOT.

WHEN Leonard had resided three years at Oxford, one of his college-friends invited him to pass the long vacation at his father's house, which happened to be within an easy ride of Salisbury. One morning, therefore, he rode to that city, rung at Miss Trewbody's door, and having sent in his name, was admitted into the parlour, where there was no one to receive him, while Miss Trewbody adjusted her head-dress at the toilette, before she made her appearance. Her feelings while she was thus employed were not of the pleasantest kind toward this unexpected guest; and she was prepared to accost him with a reproof for his extravagance in undertaking so long a journey, and with some mortifying

questions concerning the business which brought him there. But this amiable intention was put to flight, when Leonard, as soon as she entered the room, informed her, that having accepted an invitation into that neighbourhood, from his friend and fellow-collegian, the son of Sir Lambert Bowles, he had taken the earliest opportunity of coming to pay his respects to her, and acknowledging his obligations, as bound alike by duty and inclination. The name of Sir Lambert Bowles acted upon Miss Trewbody like a charm; and its mollifying effect was not a little aided by the tone of her nephew's address, and the sight of a fine youth in the first bloom of manhood, whose appearance and manners were such, that she could not be surprised at the introduction he had obtained into one of the first families in the county. The scowl, therefore, which she brought into the room upon her brow, passed instantly away, and was succeeded by so gracious an aspect, that Leonard, if he had not divined the cause, might have mistaken this gleam of sunshine for fair weather.

A cause which Miss Trewbody could not possibly suspect had rendered her nephew's address thus conciliatory. Had he expected to see no other person in that house, the visit would have been performed as an irksome obligation, and his manner would have appeared

as cold and formal as the reception which he anticipated. But Leonard had not forgotten the playmate and companion with whom the happy years of his childhood had been passed. Young as he was at their separation, his character had taken its stamp during those peaceful years, and the impression which it then received was indelible. Hitherto hope had never been to him so delightful as memory. His thoughts wandered back into the past more frequently than they took flight into the future; and the favourite form which his imagination called up was that of the sweet child, who in winter partook his bench in the chimney corner, and in summer sate with him in the porch, and strung the fallen blossoms of jessamine upon stalks of grass. The snowdrop and the crocus reminded him of their little garden, the primrose of their sunny orchard-bank, and the blue-bells and the cowslip of the fields, wherein they were allowed to run wild, and gather them in the merry month of May. Such as she then was he saw her frequently in sleep, with her blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, and flaxen curls: and in his day-dreams he sometimes pictured her to himself such as he supposed she now might be, and dressed up the image with all the magic of ideal beauty. His heart, therefore, was at his lips when he inquired for his cousin. It was not without something like fear, and an apprehension of disappoint-

ment, that he awaited her appearance; and he was secretly condemning himself for the romantic folly which he had encouraged, when the door opened, and a creature came in—less radiant, indeed, but more winning than his fancy had created, for the loveliness of earth and reality was about her.

“Margaret,” said Miss Trewbody, “do you remember your cousin Leonard?”

Before she could answer, Leonard had taken her hand. “’Tis a long while, Margaret, since we parted!—ten years!—But I have not forgotten the parting—nor the blessed days of our childhood.”

She stood trembling like an aspen leaf, and looked wistfully in his face for a moment, then hung down her head, without power to utter a word in reply. But he felt her tears fall fast upon his hand, and felt also that she returned its pressure.

Leonard had some difficulty to command himself, so as to bear a part in conversation with his aunt, and keep his eyes and his thoughts from wandering. He accepted, however, her invitation to stay and dine with her with undissembled satisfaction, and the pleasure was not a little heightened when she left the room to give some necessary orders in consequence. Margaret still sate trembling and in silence. He took her hand, pressed it to his lips, and said in a low earnest voice, “Dear, dear

Margaret!" She raised her eyes, and fixing them upon him with one of those looks, the perfect remembrance of which can never be effaced from the heart to which they have been addressed, replied in a lower but not less earnest tone, "Dear Leonard!" and from that moment their lot was sealed for time and for eternity.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE CONCERNING LOVE AND THE DREAM OF LIFE.

Happy the bonds that hold ye ;
Sure they be sweeter far than liberty,
There is no blessedness but in such bondage ;
Happy that happy chain ; such links are heavenly.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

I WILL not describe the subsequent interviews between Leonard and his cousin, short and broken, but precious as they were; nor that parting one, in which hands were plighted with the sure and certain knowledge that hearts had been interchanged. Remembrance will enable some of my readers to portray the scene, and then perhaps a sigh may be heaved for the days that are gone: Hope will picture it to others—and with them the sigh will be for the days that are to come.

There was not that indefinite deferment of hope in this case at which the heart sickens. Leonard had been bred up in poverty from his childhood; a parsimonious allowance, grudgingly bestowed, had contributed to keep him frugal at College, by calling forth a pardonable if not a commendable sense of pride in aid of a worthier

principle. He knew that he could rely upon himself for frugality, industry, and a cheerful as well as a contented mind. He had seen the miserable state of bondage in which Margaret existed with her Aunt, and his resolution was made to deliver her from that bondage as soon as he could obtain the smallest benefice on which it was possible for them to subsist. They agreed to live rigorously within their means, however poor, and put their trust in Providence. They could not be deceived in each other, for they had grown up together; and they knew that they were not deceived in themselves. Their love had the freshness of youth, but prudence and forethought were not wanting; the resolution which they had taken brought with it peace of mind, and no misgiving was felt in either heart when they prayed for a blessing upon their purpose. In reality it had already brought a blessing with it; and this they felt; for love, when it deserves that name, produces in us what may be called a regeneration of its own—a second birth—dimly, but yet in some degree, resembling that which is effected by Divine Love when its redeeming work is accomplished in the soul.

Leonard returned to Oxford happier than all this world's wealth or this world's honours could have made him. He had now a definite and attainable hope—an object in life which gave to life itself a value. For

Margaret, the world no longer seemed to her like the same earth which she had till then inhabited. Hitherto she had felt herself a forlorn and solitary creature, without a friend; and the sweet sounds and pleasant objects of nature, had imparted as little cheerfulness to her as to the debtor who sees green fields in sunshine from his prison, and hears the lark singing at liberty. Her heart was open now to all the exhilarating and all the softening influences of birds, fields, flowers, vernal suns, and melodious streams. She was subject to the same daily and hourly exercise of meekness, patience, and humility; but the trial was no longer painful; with love in her heart, and hope and sunshine in her prospect, she found even a pleasure in contrasting her present condition with that which was in store for her.

In these our days every young lady holds the pen of a ready writer, and words flow from it as fast as it can indent its zigzag lines, according to the reformed system of writing—which said system improves hand-writings by making them all alike and all illegible. At that time women wrote better and spelt worse; but letter-writing was not one of their accomplishments. It had not yet become one of the general pleasures and luxuries of life,—perhaps the greatest gratification which the progress of civilisation has given us. There was then no mail-coach to waft a sigh across the country at the rate of

eight miles an hour. Letters came slowly and with long intervals between; but when they came, the happiness which they imparted to Leonard and Margaret lasted during the interval, however long. To Leonard it was as an exhilarant and a cordial which rejoiced and strengthened him. He trod the earth with a lighter and more elated movement on the day when he received a letter from Margaret, as if he felt himself invested with an importance which he had never possessed till the happiness of another human being was inseparably associated with his own;

So proud a thing it was for him to wear
Love's golden chain,
With which it is best freedom to be bound.*

Happy, indeed, if there be happiness on earth, as that same sweet poet says, is he—

Who love enjoys, and placed hath his mind
Where fairest virtues fairest beauties grace,
Then in himself such store of worth doth find
That he deserves to find so good a place.*

This was Leonard's case; and when he kissed the paper which her hand had pressed, it was with a consciousness of the strength and sincerity of his affection, which at once rejoiced and fortified his heart. To Margaret his letters were like summer dew upon the

* Drummond.

herb that thirsts for such refreshment. Whenever they arrived, a headache became the cause or pretext for retiring earlier than usual to her chamber, that she might weep and dream over the precious lines:—

True gentle love is like the summer dew,
Which falls around when all is still and hush;
And falls unseen until its bright drops strew
With odours, herb and flower, and bank and bush.
O love!—when womanhood is in the flush,
And man's a young and an unspotted thing,
His first-breathed word, and her half-conscious blush,
Are fair as light in heaven, or flowers in spring.*

*Allan Cunningham.

CHAPTER V.

AN EARLY BEREAVEMENT. TRUE LOVE ITS OWN COMFORTER. A
LONELY FATHER AND AN ONLY CHILD.

Read ye that run the awful truth,
With which I charge my page;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

COWPER.

LEONARD was not more than eight-and-twenty when he obtained a living, a few miles from Doncaster. He took his bride with him to the vicarage. The house was as humble as the benefice, which was worth less than £50 a-year; but it was soon made the neatest cottage in the country round, and upon a happier dwelling the sun never shone. A few acres of good glebe were attached to it; and the garden was large enough to afford healthful and pleasurable employment to its owners. The course of true love never ran more smoothly; but its course was short.

O how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!*

Little more than five years from the time of their mar-

* Shakspeare.

riage had elapsed, before a head-stone in the adjacent churchyard told where the remains of Margaret Bacon had been deposited, in the thirtieth year of her age.

When the stupor and the agony of that bereavement had passed away, the very intensity of Leonard's affection became a source of consolation. Margaret had been to him a purely ideal object during the years of his youth; death had again rendered her such. Imagination had beautified and idolised her then; faith sanctified and glorified her now. She had been to him on earth all that he had fancied, all that he had hoped, all that he had desired. She would again be so in heaven. And this second union nothing could impede, nothing could interrupt, nothing could dissolve. He had only to keep himself worthy of it by cherishing her memory, hallowing his heart to it while he performed a parent's duty to their child; and so doing to await his own summons, which must one day come, which every day was brought nearer, and which any day might bring.

— 'Tis the only discipline we are born for;
All studies else are but as circular lines,
And death the centre where they must all meet.*

The same feeling which from his childhood had refined Leonard's heart, keeping it pure and undefiled, had also corroborated the natural strength of his character, and made him firm of purpose. It was a saying of Bishop

* Massinger.

Andrewes, that "good husbandry is good divinity;" "the truth whereof," says Fuller, "no wise man will deny." Frugality he had always practised as a needful virtue, and found that, in an especial manner, it brings with it its own reward. He now resolved upon scrupulously setting apart a fourth of his small income to make a provision for his child, in case of her surviving him, as in the natural course of things might be expected. If she should be removed before him—for this was an event the possibility of which he always bore in mind—he had resolved, that whatever should have been accumulated with this intent, should be disposed of to some other pious purpose—for such, within the limits to which his poor means extended, he properly considered this. And having entered on this prudential course with a calm reliance upon Providence, in case his hour should come before that purpose could be accomplished, he was without any earthly hope or fear—those alone excepted, from which no parent can be free.

The child had been christened Deborah after her maternal grandmother, for whom Leonard ever gratefully retained a most affectionate and reverential remembrance. She was a healthy, happy creature in body and in mind; at first

— one of those little prating girls
Of whom fond parents tell such tedious stories;*

* Dryden.

afterwards, as she grew up, a favourite with the village school-mistress, and with the whole parish; docile, good-natured, lively and yet considerate, always gay as a lark and busy as a bee. One of the pensive pleasures in which Leonard indulged was to gaze on her unperceived, and trace the likeness to her mother.

Oh Christ!

How that which was the life's life of our being,
Can pass away, and we recall it thus!*

That resemblance which was strong in childhood lessened as the child grew up; for Margaret's countenance had acquired a cast of meek melancholy during those years in which the bread of bitterness had been her portion; and, when hope came to her, it was that "hope deferred" which takes from the cheek its bloom, even when the heart, instead of being made sick, is sustained by it. But no unhappy circumstances depressed the constitutional buoyancy of her daughter's spirits. Deborah brought into the world the happiest of all nature's endowments, an easy temper and a light heart. Resemblant therefore as the features were, the dissimilitude of expression was more apparent; and when Leonard contrasted in thought the sunshine of hilarity that lit up his daughter's face, with the sort of moonlight loveliness which had given a serene and saint-like character to her

* Isaac Comnenus.

mother's, he wished to persuade himself, that as the early translation of the one seemed to have been thus prefigured, the other might be destined to live for the happiness of others till a good old age, while length of years in their course should ripen her for heaven.

CHAPTER VI.

OBSERVATIONS WHICH SHOW, THAT WHATEVER PRIDE MEN MAY
TAKE IN THE APPELLATIONS THEY ACQUIRE IN THEIR PROGRESS
THROUGH THE WORLD, THEIR DEAREST NAME DIES BEFORE THEM.

— Thus they who reach
Grey hairs, die piecemeal.—SOUTHEY.

THE name of Leonard must now be dropped as we proceed. Some of the South American tribes, among whom the Jesuits laboured with such exemplary zeal, and who take their personal appellations (as most names were originally derived) from beasts, birds, plants, and other visible objects, abolish upon the death of every individual the name by which he was called, and invent another for the thing from which it was taken, so that their language, owing to this curiously inconvenient custom, is in a state of continual change. An abolition almost as complete with regard to the person had taken place in the present instance. The name, Leonard, was consecrated to him by all his dearest and fondest recollections. He had been known by it on his mother's knees, and in the humble cottage of that aunt who had been to

him a second mother; and by the wife of his bosom, his first, last, and only love. Margaret had never spoken to him, never thought of him, by any other name. From the hour of her death, no human voice ever addressed him by it again. He never heard himself so called, except in dreams. It existed only in the dead letter; he signed it mechanically in the course of business, but it had ceased to be a living name.

Men willingly prefix a handle to their names, and tack on to them any two or more honorary letters of the alphabet as a tail; they drop their surnames for a dignity, and change them for an estate or a title. They are pleased to be Doctor'd and Professor'd; to be Captain'd, Major'd, Colonel'd, General'd, or Admiral'd; to be Sir John'd, my-Lorded, or your-Grace'd. "You and I," says Cranmer in his Answer to Gardiner's book upon Transubstantiation—"you and I were delivered from our surnames when we were consecrated Bishops; sithence which time we have so commonly been used of all men to be called Bishops, you of Winchester, and I of Canterbury, that the most part of the people know not that your name is Gardiner, and mine Cranmer. And I pray God, that we being called to the name of Lords, have not forgotten our own baser estates, that once we were simple squires!"—But the emotion with which the most successful suitor of Fortune hears himself first addressed

by a new and honourable title, conferred upon him for his public deserts, touches his heart less (if that heart be sound at the core), than when, after long absence, some one who is privileged so to use it, accosts him by his christian name,—that household name which he has never heard but from his nearest relations, and his old familiar friends. By this it is that we are known to all around us in childhood; it is used only by our parents and our nearest kin when that stage is passed; and, as they drop off, it dies as to its oral uses with them.

It is because we are remembered more naturally in our family and paternal circles by our baptismal than our hereditary names, and remember ourselves more naturally by them, that the Roman Catholic, renouncing, upon a principle of perverted piety, all natural ties when he enters a convent, and voluntarily dies to the world, assumes a new one. This is one manifestation of that intense selfishness which the law of monastic life inculcates, and affects to sanctify. Alas, there need no motives of erroneous religion to wean us from the ties of blood and of affection! They are weakened and dissolved by fatal circumstances, and the ways of the world, too frequently and too soon.

“Our men of rank,” said my friend one day when he was speaking upon this subject, “are not the only persons who go by different appellations in different parts

of their lives. We all moult our names in the natural course of life. I was Dan in my father's house, and should still be so with my uncle William and Mr. Guy, if they were still living. Upon my removal to Doncaster, my master and mistress called me Daniel, and my acquaintance Dove. In Holland I was Mynheer Duif. Now I am the Doctor, and not among my patients only; friends, acquaintance, and strangers, address me by this appellation; even my wife calls me by no other name; and I shall never be any thing but the Doctor again,—till I am registered at my burial by the same name as at my christening.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE DOCTOR IS INTRODUCED, BY THE SMALLPOX, TO HIS FUTURE WIFE.

Long-waiting love doth entrapce find
Into the slow-believing mind.

· SYDNEY GODOLPHIN.

WHEN Deborah was about nineteen, the smallpox broke out in Doncaster, and soon spread over the surrounding country, occasioning every where a great mortality. At that time inoculation had very rarely been practised in the provinces; and the prejudice against it was so strong, that Mr. Bacon, though convinced in his own mind that the practice was not only lawful, but advisable, refrained from having his daughter inoculated till the disease appeared in his own parish. He had been induced to defer it during her childhood, partly because he was unwilling to offend the prejudices of his parishioners, which he hoped to overcome by persuasion and reasoning when time and opportunity might favour; still more, because he thought it unjustifiable to introduce such a disease into his own house, with imminent risk of communicating it to others, which were

otherwise in no danger, in which the same preparations would not be made, and where, consequently, the danger would be greater. But when the malady had shown itself in the parish, then he felt that his duty as a parent required him to take the best apparent means for the preservation of his child; and that as a pastor also it became him now in his own family to set an example to his parishioners.

Deborah, who had the most perfect reliance upon her father's judgment, and lived in entire accordance with his will in all things, readily consented; and seemed to regard the beneficial consequences of the experiment to others with hope, rather than to look with apprehension to it for herself. Mr. Bacon therefore went to Doncaster and called upon Mr. Dove. "I do not," said he, "ask whether you would advise me to have my daughter inoculated; where so great a risk is to be incurred, in the case of an only child, you might hesitate to advise it. But if you see nothing in her present state of health, or in her constitutional tendencies, which would render it more than ordinarily dangerous, it is her own wish and mine, after due consideration on my part, that she should be committed to your care,—putting our trust in Providence."

Hitherto there had been no acquaintance between Mr. Bacon and the Doctor, farther than that they knew

each other by sight and by good report. This circumstance led to a growing intimacy. During the course of his attendance, the Doctor fell in friendship with the father, and the father with him.

“Did he fall in love with his patient?”

“No, ladies.”

You have already heard that he once fell in love, and how it happened. And you have also been informed that he caught love once, though I have not told you how, because it would have led me into too melancholy a tale. In this case he neither fell in love, nor caught it, nor ran into it, nor walked into it; nor was he overtaken in it, as a boon companion in liquor, or a runaway in his flight. Yet there was love between the parties at last, and it was love for love, to the heart's content of both. How this came to pass will be related at the proper time and in the proper place.

For here let me set before the judicious Reader certain pertinent remarks by the pious and well-known author of a popular treatise upon the Right Use of Reason,—a treatise which has been much read to little purpose. That author observes, that “those writers and speakers whose chief business is to amuse or delight, to allure, terrify, or persuade mankind, do not confine themselves to any natural order, but, in a cryptical or hidden method, adapt every thing to their designed ends. Sometimes

they omit those things which might injure their design, or grow tedious to their hearers, though they seem to have a necessary relation to the point in hand; sometimes they add those things which have no great reference to the subject, but are suited to allure or refresh the mind and the ear. They dilate sometimes, and flourish long upon little incidents, and they skip over, and but lightly touch the drier part of the theme.—They omit things essential which are not beautiful; they insert little needless circumstances and beautiful digressions: they invert times and actions, in order to place every thing in the most affecting light;—they place the first things last, and the last things first with wondrous art; and yet so manage it as to conceal their artifice, and lead the senses and passions of their hearers into a pleasing and powerful captivity.”

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. BACON'S PARSONAGE. CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION. TIME AND CHANGE. WILKIE AND THE MONK IN THE ESCURIAL.

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed.

SHAKESPEARE.

In a Scotch village the Manse is sometimes the only good house, and generally it is the best; almost, indeed, what in old times the Mansion used to be in an English one. In Mr. Bacon's parish, the vicarage, though humble as the benefice itself, was the neatest. The cottage in which he and Margaret passed their childhood, had been remarkable for that comfort which is the result and the reward of order and neatness: and when the reunion which blessed them both rendered the remembrance of those years delightful, they returned in this respect to the way in which they had been trained up, practised the economy which they had learned there, and loved to think how entirely their course of life, in all its cir-

cumstances, would be after the heart of that person, if she could behold it, whose memory they both with equal affection cherished. After his bereavement, it was one of the widower's pensive pleasures to keep every thing in the same state as when Margaret was living. Nothing was neglected that she used to do, or that she would have done. The flowers were tended as carefully as if she were still to enjoy their fragrance and their beauty; and the birds who came in winter for their crumbs, were fed as duly for her sake, as they had formerly been by her hands.

There was no superstition in this, nor weakness. Immoderate grief, if it does not exhaust itself by indulgence, easily assumes the one character or the other, or takes a type of insanity. But he had looked for consolation, where, when sincerely sought, it is always to be found; and he had experienced that religion effects in a true believer all that philosophy professes, and more than all that mere philosophy can perform. The wounds which stoicism would cauterise, religion heals.

There is a resignation with which, it may be feared, most of us deceive ourselves. To bear what must be borne, and submit to what cannot be resisted, is no more than what the unregenerate heart is taught by the instinct of animal nature. But to acquiesce in the afflic-

tive dispensations of Providence,—to make one's own will conform in all things to that of our Heavenly Father,—to say to him in the sincerity of faith, when we drink of the bitter cup, "Thy will be done!"—to bless the name of the Lord as much from the heart when he takes away as when He gives, and with a depth of feeling, of which, perhaps, none but the afflicted heart is capable,—this is the resignation which religion teaches, this the sacrifice which it requires.* This sacrifice Leonard had made, and he felt that it was accepted.

Severe, therefore, as his loss had been, and lasting as its effects were, it produced in him nothing like a settled sorrow, nor even that melancholy which sorrow leaves behind. Gibbon has said to himself, that as a mere philosopher he could not agree with the Greeks, in thinking that those who die in their youth are favoured by the Gods:

"Ον οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος."

It was because he was "a mere philosopher," that he

* This passage was written when Southey was bowing his head under the sorest and saddest of his many troubles. He thus alludes to it in a letter to me, dated October 5, 1834.

"On the next leaf is the passage of which I spoke in my letter from York. It belongs to an early chapter in the third volume; and very remarkable it is that it should have been written just at that time."—J. W. WALTER.

failed to perceive a truth which the religious heathen acknowledged, and which is so trivial, and of such practical value, that it may now be seen inscribed upon village tombstones. The Christian knows that "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit." And the heart of the Christian mourner, in its deepest distress, hath the witness of the Spirit to that consolatory assurance.

In this faith Leonard regarded his bereavement. His loss, he knew, had been Margaret's gain. What, if she had been summoned in the flower of her years, and from a state of connubial happiness which there had been nothing to disturb or to alloy? How soon might that flower have been blighted—how surely must it have faded—how easily might that happiness have been interrupted, by some of those evils which flesh is heir to! And as the separation was to take place, how mercifully had it been appointed that he, who was the stronger vessel, should be the survivor! Even for their child this was the best, greatly as she needed, and would need, a mother's care. His paternal solicitude would supply that care, as far as it was possible to supply it; but had he been removed, mother and child must have been left to the mercy of Providence, without any earthly protector, or any means of support.

For her to die was gain; in him, therefore, it were

sinful as well as selfish to repine, and of such selfishness and sin his heart acquitted him. If a wish could have recalled her to life, no such wish would ever have by him been uttered, nor ever have by him been felt; certain he was, that he loved her too well to bring her again into this world of instability and trial. Upon earth there can be no safe happiness.

*Ah ! male FORTUNÆ devota est ara MANENTI.
Fallit, et hæc nullas accipit ara preces.**

All things here are subject to Time and Mutability:

*Quod tibi largû dedit Hora dextrâ,
Hora furaci rapiet sinistrâ.†*

We must be in eternity before we can be secure against change. "The world," says Cowper, "upon which we close our eyes at night, is never the same with that on which we open them in the morning."

It was to the perfect Order he should find in that state upon which he was about to enter, that the judicious Hooker looked forward at his death with placid and profound contentment. Because he had been employed in contending against a spirit of insubordination and schism which soon proved fatal to his country; and because his life had been passed under the perpetual discomfort of domestic discord, the happiness of Heaven

* WALLIUS.

† CASIMIR.

seemed, in his estimation, to consist primarily in Order, as, indeed, in all human societies this is the first thing needful. The discipline which Mr. Bacon had undergone was very different in kind: what he delighted to think was, that the souls of those whom death and redemption have made perfect, are in a world where there is no change, nor parting—where nothing fades, nothing passes away and is no more seen, but the good and the beautiful are permanent.

*Miser, chi speme in cosa mortal pone ;
Ma, chi non ve la pone ? **

When Wilkie was in the Escorial looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper, in the Refectory there, an old Jeronimite said to him, "I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly threescore years; during that time my companions have dropped off, one after another,—all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many, or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged! I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but shadows!"†

* PETRARCH.

† See the very beautiful lines of Wordsworth in the "Yarrow Revisited." The affecting incident is introduced in, "Lines on a Portrait."—J. W. WALTER.

I wish I could record the name of the Monk by whom that natural feeling was so feelingly and strikingly expressed.

“The shows of things are better than themselves,”

says the author of the Tragedy of Nero, whose name also I could wish had been forthcoming; and the classical reader will remember the lines of Sophocles:—

Ὁρῶ γὰρ ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ὄντας ἄλλο, πλὴν
Εἶδωλ', ὅσοι περ ζῶμεν, ἧ κοῦφην σκιάν.*

These are reflections which should make us think

Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stay'd
Upon the pillars of Eternity,
That is contraire to mutability;
For all that moveth doth in change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight,
O that great Sabaoth God grant me that sabbath's sight.†

* Sophocles.

† Spencer.

CHAPTER IX.

A COUNTRY PARISH. SOME WHOLESOME EXTRACTS, SOME TRUE ANECDOTES, AND SOME USEFUL HINTS, WHICH WILL NOT BE TAKEN BY THOSE WHO NEED THEM MOST.

Non è inconveniente, che delle cose delettabili alcune ne sieno utili, così come dell' utili molte ne sono delettabili, et in tutte due alcune si truovano honeste.

LEONE MEDICO (HEBREO).

MR. BACON's parsonage was as humble a dwelling in all respects as the cottage in which his friend Daniel was born. A best kitchen was its best room, and in its furniture an Observantine Friar would have seen nothing that he could have condemned as superfluous. His college and later school books, with a few volumes which had been presented to him by the more grateful of his pupils, composed his scanty library: they were either books of needful reference, or such as upon every fresh perusal might afford new delight. But he had obtained the use of the Church Library at Doncaster by a payment of twenty shillings, according to the terms of the foundation. Folios from that collection might be kept three months, smaller volumes, one or two, according to their size; and as there were many works in it of solid contents as well as sterling value, he was in no such

want of intellectual food, as too many of his brethren are, even at this time. How much good might have been done, and how much evil might probably have been prevented, if Dr. Bray's design for the formation of parochial libraries had been every where carried into effect!

The parish contained between five and six hundred souls. There was no one of higher rank among them than entitled him, according to the custom of those days, to be styled gentleman upon his tombstone. They were plain people, who had neither manufactories to corrupt, alehouses to brutalise, nor newspapers to mislead them. At first coming among them he had won their good-will by his affability and benign conduct, and he had afterwards gained their respect and affection in an equal degree.

There were two services at his church, but only one sermon, which never fell short of fifteen minutes in length, and seldom extended to half an hour. It was generally abridged from some good old divine. His own compositions were few, and only upon points on which he wished carefully to examine and digest his own thoughts, or which were peculiarly suited to some or other of his hearers. His whole stock might be deemed scanty in these days; but there was not one in it which would not well bear repetition, and the more observant of his congregation liked that they should be repeated.

Young ministers are earnestly advised long to refrain from preaching their own productions, in an excellent little book addressed by a Father to his Son, preparatory to his receiving holy orders. Its title is a "Monitor for Young Ministers," and every parent who has a son so circumstanced would do well to put it into his hands. "It is not possible," says this judicious writer, "that a young minister can at first be competent to preach his sermons with effect, even if his abilities should qualify him to write well. His very youth and youthful manner, both in his style of writing and in his delivery, will preclude him from being effective. Unquestionably it is very rare indeed for a man of his age to have his mental abilities sufficiently chastened, or his method sufficiently settled, to be equal to the composition of a sermon fit for public use, even if it should receive the advantage of chaste and good delivery. On every account, therefore, it is wise and prudent to be slow and backward in venturing to produce his own efforts, or in thinking that they are fit for the public ear. There is an abundant field of the works of others open to him from the wisest and the best of men, the weight of whose little fingers, in argument or instruction, will be greater than his own loins, even at his highest maturity. There is clearly no *want* of new compositions, excepting on some new or occasional emergencies: for there is not an open

subject in the Christian religion, which has not been discussed by men of the greatest learning and piety, who have left behind them numerous works for our assistance and edification. Many of these are so neglected, that they are become almost new ground for our generation. To these he may freely resort,—till experience and a rational and chastened confidence shall warrant him in believing himself qualified to work upon his own resources.”

“He that learns of young men,” says Rabbi Jose Bar Jehudah, “is like a man that eats unripe grapes, or that drinks wine out of the wine-press; but he that learneth of the ancient, is like a man that eateth ripe grapes, and drinketh wine that is old.”*

It was not in pursuance of any judicious advice like this that Mr. Bacon followed the course here pointed out, but from his own good sense and natural humility. His only ambition was to be useful; if a desire may be called ambitious which originated in the sincere sense of duty. To think of distinguishing himself in any other way, would for him, he well knew, have been worse than an idle dream. The time expended in composing a sermon as a perfunctory official business, would have been worse than wasted for himself, and the time employed in delivering it, no better than wasted upon his congregation.

* Lightfoot.

He was especially careful never to weary them, and, therefore, never to preach any thing which was not likely to engage their attention, and make at least some present impression. His own sermons effected this, because they were always composed with some immediate view, or under the influence of some deep and strong feeling: and in his adopted ones, the different manner of the different authors produced an awakening effect. Good sense is as often to be found among the illiterate, as among those who have enjoyed the opportunities of education. Many of his hearers who knew but one meaning of the word style, and had never heard it used in any other, perceived a difference in the manner of Bishops Hall, and Sanderson and Jeremy Taylor, of Barrow, and South and Scott, without troubling themselves about the cause, or being in the slightest degree aware of it.

Mr. Bacon neither undervalued his parishioners, nor overvalued the good which could be wrought among them by direct instruction of this kind. While he used perspicuous language, he knew that they who listened to it would be able to follow the argument; and as he drew always from the wells of English undefiled, he was safe on that point. But that all even of the adults would listen, and that all even of those who did, would do any

thing more than hear, he was too well acquainted with human nature to expect.

A woman in humble life was asked one day on the way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon; a stranger had preached, and his discourse resembled one of Mr. Bacon's neither in length nor depth. "Wud I hae the presumption?" was her simple and contented answer. The quality of the discourse signified nothing to her; she had done her duty, as well as she could, in hearing it; and she went to her house justified rather than some of those who had attended to it critically; or who had turned to the text in their Bibles when it was given out.

"Well, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homeward after service with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant; "well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at Church!" "Ay, Sir," replied Jackson, "it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to Church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing."

"Let my candle go out in a stink, when I refuse to confess from whom I have lighted it."* The author to

* Fuller.

whose little book * I am beholden for this true anecdote, after saying, "Such was the religion of this worthy man," justly adds, "and such must be the religion of most men of his station. Doubtless, it is a wise dispensation that it is so. For so it has been from the beginning of the world, and there is no visible reason to suppose that it can ever be otherwise."

"In spite," says this judicious writer, "of all the zealous wishes and efforts of the most pious and laborious teachers, the religion of the bulk of the people must and will ever be little more than mere habit, and confidence in others. This must of necessity be the case with all men, who, from defect of nature or education, or from other worldly causes, have not the power or the disposition to think; and it cannot be disputed that the far greater number of mankind are of this class. These facts give peculiar force to those lessons which teach the importance and efficacy of good example from those who are blessed with higher qualifications; and they strongly demonstrate the necessity, that the zeal of those who wish to impress the people with the deep and awful mysteries of religion should be tempered by wisdom and discretion, no less than by patience, forbearance, and a great latitude of indulgence for uncontrollable circumstances. They also call upon us most powerfully to do all we can to

* Few Words on many Subjects.

provide such teachers, and imbue them with such principles as shall not endanger the good cause by over earnest efforts to effect more than, in the nature of things, can be done; or disturb the existing good by attempting more than will be borne, or by producing hypocritical pretences of more than can be really felt."

CHAPTER X.

SHOWING HOW THE VICAR DEALT WITH THE JUVENILE PART OF HIS FLOCK; AND HOW HE WAS OF OPINION THAT THE MORE PLEASANT THE WAY IN WHICH CHILDREN ARE TRAINED UP TO GO CAN BE MADE FOR THEM, THE LESS LIKELY THEY WILL BE TO DEPART FROM IT.

Sweet were the sauce would please each kind of taste,
The life, likewise, were pure that never swerved;
For spiteful tongues, in canker'd stomachs placed,
Deem worst of things which best, percase, deserved.
But what for that? This medicine may suffice,
To scorn the rest, and seek to please the wise.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE first thing which Mr. Bacon had done after taking possession of his vicarage, and obtaining such information about his parishioners as the more considerate of them could impart, was to inquire into the state of the children in every household. He knew that to win the mother's good-will was the surest way to win that of the family, and to win the children was a good step toward gaining that of the mother. In those days reading and writing were thought as little necessary for the lower class, as the art of spelling for the class above them, or indeed for any except the learned. Their ignorance in this respect was sometimes found to be in-

convenient, but by none, perhaps, except here and there by a conscientious and thoughtful clergyman, was it felt to be an evil,—an impediment in the way of that moral and religious instruction, without which men are in danger of becoming as the beasts that perish. Yet the common wish of advancing their children in the world, made most parents in this station desire to obtain the advantage of what they called book-learning for any son, who was supposed to manifest a disposition likely to profit by it. To make him a scholar was to raise him a step above themselves.

*Qui ha les lettres, ha l'adresse
Au double d'un qui n'en ha point.**

Partly for this reason, and still more that industrious mothers might be relieved from the care of looking after their children, there were few villages in which, as in Mr. Bacon's parish, some poor woman in the decline of life and of fortune did not obtain day-scholars enough to eke out her scanty means of subsistence.

The village Schoolmistress, such as Shenstone describes in his admirable poem, and such as Kirke White drew from the life, is no longer a living character. The new system of education has taken from this class of women the staff of their declining age, as the spinning jennies

* Baif.

have silenced the domestic music of the spinning wheel. Both changes have come on unavoidably in the progress of human affairs. It is well when any change brings with it nothing worse than some temporary and incidental evil; but if the moral machinery can counteract the great and growing evils of the manufacturing system, it will be the greatest moral miracle that has ever been wrought.

Sunday schools, which make Sunday a day of toil to the teachers, and the most irksome day of the week to the children, had not at that time been devised as a palliative for the profligacy of large towns, and the worsened and worsening condition of the poor. Mr. Bacon endeavoured to make the parents perform their religious duty toward their children, either by teaching them what they could themselves teach, or by sending them where their own want of knowledge might be supplied. Whether the children went to school or not, it was his wish that they should be taught their prayers, the Creed, and the Commandments, at home. These he thought were better learned at the mother's knees than from any other teacher; and he knew also how wholesome for the mother it was, that the child should receive from her its first spiritual food, the milk of sound doctrine. In a purely agricultural parish, there were at that time no parents in a state of such brutal

ignorance as to be unable to teach these, though they might never have been taught to read. When the father or mother could read, he expected that they should also teach their children the catechism; in other cases this was left to his humble coadjutrix, the school-mistress.

During the summer and part of the autumn, he followed the good old usage of catechising the children, after the second lesson in the evening service. His method was to ask a few questions in succession, and only from those who he knew were able to answer them; and after each answer he entered into a brief exposition suited to their capacity. His manner was so benevolent, and he had made himself so familiar in his visits, which were at once pastoral and friendly, that no child felt alarmed at being singled out; they regarded it as a mark of distinction, and the parents were proud of seeing them thus distinguished. This practice was discontinued in winter; because he knew that to keep a congregation in the cold is not the way either to quicken or cherish devotional feeling. Once a week during Lent he examined all the children, on a week-day; the last examination was in Easter week, after which each was sent home happy with a homely cake, the gift of a wealthy parishioner, who by this means contributed not a little to the good effect of the pastor's diligence.

The foundation was thus laid by teaching the rising generation their duty towards God and towards their neighbour, and so far training them in the way that they should go. In the course of a few years every household, from the highest to the lowest,—(the degrees were neither great nor many,)—had learned to look upon him as their friend. There was only one in the parish whose members were upon a parity with him in manners, none in literary culture; but in good-will, and in human sympathy, he was upon a level with them all. Never interfering in the concerns of any family, unless his interference was solicited, he was consulted upon all occasions of trouble or importance. Incipient disputes, which would otherwise have afforded grist for the lawyer's mill, were adjusted by his mediation; and anxious parents, when they had cause to apprehend that their children were going wrong, knew no better course than to communicate their fears to him, and request that he would administer some timely admonition. Whenever he was thus called on, or had of himself perceived that reproof or warning was required, it was given in private, or only in presence of the parents, and always with a gentleness which none but an obdurate disposition could resist. His influence over the younger part of his flock was the greater because he was no enemy to any innocent sports, but, on the contrary,

was pleased to see them dance round the May-pole, encouraged them to dress their doors with oaken boughs on the day of King Charles's happy restoration, and to wear an oaken garland in the hat, or an oak-apple on its sprig in the button-hole; went to see their bonfire on the fifth of November, and entertained the morris-dancers when they called upon him in their Christmas rounds.

Mr. Bacon was in his parish what a moralising old poet wished himself to be, in these pleasing stanzas:—

I would I were an excellent divine,
That had the Bible at my fingers' ends,
That men might hear out of this mouth of mine
How God doth make his enemies his friends;
Rather than with a thundering and long prayer
Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be
But a religious servant of my God:
And know there is none other God but He,
And willingly to suffer Mercy's rod,
Joy in his grace and live but in his love,
And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer
For all estates within the state of grace;
That careful love might never know despair,
Nor servile fear might faithful love deface;
And this would I both day and night devise
To make my humble spirits exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life,
Persuade the troubled soul to patience,
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,
To child and servant due obedience,
Faith to the friend and to the neighbour peace,
That love might live, and quarrels all might cease ;

Pray for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all, that all may be amended.*

* N.B., supposed to be NICHOLAS BRETON.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A RETIRED TOBACCONIST AND HIS FAMILY.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.

HORACE.

IN all Mr. Bacon's views he was fortunate enough to have the hearty concurrence of the wealthiest person in the parish. This was a good man, Allison by name, who, having realised a respectable fortune in the metropolis as a tobacconist, and put out his sons in life according to their respective inclinations, had retired from business at the age of threescore, and established himself with an unmarried daughter, and a maiden sister some ten years younger than himself, in his native village, that he might there, when his hour should come, be gathered to his fathers.

"The providence of God," says South, "has so ordered the course of things, that there is no action, the usefulness of which has made it the matter of duty and of a profession, but a man may bear the continual pursuit of it, without loathing or satiety. The same shop and trade that employs a man in his youth, employs him also in his age. Every morning he rises fresh to his

hammer and his anvil: custom has naturalised his labour to him; his shop is his element, and he cannot, with any enjoyment of himself, live out of it." The great preacher contrasts this with the wearisomeness of an idle life, and the misery of a continual round of what the world calls pleasure. "But now," says he, "if God has interwoven such a contentment with the works of our ordinary calling, how much superior and more refined must that be that arises from the survey of a pious and well-governed life?"

This passage bears upon Mr. Allison's case, partly in the consolatory fact which it states, and wholly in the application which South has made of it. At the age of fourteen he had been apprenticed to an uncle in Bishops-gate Street-within; and twenty years after, on that uncle's death, had succeeded to his old and well-established business. But though he had lived there prosperously and happily six and twenty years longer, he had contracted no such love for it as to overcome the recollections of his childhood. Grateful as the smell of snuff and tobacco had become to him, he still remembered that cowslips and violets were sweeter; and that the breath of a May morning was more exhilarating than the air of his own shop, impregnated as it was with the odour of the best Virginia. So having buried his wife, who was a Londoner, and made over the business to his

eldest son, he returned to his native place, with the intention of dying there; but he was in sound health of body and mind, and his green old age seemed to promise,—as far as any thing can promise,—length of days.

Of his two other sons, one had chosen to be a clergyman, and approved his choice both by his parts and diligence; for he had gone off from Merchant-Tailors' School to St. John's, Oxford, and was then a fellow of that college. The other was a mate in the Merchants' service, and would soon have the command of a ship in it. The desire of seeing the world led him to this way of life; and that desire had been unintentionally implanted by his father, who, in making himself acquainted with every thing relating to the herb out of which his own fortune was raised, had become fond of reading voyages and travels. His conversation induced the lad to read these books, and the books confirmed the inclination which had already been excited; and, as the boy was of an adventurous temper, he thought it best to let him follow the pursuit on which his mind was bent.

The change to a Yorkshire village was not too great for Mr. Allison, even after residing nearly half a century in Bishopsgate Street-within. The change in his own household, indeed, rendered it expedient for him to begin, in this sense, a new life. He had lost his mate; the young birds were full-fledged and had taken flight;

and it was time that he should look out a retreat for himself and the single nestling that remained under his wing, now that his son and successor had brought home a wife. The marriage had been altogether with his approbation; but it altered his position in the house; and in a still greater degree his sister's; moreover, the nest would soon be wanted for another brood. Circumstances thus compelled him to put in effect what had been the dream of his youth, and the still remote intention of his middle age.

Miss Allison, like her brother, regarded this removal as a great and serious change, preparatory to the only greater one in this world that now remained for both; but, like him, she regarded it rather seriously than sadly, or sadly only in the old sober meaning of the word; and there was a soft, sweet, evening sunshine in their prospect, which both partook, because both had retained a deep affection for the scenes of their childhood. To Betsey, her niece, nothing could be more delightful than the expectation of such a removal. She, who was then only entering her teens, had nothing to regret in leaving London; and the place to which she was going was the very spot which, of all others in this wide world, from the time in which she was conscious of forming a wish, she had wished most to see. Her brother, the sailor, was not more taken with the story of Pocahontas and

Captain Smith, or Dampier's Voyages, than she was with her aunt's details of the farm and the dairy at Thaxted Grange, the May-games and the Christmas gambols, the days that were gone, and the elders who were departed. To one born and bred in the heart of London, who had scarcely ever seen a flock of sheep, except when they were driven through the streets to or from Smithfield, no fairy tale could present more for the imagination than a description of green fields and rural life. The charm of truth heightened it, and the stronger charm of natural piety; for the personages of the tale were her near kin, whose names she had learned to love, and whose living memory she revered, but whose countenances she never could behold till she should be welcomed by them in the everlasting mansions of the righteous.

None of the party were disappointed when they had established themselves at the Grange. Mr. Allison found full occupation at first in improving the house, and afterwards in his fields and garden. Mr. Bacon was just such a clergyman as he would have chosen for his parish priest, if it had been in his power to choose, only he would have had him provided with a better benefice. The single thing on which there was a want of agreement between them was, that the Vicar neither smoked nor took snuff; he was not the worse company on this account,

for he had no dislike to the fragrance of a pipe; but his neighbour lost the pleasure which he would have had in supplying him with the best Pig-tail, and with Strasburg or Rappee. Miss Allison fell into the habits of her new station the more easily, because they were those which she had witnessed in her early youth; she distilled waters, dried herbs, and prepared conserves,—which were at the service of all who needed them in sickness. Betsey attached herself at first sight to Deborah, who was about five years elder, and soon became to her as a sister. The Aunt rejoiced in finding so suitable a friend and companion for her niece; and as this connection was a pleasure and an advantage to the Allison, so was it of the greatest benefit to Deborah.

—What of her ensues

I list not prophecy, but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, the Author then doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may.*

* Shakspeare.

CHAPTER XII.

MORE CONCERNING THE AFORESAID TOBACCONIST.

I doubt nothing at all but that you shall like the man every day better than other; for verily I think he lacketh not of those qualities which should become any honest man to have, over and besides the gift of nature wherewith God hath above the common rate endued him.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

Mr. ALLISON was as quiet a subject as Peter Hopkins, but he was not like him a political quietist from indifference, for he had a warm sense of loyalty, and a well-rooted attachment to the constitution of his country in church and state. His ancestors had suffered in the Great Rebellion, and much the greater part of their never large estates had been alienated to raise the fines imposed upon them as delinquents. The uncle, whom he succeeded in Bishopsgate Street, had, in his early apprenticeship, assisted at burning the Rump, and in maturer years had joined as heartily in the rejoicings when the Seven Bishops were released from the Tower: he subscribed to Walker's "Account of the Sufferings of the Clergy," and had heard sermons preached by the famous Dr. Scott

(which were afterwards incorporated in his great work upon the Christian Life) in the church of St. Peter-le-Poor (oddly so called, seeing that there are few districts within the City of London so rich, insomuch that the last historian of the metropolis believed the parish to have scarcely a poor family in it),—and in All-hallows, Lombard Street, where, during the reign of the Godly, the puritanical vestry passed a resolution, that if any persons should come to the church “on the day called Christ’s birth-day,” they should be compelled to leave it.

In these principles Mr. Allison had grown up; and without any profession of extra-religion, or ever wearing a sanctified face, he had in the evening of his life attained “the end of the commandment, which is charity, proceeding from a pure heart, and a good conscience, and a faith unfeigned.” London in his days was a better school for young men in trade than it ever was before, or has been since. The civic power had quietly and imperceptibly put an end to that club-law which once made the apprentices a turbulent and formidable body, at any moment armed as well as ready for a riot; and masters exercised a sort of parental control over the youth entrusted to them, which in later times it may be feared has not been so conscientiously exerted, because it is not likely to be so patiently endured. Trade itself had not then been corrupted by that ruinous spirit of competition,

which, more than any other of the evils now pressing upon us, deserves to be called the curse of England in the present age. At all times men have been to be found, who engaged in hazardous speculations, gamester-like, according to their opportunities, or who, mistaking the means for the end, devoted themselves with miserable fidelity to the service of Mammon. But "Live and let live," had not yet become a maxim of obsolete morality. We had our monarchy, our hierarchy, and our aristocracy, —God be praised for the benefits which have been derived from all three, and God in his mercy continue them to us! but we had no plutarchy, no millionnaires, no great capitalists to break down the honest and industrious trader with the weight of their overbearing and overwhelming wealth. They who had enriched themselves in the course of regular and honourable commerce withdrew from business, and left the field to others. Feudal tyranny had passed away, and moneyed tyranny had not yet arisen in its stead—a tyranny baser in its origin, not more merciful in its operations, and with less in its appendages to redeem it.

Trade in Mr. Allison's days was a school of thrift and probity, as much as of profit and loss; such his shop had been when he succeeded to it upon his uncle's decease, and such it continued to be when he transmitted it to his son. Old Mr. Strahan the printer (the founder of

his tyrarchical dynasty) said to Dr. Johnson, that "there are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money;" and he added, that "the more one thinks of this the juster it will appear." Johnson agreed with him; and though it was a money-maker's observation, and though the more it is considered now, the more fallacious it will be found, the general system of trade might have justified it at that time. The entrance of an exciseman never occasioned any alarm or apprehension at No. 113, Bishopsgate Street-within, nor any uncomfortable feeling, unless the officer happened to be one who, by giving unnecessary trouble, and by gratuitous incivility in the exercise of authority, made an equitable law odious in its execution. They never there mixed weeds with their tobacco, nor adulterated it in any worse way; and their snuff was never rendered more pungent by stirring into it a certain proportion of pounded glass. The duties were honestly paid, with a clear perception that the impost fell lightly upon all whom it affected, and affected those only who chose to indulge themselves in a pleasure which was still cheap, and which, without any injurious privation, they might forego. Nay, when our good man expatiated upon the uses of tobacco, which Mr. Bacon demurred at, and the Doctor sometimes playfully disputed, he ventured an opinion, that among the final causes for which so excellent

an herb had been created, the facilities afforded by it toward raising the revenue in a well-governed country like our own, might be one.

There was a strong family likeness between him and his sister, both in countenance and disposition. Elizabeth Allison was a person for whom the best and wisest man might have thanked Providence if she had been allotted to him for helpmate. But though she had, in Shakespeare's language, "withered on the virgin thorn," hers had not been a life of single blessedness: she had been a blessing first to her parents; then to her brother and her brother's family, where she relieved an amiable but sickly sister-in-law from those domestic offices which require activity and forethought; lastly, after the dispersion of his sons, the transfer of the business to the eldest, and the breaking-up of his old establishment, to the widower and his daughter, the only child who cleaved to him,—not like Ruth to Naomi, by a meritorious act of duty, for in her case it was in the ordinary course of things, without either sacrifice or choice; but the effect in endearing her to him was the same.

In advanced stages of society, and nowhere more than in England at this time, the tendency of all things is to weaken the relations between parent and child, and frequently to destroy them, reducing human nature in this respect nearer to the level of animal life. Perhaps the

greater number of male children who are "born into the world" in our part of it, are *put out* at as early an age, proportionately, as the young bird is driven from its nest, or the young beast turned off by its dam as being capable of feeding and protecting itself; and in many instances they are as totally lost to the parent, though not in like manner forgotten. Mr. Allison never saw all his children together after his removal from London. The only time when his three sons met at the Grange was when they came there to attend their father's funeral; nor would they then have been assembled, if the Captain's ship had not happened to have recently arrived in port.

This is a state of things more favourable to the wealth than to the happiness of nations. It was a natural and pious custom in patriarchal times that the dead should be gathered unto their people. "Bury me," said Jacob, when he gave his dying charge to his sons,—*"bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite, for a possession of a burying-place. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebecea his wife; and there I buried Leah."* Had such a passage occurred in Homer, or in Dante, all critics would have concurred in admiring the truth and beauty of the sentiment. He had buried his beloved

Rachel by the way where she died; but, although he remembered this at his death, the orders which he gave were, that his own remains should be laid in the sepulchre of his fathers. The same feeling prevails among many, or most of those savage tribes who are not utterly degraded. With them the tree is not left to lie where it falls. The body of one who dies on an expedition is interred on the spot, if distance or other circumstances render it inconvenient to transport the corpse; but, however long the journey, it is considered as a sacred duty that the bones should at some time or other be brought home. In Scotland, where the common rites of sepulture are performed with less decency than in any other Christian country, the care with which family burial-grounds in the remoter parts are preserved, may be referred as much to natural feeling as to hereditary pride.

But as indigenous flowers are eradicated by the spade and plough, so this feeling is destroyed in the stirring and bustling intercourse of commercial life. No room is left for it: as little of it at this time remains in wide America as in thickly-peopled England. That to which soldiers and sailors are reconciled by the spirit of their profession, and the chances of war and of the seas, the love of adventure and the desire of advancement cause others to regard with the same indifference; and these motives are so prevalent, that the dispersion of families

and the consequent disruption of natural ties, if not occasioned by necessity, would now in most instances be the effect of choice. Even those to whom it is an inevitable evil, and who feel it deeply as such, look upon it as something in the appointed course of things, as much as infirmity and age and death.

It is well for us that in early life we never think of the vicissitudes which lie before us; or look to them only with pleasurable anticipations as they approach.

Youth

Knows nought of changes : Age hath traced them oft,
Expects and can interpret them.*

The thought of them, when it comes across us in middle life, brings with it only a transient sadness, like the shadow of a passing cloud. We turn our eyes from them while they are in prospect; but when they are in retrospect many a longing lingering look is cast behind. So long as Mr. Allison was in business, he looked to Thaxted Grange as the place where he hoped one day to enjoy the blessings of retirement,—that *otium cum dignitate*, which in a certain sense the prudent citizen is more likely to attain than the successful statesman. It was the pleasure of recollection that gave this hope its zest and its strength. But after the object which during so many years he had held in view had been obtained, his

* Isaac Commenus.

day-dreams, if he had allowed them to take their course, would have recurred more frequently to Bishopsgate Street than they had ever wandered from thence to the scenes of his boyhood. They recurred thither oftener than he wished, although few men have been more masters of themselves; and then the remembrance of his wife, whom he had lost by a lingering disease in middle age; and of the children, those who had died during their childhood, and those who in reality were almost as much lost to him in the ways of the world, made him alway turn for comfort to the prospect of that better state of existence in which they should once more all be gathered together, and where there would be neither change nor parting. His thoughts often fell into this train, when on summer evenings he was taking a solitary pipe in his arbour, with the church in sight, and the churchyard wherein, at no distant time, he was to be laid in his last abode. Such musings induced a sense of sober piety,—of thankfulness for former blessings, contentment with the present, and humble yet sure and certain hope for futurity, which might vainly have been sought at prayer-meetings or evening lectures, where indeed little good can ever be obtained without some deleterious admixture, or alloy of baser feelings.

The happiness which he had found in retirement was

of a different kind from what he had contemplated; for the shades of evening were gathering when he reached the place of his long wished-for rest, and the picture of it which had imprinted itself on his imagination was a morning view. But he had been prepared for this by that slow change, of which we are not aware during its progress till we see it reflected in others, and are thus made conscious of it in ourselves; and he found a satisfaction in the station which he occupied there, too worthy in its nature to be called pride, and which had not entered into his anticipations. It is said to have been a saying of George the Third, that the happiest condition in which an Englishman could be placed, was just below that wherein it would have been necessary for him to act as a Justice of the Peace, and above that which would have rendered him liable to parochial duties. This was just Mr. Allison's position; there was nothing which brought him into rivalry or competition with the surrounding Squirearchy, and the yeomen and peasantry respected him for his own character, as well as for his name's-sake. He gave employment to more persons than when he was engaged in trade, and his indirect influence over them was greater; that of his sister was still more. The elders of the village remembered her in her youth, and loved her for what she then had been, as well as for what she now was;

the young looked up to her as the Lady Bountiful, to whom no one that needed advice or assistance ever applied in vain. She it was who provided those much-approved plum-cakes, not the less savoury for being both homely and wholesome, the thought of which induced the children to look on to their Lent examination with hope, and prepare for it with alacrity. Those offices in a parish which are the province of the Clergyman's wife, when he has made choice of one who knows her duty, and has both will and ability to discharge it, Miss Allison performed; and she rendered Mr. Bacon the farther, and to him individually the greater, service of imparting to his daughter those instructions which she had no mother to impart. Deborah could not have had a better teacher; but as the present chapter has extended to a sufficient length,

*Diremo il resto in quel che vien dipoi,
Per non venire a noja a me e voi. **

* Orlando Innamorato.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FEW PARTICULARS CONCERNING NO. 113, BISHOPSGATE STREET-WITHIN; AND OF THE FAMILY AT THAXTED GRANGE.

Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our peace doth flow;
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so.

KATHARINE PHILIPS.

THE house wherein Mr. Allison realised by fair dealing and frugality the modest fortune which enabled him to repurchase the homestead of his fathers, is still a Tobacconist's, and has continued to be so from "the palmy days" of that trade, when King James vainly endeavoured, by the expression of his royal dislike, to discountenance the newly-imported practice of smoking; and Joshua Sylvester thundered from Mount Helicon a Volley of Holy Shot, thinking that thereby "Tobacco" should be "battered, and the Pipes shattered, about their ears that idly idolize so base and barbarous a weed, or at least-wise overlove so loathsome vanity."* For he said,

* Old Burton's was a modified opinion. See *Anatomie of Melancholy*, part ii. § 2. mem. 2. subs. 2.—J. W. WARTER.

If there be any Herb in any place
Most opposite to God's good Herb of Grace,
'Tis doubtless this; and this doth plainly prove it,
That for the most, most graceless men do love it.

Yet it was not long before the dead and unsavoury odour of that weed, to which a Parisian was made to say that "sea-coal smoke seemed a very Portugal perfume," prevailed as much in the raiment of the more coarsely clad part of the community, as the scent of lavender among those who were clothed in fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day: and it had grown so much in fashion, that it was said children "began to play with broken pipes, instead of corals, to make way for their teeth."

Louis XIV. endeavoured just as ineffectually to discourage the use of snuff-taking. His *valets de chambre* were obliged to renounce it when they were appointed to their office; and the Duke of Harcourt was supposed to have died of apoplexy in consequence of having, to please his Majesty, left off at once a habit which he had carried to excess.

I know not through what intermediate hands the business at No. 113, has passed, since the name of Allison was withdrawn from the firm; nor whether Mr. Evans, by whom it is now carried on there, is in any way related by descent with that family. Matters of no greater importance to most men have been made the

subject of much antiquarian investigation; and they who busy themselves in such investigations must not be said to be ill-employed, for they find harmless amusement in the pursuit, and sometimes put up a chance truth of which others, soon or late, discover the application. The house has at this time a more antiquated appearance than any other in that part of the street, though it was modernised some forty or fifty years after Mr. Bacon's friend left it. The first floor then projected several feet farther over the street than at present, and the second several feet farther over the first; and the windows, which still extend the whole breadth of the front, were then composed of small casement panes. But in the progress of those improvements which are now carrying on in the city with as much spirit as at the western end of the metropolis, and which have almost reached Mr. Evans's door, it cannot be long before the house will be either wholly removed, or so altered as no longer to be recognised.

The present race of Londoners little know what the appearance of the city was a century ago;—their own city, I was about to have said; but it was the city of their great grandfathers, not theirs, from which the elder Allisons retired in the year 1746. At that time the kennels (as in Paris) were in the middle of the street, and there were no footpaths; spouts projected the rain water in

streams, against which umbrellas, if umbrellas had been then in use, could have afforded no defence; and large signs, such as are now only to be seen at country inns, were suspended before every shop,* from posts which impeded the way, or from iron supports strongly fixed into the front of the house. The swinging of one of these broad signs in a high wind, and the weight of the iron on which it acted, sometimes brought the wall down; and it is recorded that one front-fall of this kind in Fleet Street maimed several persons, and killed "two young ladies, a cobbler, and the King's jeweller."

The sign at No. 113, was an Indian Chief smoking the calumet. Mr. Allison had found it there; and when it became necessary that a new one should be substituted, he retained the same figure,—though, if he had been to choose, he would have greatly preferred the head of Sir Walter Raleigh, by whom, according to the common belief, he supposed tobacco had been introduced into this country. The Water-Poet imputed it to the Devil himself, and published

A Proclamation,
Or Approbation,
From the King of Execration
To every Nation,
For Tobacco's propagation.

* The counting of these signs "from Temple Bar, the furthest Conduit in Cheapside," &c., is quoted as a remarkable instance of Fuller's Memory. Life, &c., p. 76, Ed. 1662.—J. W. WALTER.

Mr Allison used to shake his head at such libellous aspersions. Raleigh was a great favourite with him, and held, indeed, in especial respect, though not as the Patron of his old trade, as St. Crispin is of the Gentle Craft, yet as the founder of his fortune. He thought it proper, therefore, that he should possess Sir Walter's History of the World, though he had never found inclination, or summoned up resolution, to undertake its perusal.

Common sense has been defined by Sir Egerton Brydges, "to mean nothing more than an uneducated judgment, arising from a plain and coarse understanding exercised upon common concerns, and rendered effective rather by experience, than by any regular process of the intellectual powers. If this," he adds, "be the proper meaning of that quality, we cannot wonder that books are little fitted for its cultivation." Except that there was no coarseness in his nature, this would apply to Mr. Allison. He had been bred up with the notion, that it behoved him to attend to his business, and that reading formed no part of it. Nevertheless he had acquired some liking for books, by looking casually now and then over the leaves of those unfortunate volumes with which the shop was continually supplied for its daily consumption.

— Many a load of criticism,
Elaborate products of the midnight toil
Of Belgian brains,*

* Akenside.

went there; and many a tome of old law, old physic, and old divinity; old history as well; books of which many were at all times rubbish; some which, though little better, would now sell for more shillings by the page than they then cost pence by the pound; and others, the real value of which is perhaps as little known now, as it was then. Such of these as in latter years caught his attention, he now and then rescued from the remorseless use to which they had been condemned. They made a curious assortment with his wife's books of devotion or amusement, wherewith she had sometimes beguiled, and sometimes soothed, the weary hours of long and frequent illness. Among the former were Scott's "Christian Life," Bishop Bayly's "Practice of Piety," Bishop Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," Drelincourt on Death, with De Foe's lying story of Mrs. Veal's ghost as a puff preliminary, and the Night Thoughts. Among the latter were Cassandra, the Guardian and Spectator, Mrs. Rowe's Letters, Richardson's Novels, and Pomfret's Poems.

Mrs. Allison had been able to do little for her daughter of that little, which, if her state of health and spirits had permitted, she might have done; this, therefore, as well as the more active duties of the household, devolved upon Elizabeth, who was of a better constitution in mind as well as body. Elizabeth, before she went to reside with

her brother, had acquired all the accomplishments which a domestic education in the country could in those days impart. Her book of receipts, culinary and medical, might have vied with the "Queen's Cabinet Unlocked." The spelling indeed was such as ladies used in the reign of Queen Anne, and in the old time before her, when every one spelt as she thought fit; but it was written in a well-proportioned Italian hand, with fine down-strokes and broad up-ones, equally distinct and beautiful. Her speech was good Yorkshire, that is to say, good provincial English, not the worse for being provincial, and a little softened by five-and-twenty years' residence in London. Some sisters, who in those days kept a boarding-school of the first repute, in one of the midland counties, used to say, when they spoke of an old pupil, "*her went to school to we.*" Miss Allison's language was not of this kind,—it savoured of rusticity, not of ignorance; and where it was peculiar, as in the metropolis, it gave raciness to the conversation of an agreeable woman.

She had been well instructed in ornamental work as well as ornamental penmanship. Unlike most fashions, this had continued to be in fashion because it continued to be of use; though no doubt some of the varieties which Taylor, the Water-Poet, enumerates in his praise of the Needle, might have been then as little understood as now:—

Tent-work, Raised-work, Laid-work, Prest-work, Net-work,
 Most curious Pearl, or rare Italian Cut-work,
 Fine Fern-stitch, Finny-stitch, New-stitch and Chain-stitch,
 Brave Bred-stitch, Fisher-stitch, Irish-stitch and Queen-stitch,
 The Spanish-stitch, Rosemary stitch and Maw-stitch,
 The smarting Whip-stitch, Back-stitch and the Cross-stitch.
 All these are good, and these we must allow;
 And these are every where in practice now.

There was a book published in the Water-Poet's days, with the title of "School House for the Needle;" it consisted of two volumes in oblong quarto, that form being suited to its plates "of sundry sorts of patterns and examples;" and it contained a "Dialogue in Verse between Diligence and Sloth." If Betsey Allison had studied in this "School House," she could not have been a greater proficient with the needle than she became under her Aunt's teaching: nor would she have been more

—versed in the arts³
 Of pies, puddings, and tarts,*

if she had gone through a course of practical lessons in one of the Pastry Schools which are common in Scotland, but were tried without success in London, about the middle of the last century. Deborah partook of these instructions at her father's desire. In all that related to the delicacies of a country table, she was glad to be instructed, because it enabled her to assist her friend; but it appeared strange to her that Mr. Bacon should

* T. Warton.

wish her to learn ornamental work, for which she neither had, nor could foresee any use. But if the employment had been less agreeable than she found it in such company, she would never have disputed, nor questioned his will.

For so small a household, a more active or cheerful one could nowhere have been found than at the Grange. Ben Jonson reckoned among the happinesses of Sir Robert Wroth, that of being "with unbought provision blest." This blessing Mr. Allison enjoyed in as great a degree as his position in life permitted; he neither killed his own meat nor grew his own corn; but he had his poultry-yard, his garden and his orchard; he baked his own bread, brewed his own beer, and was supplied with milk, cream, and butter from his own dairy. It is a fact not unworthy of notice, that the most intelligent farmers in the neighbourhood of London are persons who have taken to farming as a business, because of their strong inclination for rural employments; one of the very best in Middlesex, when the Survey of that County was published by the Board of Agriculture, had been a Tailor. Mr. Allison did not attempt to manage the land which he kept in his own hands; but he had a trusty bailiff, and soon acquired knowledge enough for superintending what was done. When he retired from trade he gave over all desire for gain, which indeed he had never de-

sired for his own sake; he sought now only wholesome occupation, and those comforts which may be said to have a moral zest. They might be called luxuries, if that word could be used in a virtuous sense without something so to qualify it. It is a curious instance of the modification which words undergo in different countries, that luxury has always a sinful acceptation in the southern languages of Europe, and lust an innocent one in the northern; the harmless meaning of the latter word, we have retained in the verb *to list*.

Every one who looks back upon the scenes of his youth, has one spot upon which the last light of the evening sunshine rests. The Grange was that spot in Deborah's retrospect.

CHAPTER XIV.

A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE, SHOWING THAT A WISE MAN, WHEN HE
RISES IN THE MORNING, LITTLE KNOWS WHAT HE MAY DO BEFORE
NIGHT.

— Now I love,
And so as in so short a time I may;
Yet so as time shall never break that so,
And therefore so accept of Elinor.

ROBERT GREENE.

ONE summer evening the Doctor, on his way back from a visit in that direction, stopped, as on such opportunities he usually did, at Mr. Bacon's wicket, and looked in at the open casement to see if his friends were within. Mr. Bacon was sitting there alone, with a book open on the table before him; and looking round when he heard the horse stop, "Come in, Doctor," said he, "if you have a few minutes to spare. You were never more welcome."

The Doctor replied, "I hope nothing ails either Deborah or yourself?" "No," said Mr. Bacon, "God be thanked! but something has occurred which concerns both."

When the Doctor entered the room, he perceived

that the wonted serenity of his friend's countenance was overcast by a shade of melancholy thought; "Nothing," said he, "I hope has happened to distress you?"—"Only to disturb us," was the reply. "Most people would probably think that we ought to consider it a piece of good fortune. One who would be thought a good match for her, has proposed to marry Deborah."

"Indeed!" said the Doctor; "and who is he?" feeling, as he asked the question, an unusual warmth in his face.

"Joseph Hebblethwaite, of the Willows. He broke his mind to me this morning, saying that he thought it best to speak with me before he made any advances himself to the young woman: indeed he had had no opportunity of so doing, for he had seen little of her; but he had heard enough of her character to believe that she would make him a good wife; and this, he said, was all he looked for, for he was well to do in the world."

"And what answer did you make to this matter-of-fact way of proceeding?"

"I told him that I commended the very proper course he had taken, and that I was obliged to him for the good opinion of my daughter which he was pleased to entertain: that marriage was an affair in which I should never attempt to direct her inclinations, being confident that she would never give me cause to oppose them; and that I would talk with her upon the proposal, and

let him know the result. As soon as I mentioned it to Deborah, she coloured up to her eyes; and with an angry look, of which I did not think those eyes had been capable, she desired me to tell him that he had better lose no time in looking elsewhere, for his thinking of her was of no use. ‘Do you know any ill of him?’ said I; ‘No,’ she replied, ‘but I never heard any good, and that’s ill enough. And I do not like his looks.’”

“Well said, Deborah!” cried the Doctor: clapping his hands so as to produce a sonorous token of satisfaction.

“‘Surely, my child,’ said I, ‘he is not an ill-looking person?’ ‘Father,’ she replied, ‘you know he looks as if he had not one idea in his head to keep company with another.’”

“Well said, Deborah!” repeated the Doctor.

“Why, Doctor, do you know any ill of him?”

“None. But, as Deborah says, I know no good; and if there had been any good to be known, it must have come within my knowledge. I cannot help knowing who the persons are to whom the peasantry in my rounds look with respect and good-will, and whom they consider their friends as well as their betters. And, in like manner, I know who they are from whom they never expect either courtesy or kindness.”

“You are right, my friend; and Deborah is right.

Her answer came from a wise heart; and I was not sorry that her determination was so promptly made, and so resolutely pronounced. But I wish, if it had pleased God, the offer had been one which she could have accepted with her own willing consent, and with my full approbation."

"Yct," said the Doctor, "I have often thought how sad a thing it would be for you ever to part with her."

"Far more sad will it be for me to leave her unprotected, as it is but too likely that, in the ordinary course of nature, I one day shall; and as any day in that same ordinary course, I so possibly may! Our best intentions, even when they have been most prudentially formed, fail often in their issue. I meant to train up Deborah in the way she should go, by fitting her for that state of life in which it had pleased God to place her; so that she might have made a good wife for some honest man in the humbler walks of life, and have been happy with him."

"And how was it possible," replied the Doctor, "that you could have succeeded better? Is she not qualified to be a good man's wife in any rank? Her manner would not do discredit to a mansion; her management would make a farm prosperous, or a cottage comfortable; and for her principles, and temper and cheerfulness, they would render any home a happy one."

“ You have not spoken too highly in her praise, Doctor. But as she has from her childhood been all in all to me, there is a danger that I may have become too much so to her; and that, while her habits have properly been made conformable to our poor means and her poor prospects, she has been accustomed to a way of thinking, and a kind of conversation, which have given her a distaste for those whose talk is only of sheep and of oxen, and whose thoughts never get beyond the range of their every day employments. In her present circle, I do not think there is one man with whom she might otherwise have had a chance of settling in life, to whom she would not have the same intellectual objections as to Joseph Hebblethwaite: though I am glad that the moral objection was that which first instinctively occurred to her.

“ I wish it were otherwise, both for her sake and my own; for hers, because the present separation would have more than enough to compensate it, and would in its consequences mitigate the evil of the final one, whenever that may be; for my own, because I should then have no cause whatever to render the prospect of dissolution otherwise than welcome, but be as willing to die as to sleep. It is not owing to any distrust in Providence, that I am not thus willing now,—God forbid! But if I gave heed to my own feelings, I should think that I am not long for this world; and surely it were wise to

remove, if possible, the only cause that makes me fear to think so."

"Are you sensible of any symptoms that can lead to such an apprehension?" said the Doctor.

"Of nothing that can be called a symptom. I am to all appearance in good health, of sound body and mind; and you know how unlikely my habits are to occasion any disturbance in either. But I have indefinable impressions,—sensations they might almost be called,—which, as I cannot but feel them, so I cannot but regard them."

"Can you not describe these sensations?"

"No better than by saying, that they hardly amount to sensations, and are indescribable."

"Do not," said the Doctor, "I entreat you, give way to any feelings of this kind. They may lead to consequences which, without shortening or endangering life, would render it anxious and burthensome, and destroy both your usefulness and your comfort."

"I have this feeling, Doctor; and you shall prescribe for it, if you think it requires either regimen or physic. But at present you will do me more good by assisting me to procure for Deborah such a situation as she must necessarily look for on the event of my death. What I have laid by, even if it should be most advantageously disposed of, would afford her only a bare subsistence; it

s a resource in case of sickness, but while in health, it would never be her wish to eat the bread of idleness. You may have opportunities of learning whether any lady within the circle of your practice wants a young person in whom she might confide, either as an attendant upon herself, or to assist in the management of her children, or her household. You may be sure this is not the first time that I have thought upon the subject; but the circumstance which has this day occurred, and the feeling of which I have spoken, have pressed it upon my consideration. And the inquiry may better be made, and the step taken while it is a matter of foresight, than when it has become one of necessity."

"Let me feel your pulse!"

"You will detect no other disorder there," said Mr. Bacon, holding out his arm as he spake, "than what has been caused by this conversation, and the declaration of a purpose, which, though for some time perpended, I had never till now fully acknowledged to myself."

"You have never then mentioned it to Deborah?"

"In no other way than by sometimes incidentally speaking of the way of life which would be open to her, in case of her being unmarried at my death."

"And you have made up your mind to part with her?"

"Upon a clear conviction that I ought to do so; that it is best for herself and me."

“Well, then, you will allow me to converse with her first upon a different subject.—You will permit me to see whether I can speak more successfully for myself, than you have done for Joseph Hebblethwaite.—Have I your consent?”

Mr. Bacon rose in great emotion, and taking his friend's hand, pressed it fervently and tremulously. Presently they heard the wicket open, and Deborah came in.

“I dare say, Deborah,” said her father composing himself, “you have been telling Betsey Allison of the advantageous offer that you have this day refused.”

“Yes,” replied Deborah; “and what do you think she said? That little as she likes him, rather than that I should be thrown away upon such a man, she could almost make up her mind to marry him herself.”

“And I,” said the Doctor, “rather than such a man should have you, would marry you myself.”

“Was not I right in refusing him, Doctor?”

“So right, that you never pleased me so well before; and never can please me better,—unless you will accept of me in his stead.”

She gave a little start, and looked at him half incredulously, and half angrily withal; as if what he had said was too light in its manner to be serious, and yet too serious in its import to be spoken in jest. But when he

took her by the hand, and said, "Will you, dear Deborah?" with a pressure, and in a tone that left no doubt of his earnest meaning, she cried, "Father, what am I to say? speak for me!"—"Take her, my friend!" said Mr. Bacon. "My blessing be upon you both. And, if it be not presumptuous to use the words,—let me say for myself, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!'"

CHAPTER XV.

THE WEDDING PEAL AT ST. GEORGE'S, AND THE BRIDE'S APPEARANCE AT CHURCH.

IN the month of April 1761, the Doctor brought home his bride to Doncaster. Many eyes were turned upon her when she made her appearance at St. George's Church. The novelty of the place made her less regardful of this than she might otherwise have been. Hollis Pigot, who held the vicarage of Doncaster thirty years, and was then in the last year of his incumbency and his life, performed the service that day. I know not among what description of preachers he was to be classed; whether with those who obtain attention, and command respect, and win confidence, and strengthen belief, and inspire hope, or with the far more numerous race of Spintexts and of Martexts. But if he had preached that morning with the tongue of an angel, the bride would have had no ears for him. Her thoughts were neither upon those who on their way from church would talk over her instead of the sermon, nor of the

service, nor of her husband, nor of herself in her new character, but of her father,—and with a feeling which might almost be called funereal, that she had passed from under his pastoral as well as his paternal care.

CHAPTER XVI.

SOMETHING SERIOUS

If thou hast read all this Book, and art never the better, yet catch this flower before thou go out of the garden, and peradventure the scent thereof will bring thee back to smell the rest. HENRY SMITH.

DEBORAH found no one in Doncaster to supply the place of Betty Allison in the daily intercourse of familiar and perfect friendship. That indeed was impossible; no aftermath has the fragrance and the sweetness of the first crop. But why do I call her Deborah? She had never been known by that name to her new neighbours; and to her very Father she was now spoken of as Mrs. Dove. Even the Allison called her so in courteous and customary usage, but not without a melancholy reflection, that when Deborah Bacon became Mrs. Dove, she was in a great measure lost to them.

—Friendship, although it cease not
In marriage, is yet at less command
Than when a single freedom can dispose it.*

Doncaster has less of the *Rus in Urbe* now than it had in those days, and than Bath had when those words

* Ford.

were placed over the door of a Lodging-House, on the North Parade. And the house to which the Doctor brought home his bride, had less of it than when Peter Hopkins set up the gilt pestle and mortar there as the cognizance of his vocation. It had no longer that air of quiet respectability which belongs to such a dwelling in the best street of a small country town. The Mansion House, by which it was dwarfed and inconvenienced in many ways, occasioned a stir and bustle about it, unlike the cheerful business of a market day. The back windows, however, still looked to the fields, and there was still a garden. But neither fields nor garden could prevail over the odour of the shop, in which, like

Hot, cold, moist and dry, four champions fierce,

in Milton's Chaos, rhubarb and peppermint, and valerian, and assafetida, "strove for mastery," and to battle brought their atoms. Happy was the day when peppermint predominated; though it always reminded Mrs. Dove of Thaxted Grange, and the delight with which she used to assist Miss Allison in her distillations. There is an Arabian proverb which says, "The remembrance of youth is a sigh." Southey has taken it for the text of one of those juvenile poems in which he dwells with thoughtful forefeeling upon the condition of declining life.

Miss Allison had been to her, not indeed as a mother, but as what a stepmother is, who is led by natural benevolence, and a religious sense of duty, to perform as far as possible a mother's part to her husband's children. There are more such stepmothers than the world is willing to believe, and they have their reward here as well as hereafter. It was impossible that any new friend could fill up her place in Mrs. Dove's affections,—impossible that she could ever feel for another woman the respect, and reverence, and gratitude, which blended with her love for this excellent person. Though she was born within four miles of Doncaster, and had lived till her marriage in the humble vicarage in which she was born, she had never passed four-and-twenty hours in that town before she went to reside there; nor had she the slightest acquaintance with any of its inhabitants, except the few shopkeepers with whom her little dearlings had lain, and the occasional visitants whom she had met at the Grange.

An Irish officer in the army, happening to be passenger in an armed vessel during the last war, used frequently to wish that they might fall in with an enemy's ship, because he said, he had been in many land battles, and there was nothing in the world which he desired more than to see what sort of a thing a sea-fight was. He had his wish, and when after a smart action, in

which he bore his part bravely, an enemy of superior force had been beaten off, he declared with the customary emphasis of an Hibernian adjuration, that a sea-fight was a mighty *sairious* sort of thing.

The Doctor and Deborah, as soon as they were betrothed, had come to just the same conclusion upon a very different subject. Till the day of their engagement, nay, till the hour of proposal on his part, and the very instant of acceptance on hers, each had looked upon marriage, when the thought of it occurred, as a distant possibility, more or less desirable, according to the circumstances which introduced the thought, and the mood in which it was entertained. And when it was spoken of sportively, as might happen, in relation to either the one or the other, it was lightly treated as a subject in which they had no concern. But from the time of their engagement, it seemed to both the most serious event of their lives.

In the Dutch village of Broek, concerning which, singular as the habits of the inhabitants are, travellers have related more peculiarities than ever prevailed there, one remarkable custom shows with how serious a mind some of the Hollanders regard marriage. The great house door is never opened but when the Master of the House brings home his Bride from the altar, and when Husband and Wife are borne out to the grave. Dr.

Dove had seen that village of great Baby-houses; but though much attached to Holland, and to the Dutch as a people, and disposed to think that we might learn many useful lessons from our prudent and thrifty neighbours, he thought this to be as preposterous, if not as shocking a custom, as it would be to have the bell toll at a marriage, and to wear a winding-sheet for a wedding garment.

We look with wonder at the transformations that take place in insects, and yet their physical metamorphoses are not greater than the changes which we ourselves undergo morally and intellectually, both in our relations to others and in our individual nature. *Chaque individu, considéré séparément, diffère encore de lui même par l'effet du tems; il devient un autre, en quelque manière, aux diverses époques de sa vie. L'enfant, l'homme rait, le vieillard, sont comme autant d'étrangers unis dans une seule personne par le lien mystérieux du souvenir.** Of all changes in life, marriage is certainly the greatest, and though less change in every respect can very rarely be produced by it in any persons than in the Doctor and his wife, it was very great to both. On his part it was altogether an increase of happiness; or rather, from having been contented in his station he became happy in it, so happy as to be experimentally convinced that

* Necker.

there can be no "single blessedness" for man. There were some drawbacks on her part,—in the removal from a quiet vicarage to a busy street; in the obstacle which four miles opposed to that daily and intimate intercourse with her friends at the Grange, which had been the chief delight of her maiden life; and above all, in the separation from her father—for even at a distance which may appear so inconsiderable, such it was; but there was the consolatory reflection, that those dear friends and that dear father concurred in approving her marriage, and in rejoicing in it for her sake; and the experience of every day and every year made her more and more thankful for her lot. In the full liturgic sense of the word, he worshipped her, that is, he loved and cherished, and respected and honoured her; and she would have obeyed him cheerfully as well as dutifully, if obedience could have been shown where there was ever but one will.

THE END.

CONFESSIONS OF A WORKING MAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF
EMILE SOUVESTRE.

Translated from the Third Edition.

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(DEDICATION TO THE ORIGINAL)

TO THE ELDER MORVAN,

A WORKING MAN AT THE PORT OF BREST,

AND

TO PERRINE MORVAN,

HIS WIFE.

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CONFESSIONS OF A WORKING MAN.

INTRODUCTION.

WE owe the communication of the following Memoirs to a friend. Being obliged to live among working men of all trades, his sympathetic character has often led him from the mere connections of business to more intimate relations ; when employing the workman, he interests himself in the man ; and when the engineer has judged of the work, the philosophical observer has his turn.

In the year 1846, while employed on some buildings, which were being erected according to his plans, he became acquainted with Pierre Henry, who went by the name of *The Strict*, and who had at the time several sub-contracts for the mason's work. He immediately remarked his activity, intelligence, and good-humour ; and, by-and-by, he was able to appreciate the scrupulous honesty which had gained him, among his fellows, the glorious title of *The Strict*.

Daily intercourse, and a reciprocal esteem, gradually drew them into confidence. In his familiar conversations with the engineer, Pierre Henry had already, unconsciously, related a part of his life, when an accident happened to bring it to light in all its details.

An accumulation of business had one day detained our friend later than usual, when a sudden shower of rain came on, and compelled him to accept the hospitality offered him by the master-mason. He was received with the quiet courtesy of those who know how to respect themselves, at the same time as others. Pierre Henry's wife was a laundress, with a dozen women under herself and her daughter. The son overlooked the workyard, examined the works, kept the accounts, and handled the hammer or trowel if required. They had all preserved the dress and habits of their trade. Experience had taught the master-mason to endeavour to avoid for his children the dangers of leaving their own class in life, where the path is well beaten and known, for other roads, where every thing becomes a difficulty, because all is new. Perhaps, too, he felt a repugnance to see them desert those obscure ranks, which were to him in the human army what his own regiment is to the soldier; he no doubt perceived that the most certain way of being useful to his fellow-workmen, was to leave among them the men who could do them honour; for Pierre Henry knew, that the law of progress does not require us to bring down that which is above, but to raise that which is below.

After the exchange of civilities proper to a first visit, our friend, who had to arrange some bills, was shown into the spare room, which the mason and his son used as an office. It was there, while he was turning over several estimates, to which Pierre Henry had given him access, that his eyes fell upon a manuscript, which bore this curious title:—

ALL THAT I CAN RECOLLECT OF MY LIFE,
SINCE 1801.

BY PIERRE HENRY, CALLED "THE STRICT."

On questioning the mason, he laughingly confessed that it was a sort of memoir, written in former times during rainy evenings,

or on winter Sundays, without any other intention than that of putting his recollections together. He made, however, no difficulty about permitting his guest to read it, and, while warning him that he would never get further than the second page, he gave him leave to take the manuscript away with him. The engineer promised to take the greatest care of it ; but Pierre Henry declared that his son had made a fair copy of it, and that the original manuscript was destined, long since, to the laundry fire. Our friend, having thus become the lawful owner of the memoirs, read them, and spoke to us of them ; but he only gave them to us a few months ago, and from that time we have thought that their publication might at once be interesting and instructive. It only remained to obtain the consent of the mason ; after having hesitated some time, he complied with our wishes, without any other condition than that of suppressing a few proper names, and some details which were too personal.

We have used the complete liberty which was given us as to other matters, in abridging several chapters, and in making the expressions more correct. Sometimes, even, we have finished certain sketches, the lines of which had been left too confused, or too imperfect. But if these additions and curtailments have modified the form a little, they have never touched the spirit of the Memoirs of Pierre Henry, as the manuscript, which we still preserve, can prove.

This manuscript, consisting of three quires of coarse bluish paper, is entirely filled, and carefully written ; the erasures are few, and the repetitions numerous. The interlineations and marginal additions, are written in a younger hand ; they are by Pierre Henry's son, who has had a more literary education, and who belongs to that phalanx of workmen-poets, whose appearance is one of the significant features of our age.

We have availed ourselves of these views, in which the working-man of our day interprets the feelings of the working-man who had gone before him in the same course. It has seemed to

us that these commentaries throw, here and there, a ray of light on the somewhat obscure facts in the mason's memoirs. For the most part, however, the son had only expressed his father's recollections in better terms, or finished in writing the account received from him by word of mouth.

Pierre Henry has copied into the manuscript that we possess, the official documents which compose his family archives, and each at its date ; the certificate of his birth, those of the burials of his parents, his marriage certificate, the purchase-deed of the house in which he lives, and the garden he cultivates, and the principal contracts made by him in the exercise of his trade. The manuscript begins under the form of memoirs, after a while takes that of a journal, and ends by being a mere collection of accounts.

Even these changes have their meaning, and must, doubtless, correspond to the interests of different times of life. When young, we love to stop on the road, and look back with a dreamy eye on the horizon left behind us ; after a while, time urges us on, and we only care for what is around us ; later still, our view is contracted to our feet, and we think only of calculating the distances, and avoiding the ruts. All existence, alas ! follows more or less the course of Pierre Henry's manuscript ; we begin with graceful or touching pictures, and we finish with arithmetic.

We have here thought it better to give only the former of these. As we could not print the mason's manuscript all through, we have extracted that part of it which has appeared to us adapted to calm rebellious spirits, and to soften hearts ready to grow hard. We have thought that, in the midst of the social troubles and excitement of our times, nothing is more opportune, more encouraging, and more beautiful, than the spectacle of a man of humble lot, who combats suffering by patience, and who triumphs in his integrity.

CHAPTER I.

The House in Chateau-Landon Street.—Pierre Henry's Neighbours.—The Chestnut Seller.—The little Sister Henrietta.—Friend Maurice.

As far back as I can recollect, I remember living with my father and mother in a two-storied house, in Chateau-Landon Street, near the Barrier of the *Vertus*.

On the ground floor lodged, all alone, a dealer in old clothes, who was employed in his trade during the day, returned home in the evening, got tipsy without saying a word, and slept himself sober by next morning. He never spoke to any one, nor made any noise, but lived as quietly as a dead man in his grave. We passed weeks without either seeing or hearing him ; but we knew his life so well, that we could always hit exactly on what he was doing. Just at seven we used to say—

“Vautru is in town.”

Towards eight—

“Vautru is tipsy !”

And, if put to the proof, we were always in the right.

One day, however, we found ourselves in the wrong. Vautru did not go out in the morning, and little Rose, our neighbour, after having looked through the hole which lighted his room, ran away, crying out, and quite frightened. We asked her what she had seen ; she replied with tears, that the clothes-seller had become all black. Some of the neighbours went in their turn, got into his room, and found Vautru burnt.

I have always remembered this event, because it was the first

time I saw a dead person. They had put him in his coffin, with a white sheet over him, a candle at his head, and near his feet a plate, into which every one threw a few pence to pay the burial fee. My mother sent me with an offering, and my heart was touched. As long as Vautru was our neighbour, I had taken no heed to him; but when I thought that there was, within these boards, a man whom I had seen living, and who could never get up again, it seemed to me that I had loved him, and I began to cry. I have since thought on recalling this, that one ought not to withdraw sad images too much from children. The thoughtlessness of their age will make them naturally selfish and hard; the sight of suffering or death opens their hearts.

Over the clothes-seller lived Mother Cauville, a worthy woman, left a widow without provision, and with three children. As long as her husband lived they were all maintained; when he died, *their legs had failed them*—so said the good dame Cauville—and it was necessary *to walk upon their courage!* The brave mother drawing a small hand-cart, commenced crying “*vegetables* ;” the eldest daughter had bought a flat basket for selling small wares, and the son had become a travelling chair-mender. Little Rose, then eight years old, stayed at home and kept house. At first the fang of poverty struck hard. They measured their mouthfuls—they blew their fingers—they slept on straw, but little by little the gains of the mother and the two children increased; farthings added to farthings became shillings; they could have a mattress—light the stove—enlarge the rations. Rose, in her spare moments, made brimstone matches which her sister sold, and knit stockings for all the family. When I left the house, the honest people had furniture, Sunday clothes, and credit at the baker’s.

The remembrance of the Cauvilles has always remained to me as a proof of what the least resources produce when made the most of by perseverance and good-will. It is by uniting small efforts that we arrive at great results; each of our fingers is of

little worth by itself, but altogether they form the hand with which houses are built and mountains pierced.

My parents lived above the widow Cauville ; higher up there were only cats and tiles.

The best part of my time was passed in fighting or in wandering about the suburbs. We were a family party of a dozen, better provided with appetites than with shoes and stockings, and with the public street for our drawing-room. Every thing served us for amusement : the snow of winter which helped us to fight great battles, the water of the gutters that we stopped up to make a pond of the street, the withered sods of the unoccupied bits of ground, with which we built ovens or mills. In these works, as in our childish games, I was neither the strongest nor the wisest, but I hated injustice, which made them choose me for arbiter in all our quarrels. The condemned party sometimes revenged himself for the sentence by thrashing the judge ; but, instead of this disgusting me with my impartiality, the blows only confirmed it, just as with a nail well planted, the more you strike the more it goes in.

The same instinct led me only to do what I thought right, and only to say what I knew. Evil came to me from this more than once, especially in the adventure with the chestnut seller.

He was a peasant who often passed through our suburbs with an ass loaded with fruit, and used to stop at an old friend's who lodged opposite our house. The Argenteuil wine often lengthened out his visit, and we used to gather round the donkey and look at his load with envious eyes. One day the temptation was too strong ; The donkey carried a bag, through the rents of which we could see the beautiful shining chestnuts, which looked as if they had placed themselves at the window to provoke our gluttony. The boldest pointed them out with their eyes, and one of them proposed to enlarge the opening. The matter was put to discussion ; I was the only one who opposed it. As the majority made the law, they were proceeding to execution, when I

threw myself before the bag, crying out that nobody should touch it. I wished to give reasons in support of the act, but a blow of a fist closed my mouth. I quickly retaliated, and then followed a general *mêlée*, which was my Waterloo. Overpowered by numbers, I dragged down in my fall the bag I defended; and the peasant, who was attracted by the noise of the fight, found me under the legs of the donkey in the middle of his scattered chestnuts. Seeing my adversaries in flight, he divined what they had wanted to do, took me for their accomplice, and without more explanation, fell to punishing me with blows of his whip for the robbery which I had prevented. In vain I implored, the man thought to avenge himself for his loss, and besides he had drunk too much to listen. I escaped from him half dead, bleeding and furious.

My companions did not fail to laugh at my scruples, which had been so ill-rewarded: but I had an obstinate will; instead of being discouraged, I grew fiercer. After all, if my bruises hurt me they did not cause me shame, and those who laughed at my conduct, thought the more of it all the while; as the saying is, it gave me a *position*. I have often thought since, that the chestnut-seller, when beating me, had served me a good turn without knowing it. Not only had he taught me that we ought to do good for its own sake and not for reward, but he had given me an occasion to show character: thanks to him, I had begun a reputation which I was afterwards anxious to go on with; for if a good reputation is a reward, it is also a curb; when people give us a good name, they most frequently oblige us to deserve it.

Excepting honesty, however, I had all the defects resulting from a street education. Nobody took heed of me, and I grew by the grace of God, like the weeds in the roads. My mother was occupied all day with her household cares, and my father only came home from his work in the evening. To both of them I was merely another mouth to feed. They wished to see me

live and not suffer ; their foresight did not extend further—it was their way of loving.

Wretchedness, which was always on the threshold, sometimes pushed open the door and entered, but I never remember to have felt it. When bread fell short they attended to my hunger first, then my father and mother lived as best they could.

Another recollection about this time is that of our Sunday walks beyond the Barrier.* We used to go and take places in a great room full of people, who drank, shouted, and often came to blows. Even now I call to mind my mother's efforts and my own to prevent my father taking part in these quarrels. We most often brought him home disfigured, and always with difficulty ; so these were for me days of sorrow and fear.

One circumstance made them yet more hateful to me.

I had a little sister, named Henrietta, fair, fat as butter, and who slept near me in a wicker cradle. I loved this innocent creature, who laughed when she saw me, and began to learn to hold out her little arms to me. She disliked the barrier-walks yet more than I did ; her cries irritated my father, who often vented his anger upon her in curses. One day, tired with her crying, he wished to take her, but he already saw double ; the child slipped from his arms and fell on her head. As we were returning she was given to me to carry. My father was glad to have made her quiet ; and I, who felt her head nodding on my shoulder, thought that she slept. Nevertheless, every now and then she gave a little moan. On reaching home she was put to bed, and all of us went to sleep ; but the next day I was awakened by loud cries. My mother held Henrietta on her knees, whilst my father looked at them both, with his arms crossed, and his head hung down. My little sister had died during the night. Without well comprehending then what had caused her death, I connected her loss with our walks outside the barrier, which made me hate them still more.

* Outside the Barriers wine pays no excise, and the drinking-shops abound.

After an interruption of some weeks, my father wished to renew them, but my mother refused to go with him, and I thus escaped them.

In the mean time, I was ten years old, and there was no thought of giving me any instruction. The indifference of my parents in this respect, was encouraged by the advice of Maurice. Maurice had always been the best friend of my family. He was a mason, like my father, and from the same part of the country; and, in addition to the authority which old connection gives, he had that which comes from unsullied honesty, proved capacity, and easy circumstances acquired by method and hard work. *Maurice says so!* was repeated in our house as the lawyers repeat—*It is the law!* Now, Maurice had a horror of printed letters.

“What is the good of puzzling your son with the alphabet?” he often said to my father. “Have I had need of the torture of schools to make my way? It is neither the pen nor the ink-stand; it is the trowel and the hod, which makes a good workman. Wait yet two years, and you shall then give me Pierre Henry, and, unless the devil meddles, we will soon make him take kindly to brick and mortar.” My father approved highly: as to my mother, she would have preferred sending me to school in the hopes of *making me* a priest. Nevertheless, she gave up without much difficulty the glory of making a scholar of me, and I should have known neither how to read or write, if the goodness of God had not interposed.

CHAPTER II.

Why I go to School.—M. Saurin.—I am Banished to the Form of the Incorrigibles.—Pierrot and the Battle of Jena.—I become a Good Scholar.—The Arithmetical Sanctum of M. Saurin.

OUR friend Maurice did not work only as foreman for others; he had begun for some time to undertake small contracts on his own account, which brought him in a little money, and gave him a taste for that course. He had heard of a job of mason's work for a gentleman of Versailles, who had before employed him. He mentioned it to us, and my mother advised him to write to the gentleman, but Maurice had a decided aversion to letter-writing; he declared that he preferred to wait till Sunday, and then to go on foot to Versailles to settle the business. Unfortunately another made more haste. When he saw us again, the Monday following, he informed us that the gentleman had signed the contract the evening before he came. He regretted Maurice, to whom he would have given the preference. It was a profit of some hundred francs lost for want of a letter. The foreman detested paper and ink more than ever; which, according to him, always gave an advantage to intriguers over good workmen. Let it be well understood, that in the eyes of Maurice a good workman was one who knew neither how to read nor write.

But my mother learnt quite another lesson from this circumstance; she concluded from it that it was good, even for a workman to know how to *put black on white*, and she talked of sending me to school. My father, who had not thought about it, made

* no opposition. They then bought me a great box, which was hung over my shoulder by a string; it was furnished with two pens, a quire of paper, a leathern inkstand, an A B C, on which the alphabet was preceded by a cross, and which was therefore called a "Christ-Cross;" then I was taken to M. Saurin's school.

M. Saurin had been, before the revolution, a lay brother or novice in a convent of Capucins. It was there, doubtless, that he had learnt to inflict discipline, and to speak through his nose. Otherwise he was one of the best men that ever lived—patient, disinterested, always ready to serve others. I loved every thing in good M. Saurin, excepting his severity. He used it, however, with much justice, and every blow was accompanied by a friendly word.

"It is for your good, dear boy," he would repeat, sighing; "remember this correction, my child: he who loves well chastens well—still another for the interest I take in you!"

And, at each sentence, the triple knotted cord descended on your back or shoulders.

As for me, I was always amongst the most loved, that is, the best beaten. So I must confess that I was the highest on the form of *incorrigibles*! Such was the name M. Saurin gave to the most inveterate idlers. The life I had led until now, made this compulsory sitting-still insupportable to me. I felt in my legs sundry impulses to run, which I tried to cure by stamping my feet right and left, or by leaps which changed the strokes my neighbours were writing into zig-zags, and made the ink spirt from the inkstands over the beautiful copies of M. Saurin.

Then these copies, which were arranged along the tables, and hung from packthread by wooden pins, like linen on the lines of washerwomen, served us much less as models for large and running hand, than as screens to hide our misdeeds: M. Saurin, who always had a joke (even when his discipline made us cry,) called them the *paragrimaces*!

I took advantage of this as much as any one, and all the first

year passed without my being able to read or to write. I always had in my mind what I had heard Maurice say, and I looked upon school instruction as a luxury, the want of which I did not at all feel.

To value it, it was necessary to learn what use it can be turned to.

We were then, if I recollect rightly, in the year 1806. One evening, on coming out of school, I saw about twenty workmen stopping before a large bill posted on the wall ; one of them was trying to spell it, but without being even able to make out the title properly.

We had among us a little humpbacked boy, named Pierrot, who was the scholar of the school, and who read all sorts of writing as easily as the others played at spinning tops. On seeing the silver cross with the tricolored ribbon, which he wore in front, the workmen called him ; one of them held him up in his arms so that he could see the bill. He began reading in his little shrill voice :—

“ BULLETIN OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

Victory over the Prussians at Jena.”

It was the recital of the battle, with the history of the five French battalions that the Prussian cavalry had not been able to break, and the five Prussian battalions which the French cavalry had scattered like a skein of thread. Pierrot read all this with an air as proud as if he had been general-in-chief, and the workmen, their eyes fixed upon him, drank in every word. When he stopped, the most impatient exclaimed,—

“ Go on ! go on ! ”

The others answered,—

“ Give him time ; at least let him take breath. Does he not read well—the little man ? Come, my jewel, you stopped at Marshal Davoust’s charge.”

And they were silent again to listen to Pierrot.

When the reading was finished, others passed by, and the little humpbacked boy was obliged to begin again. He, whom every body treated with contempt, was now regarded with consideration. One had almost said, that he had some part himself in the glorious account which he was making known to them ; every one was obliged to him. They spoke words of kindness and encouragement to him, whilst they made us silent by kicks : the little deformity was become our king.

This struck me as Maurice's adventure had struck my mother. Without reasoning upon it, I felt that learning was good sometimes. Pierrot's little triumph gave me a taste for printed letters ; I cannot say I made a resolution, but from that day I became more attentive to the lessons. A little praise from M. Saurin encouraged this good disposition, and the progress I made had the effect of giving me courage.

At the end of the second year I knew how to read and write ; M. Saurin began giving me lessons in arithmetic.

These lessons were only granted to favourite scholars, those who were gifted with *the sacred fire*, as said the old Capucin. They were taken into a little room apart, where was a black board, on which M. Saurin gave his demonstrations. The profane were forbidden to enter the sanctum. The black board room was to them like Blue-Beard's chamber. M. Saurin taught us the four rules with as much solemnity as if he had taught us the way to make gold, and perhaps, after all, he discovered to us a science as precious. I have often thought that the knowledge of arithmetic is the greatest gift that one man can make to another. Intelligence is much, love of work yet more, perseverance much better still ; but without arithmetic all is like a tool which misses its stroke. Calculation is the way of finding the relation between the attempt and the success ; that is, between cause and effect. He who does not calculate acts by chance. He does not know beforehand if he is taking the best way ; afterwards he is igno-

rant if he has taken it. Arithmetic is to industry what conscience is to honesty. It is only by it that we can see clearly and be satisfied. Experience has many times proved to me what I have just said—for others and for myself.

Thanks to M. Saurin's lessons, I could cipher readily enough, and resolve all the questions he set for me on his black board. After Pierrot's departure I was the first in the class; the little silver cross never left my patched coat. I had done like Napoleon—I had become perpetual emperor.

CHAPTER III.

A Great Misfortune.—A True Friend.—The Engineer's Opinion on the Thoughtlessness of Children.—M. Lenoir and his Geographical Charts.

ONE winter's evening, M. Saurin had kept me later than usual to solve some questions. I did not return home till night. When I arrived I found the door locked; it was the hour when my father was always at home, and when my mother was getting supper ready. I could not imagine what had become of them both. I seated myself on the door steps to wait for them.

I had been there some time, when Rose came down and saw me. I asked her if she knew why our door was locked; but, instead of answering me, she ran up-stairs again in a fright, and I heard her exclaim as she went back into their room,—

“Pierre Henry is there!”

Something was answered—then there were hasty whispers; at last dame Cauville appeared at the top of the staircase, and in a friendly voice invited me to come up. She was just going to supper with her children, and she asked me to join them. I replied that I would wait for my mother.

“She is gone out on business,” said the widow, who appeared to hesitate; “very likely it will be long before she returns: eat and drink, my poor Pierre; do not refuse a good meal.”

I placed myself by Rose; every one was silent except widow Cauville, who pressed me to eat; but my heart felt heavy without knowing wherefore. I listened all the time for some step on the staircase, and I looked at the door every instant.

When supper was finished, they gave me a chair near the fire; the Cauvilles remained round me, and all continued mute. This silence, and the attention paid to me, at last frightened me. I got up, exclaiming that I wished to see my mother.

"Wait, she will come back," said the widow.

I asked where she was.

"Well," replied dame Cauville, "she is at the hospital."

"She is ill then?"

"No, she is gone to take your father there, who has had an accident in the work-yard."

I declared that I would go to them, but she opposed me; she pretended not to know to which hospital the wounded man had been taken, and maintained, besides, that they would not admit me. I was obliged then to wait. My heart was as if in a vice, and I felt I was choking. Every one seemed as distressed as I was. We sat round the crackling fire, and we heard outside the rain and the wind beating on the dilapidated roof of the old house. Just then a dog began to howl, and, without knowing why, I began to cry.

Dame Cauville let me go on without saying any thing, as if she did not wish to give me hope by comforting me. At last, very late in the evening, we heard heavy steps on the staircase.

Our neighbour and her children ran to the door: trembling, I rose up and looked towards it—my mother appeared at it.

She was dripping with rain, and covered with mud and blood. She looked so as I had never seen her before. She came up to the fire without saying a word, and sank into a chair. We could easily see that she wished to speak, for her lips moved; but nothing but a kind of murmuring sound escaped from them.

I rushed towards her, and pressed her in my arms. The poor vegetable woman then asked her for news of Jerome.

"Ah! I have told you," stammered my mother, in a voice almost unintelligible; "the doctor at once gave up all hope. He

had only time to recognize me; he gave me his watch, and then—it was over!”

Our neighbour clasped her hands; her children looked at one another; as for me, I did not well comprehend. I began crying that I wished to go to the hospital where my father was. At this demand my poor mother rose up, took both my hands, and shook me in a sort of wild anger.

“Your father! unhappy boy!” said she. “You have none! Do you understand—you have none now?”

I looked at her quite frightened; the idea could not enter into my mind. I continued to repeat that I wished to see my father.

“You don’t understand, then, that he is dead,” broke in the widow Cauville roughly.

This enlightened me. I had seen the clothes-dealer and my little sister; I knew what death was. This word recalled to my mind many frightful images: a winding-sheet, a nailed-up coffin, a hole dug in the ground! I began screaming and sobbing. They tore me from my mother, and took me to our own lodgings.

I do not recollect any thing that followed. When I saw my mother the next day, she was in bed; she seemed better than the evening before, because she was no longer pale. They told me she had a fever.

Friend Maurice came to see her during the day; but they sent me away while he was talking to her.

The next day he came back to take me to the funeral. I had on my best clothes, and they had put a piece of black crape on my hat. Not more than five or six followed the coffin, which surprised me. My father was taken to the common grave. Maurice bought a wooden cross, which he fixed himself on the spot where they had buried him. I returned home with red eyes, but with my heart already lightened. I was like most children, on whom grief keeps no hold.

Since then, I have often thought of this; and once I spoke of it to M. D—, the engineer, and complained of the ingrati-

tude and insensibility of childhood. He answered me that it was an appointment of Providence.

"The necessary occupations of life," he said to me, "divert men from their truest sorrows. When we are in a trade, we must stay our grief till after work, and work itself consoles us by degrees, in spite of ourselves. But the child has his time to himself; and if he did not forget his trouble, it would dwell upon his heart, without relief or distraction, till it almost killed him. It is not God's will to enfeeble him by such trials. He remembers that he has need of all his strength to grow up; that it is necessary to allow time for the fire of life to kindle before so much suffering arises; and so he has given him forgetfulness, as he has given him hunger, in order that he may get strength and become a man."

When we left the cemetery, friend Maurice returned with me to my mother's. At the sight of us she burst into tears; for our return reminded her that her companion of twenty years was gone from her for ever. Maurice was vexed.

"Come, Madeleine," said he, with a bluntness which showed his friendship, "this is not reasonable. Jerome is, like you, where the goodness of God has placed him! Each of you must do your duty. He rests from work. You must work, and take courage. Here is a poor lad who has need of you; see if he cannot be Jerome. Already he is as like him as one penny is to another."

He pushed me towards my mother, who, sobbing, embraced me.

"It is enough," resumed he, drawing me away after a few minutes. "Dry your eyes; let us see. Close the fountain of your heart. I know you are brave, my old friend; now you must prove it. What do you intend to do at present? Let us speak of that, it is of the most consequence."

My mother replied, "that she did not know any thing; that she saw no way of gaining her livelihood; and that nothing remained for her but to beg from door to door."

"Pray, do not talk such folly," said Maurice angrily. "Is

that a thought for the widow of a working man ? No doubt you have hands to beg ; you have them also to work ! Are we to believe that you fear work ; you, whom I always cite as an example to my wife and daughter ! Perhaps you are no longer a good housewife ? or no longer the best washerwoman in this quarter ? Is it necessary, then, for me to make you remember, that in the country they used to call you *Little Cleverness*, owing to your handiness ?”

These praises reassured my mother a little. She agreed to think with Maurice about what she could undertake. The mason had already formed a plan, the honour of which he gave to the widow, when inducing her to accept it. It was agreed that she should look out for the management of some bachelor's house, whilst I should become a mason's boy in the work-yard. Maurice promised to look after every thing, and if at first our wages were not sufficient, he engaged, in his country language, “to put a little butter into the spinach.”

We left our lodgings for the ground floor formerly occupied by the old clothes-dealer, and which was then vacant. This change, to which we were driven by poverty, was heart-breaking to my mother. We had not space enough for our furniture in the sort of cellar into which we descended. It was necessary to sell that which was the least useful. The little bed on which my sister had slept was what I regretted the most. As to my mother, her lamentations were endless. Her house was her glory ; and seeing it thus reduced, and all put within the limits of the little dark room in which we were to live, she hid her face in her apron ; one would have thought she felt herself dishonoured.

I cannot understand why poor people become more attached than rich, to the things among which they live. Perhaps they love them for the trouble they have had in getting them, or from a more continual use of them. With them nothing goes, nothing changes ; the furniture with which they began house-

keeping remains in its place until the day their household comes to an end ; it is, so to say, a part of themselves. If time wears it out, they repair or alter it—the fragments are even of use. When the fire has pierced the earthen pot in which the dinner is cooked for the family, they sow sweet peas and mignonette in it to adorn the window. All their bits of worn-out furniture are like friends grown old with them. For my part, I have never willingly parted with any thing that has *lived* with me for long. Even now I have a barn filled with broken furniture, and tools past use ; it is my almshouse for old servants. This is not very wise, I know ; but we may allow something to our feelings, when we always try to do our duty.

During the following week my mother found a situation with an old bachelor, who lived in a small house at the top of the faubourg St. Martin. M. Lenoir had one passion, that of geography. All the walls of his room were hung with maps, on which he had fixed little pins, the heads of which were ornamented with sealing-wax. These pins, as he told me afterwards, marked the routes taken by the most celebrated travellers. M. Lenoir remembered the most insignificant of their adventures, knew the name of every place they had visited, and was acquainted with the least tribes of Africa. But then he could not tell who were his neighbours, and he had visited no part of Paris but that in which he lived. He was therefore looked on as a madman ; but on reflecting upon it since, I have thought that the greater part of those who laughed at him were hardly wiser themselves. Did not they equally neglect indispensable kinds of knowledge for ruinous or useless fancies ? Did not they also travel in Africa with their red-headed pins, when they ought to have been attending to their affairs and their families ? Every time that I have been tempted to lose my time in things without purpose, the thought of M. Lenoir has stopped me. A proof that, to those who choose it, all things may serve as instruction ; and that fools even may give lessons in wisdom.

CHAPTER IV.

The Mason's Boy.—Explanation of what a true Mason is by Father Maurice.—
Story of Great Mauduit and Little Gauvert.—I become a Good Workman.
—Temptations.—My First Fault.—Lesson given by Maurice.—Jerome's
Chimney.

FATHER MAURICE said to me when he procured me the situation of mason's boy in the work-yard :—

“ You are now beginning the world, Pierre Henry : be a right good hod-boy if you wish to become some day an independent workman. Our trade, you see, is not like the world—the best serving-men make the best masters. Go forward, then ; and if some journeymen upsets you, take it in good part. At your age, the shame is not to receive a kick, but to deserve it.”

This advice was not useless, considering the customs of the trade. From time immemorial, the mason has had a right to treat his hod-boy paternally—that is, to thrash him by way of education. I was put under the order of a man from Limousin, who adhered strictly to these old traditions. At the least awkwardness his blows rained down with a roll of curses ; it was thunder and hail together. I was confounded at first ; but I soon took to learning the trade, and to *strict service*, as friend Maurice used to call it.

At a month's end I was the best hod-boy in the work-yard. The Limousin man was just enough not to take a dislike to me. He continued to punish my awkwardness occasionally, but he did not seek for opportunities to do so ; the man was churlish, not bad ; his harshness seemed to him a right, and he struck the

boy who had committed a fault, as a judge would use the law, without any ill-will towards the condemned.

My new trade, though it was hard work, suited me well. It allowed me to prove my strength and my activity. Maurice did not fail to point them out, which soon gave me a good character among the journeymen. This I tried to maintain by increased zeal. A good name is at the same time a reward and a bond; if you gain, you are also pledged by it: it is like earnest-money received from the public, and which obliges us to do our duty.

I had succeeded in obtaining the good-will of all the workmen in the work-yard by my obligingness. I thus gained opportunities of learning, with less effort, more of the trade than many of my fellows ever came to know. The journeymen took a kind of pleasure in giving me instruction, which they used to refuse to the others, who had, so to speak, to get it by stealth. I became the pupil of all the men; each took upon himself to teach me something. They let me undertake those works which were easy, and directed me in my various attempts. Maurice especially always had his eye upon me; he spared neither advice nor encouragement.

“Don’t you see, Pierre Henry,” he repeated continually to me, “a mason is like a soldier; he must do honour to the regiment of the trowel. The architect is our general; he makes the plan of the battle, but it is for us to win it by bravely working with brick and mortar, as the troops yonder work the enemy. The true workman does not think only of the baker’s bill; he loves the work of his hands; his glory is in that. Simple as I stand here, I have never hung the ribbons on the last gable without feeling a certain something in my heart. The houses in which I have had a hand seem to me like my children; when I see them, they rejoice my eyes. It seems to me that the inhabitants too are somewhat obliged to me, and I take an interest in them! When I talk of this there are some who sneer, and think me an old dotard; but good workmen understand me, and enter into

my feelings. Therefore, believe me, child, if you wish to have your place among the best, put your heart into the handle of your trowel; it is only that which will make you a first-rate workman."

I listened the more readily to father Maurice, as I was already of his way of thinking. The spirit of the trade had entered into my blood, as one may say. I loved my work for its own sake; I was proud of it; my whole soul was in it. Since then, I have learnt that this is what they call having a *vocation*. Every workman who takes no pleasure in his work, is out of his true road. God has not intended him for the task which chance has given him. The first requisite to make people and things of value, is to like them. I once knew an old gardener, whose garden astonished all his neighbours. If, elsewhere, the lettuces ran to seed, his were seen as round as could be wished; when the wind had blighted all his neighbours' blossoms, his apple-trees were hid under a sheet of snowy flowers; when the beautiful greensward was burnt up under the summer's sun, his turf was of an emerald green.

"What the devil, then, do you do to your plants, that you turn every thing to account in this way?" asked the astonished neighbours.

"Only one thing," replied the old gardener; "I love them."

In truth this word expressed every thing. There are so many precautions impossible to prescribe beforehand, and which are only suggested by a hearty good-will. Example and practice can teach you a trade; but it is only taste for the work that can make you a good workman.

The advice of father Maurice was not the only encouragement I had. I often found indirect incitements from the conversation of the journeymen. Whilst they cut the stone, or roughcast the walls, they used to relate the chronicles of the trade, and the noble deeds of their great men.

Above all, there was the history of Big Mauduit, which I was

never tired of listening to. Big Mauduit was a first-rate journeyman, who came from Brie; they called him *four hands*, because he did as much work as the two best workmen. He always worked alone, assisted by three hod-boys, who could hardly supply him. He always wore a black coat, well-polished shoes, and a hat fit for a king; and he used to get through his day's work without a spot of plaster, or a stain of mud, to spoil the elegance of his dress. They came to see him work from every part of France, and there were always as many curious travellers beneath his scaffolding as before the towers of Notre Dame.

No one had yet undertaken a trial of skill with Big Mauduit, when one day there arrived a little man from Beauce, named Gauvert, who, after having seen him work, challenged the king of journeymen to a contest. Gauvert was only five feet, and was dressed entirely in brown cloth, with a little pig-tail, which fell over the collar of his coat. They placed the competitors at the two ends of the scaffolding, and, at a given signal, the trial began.

The wall visibly grew under their hands, but always keeping on the same level; so that, at the end of the day, neither had exceeded the work of the other by a flint's thickness. They began again the next day, and many days following, till they had brought the masonry up to the cornice. Perceiving then the impossibility of a victory for either, they embraced with vows of friendship, and Big Mauduit gave his daughter in marriage to little Gauvert. The descendants of these two valiant workmen *have now five-storied houses in each arrondissement of Paris!*

This story, told with a thousand variations—and the authenticity of which I would not doubt—inspired me with a devoted love for the trowel and hammer. Without openly avowing it, I cherished the hope of beating all the masons in France and Navarre—of becoming a second Gauvert, or another Mauduit.

This ambition hastened my progress so much, that I was able

to take the position of a workman at an age when one generally becomes an apprentice. Such success dazzled me : I was released too soon from the subjection which I had hitherto borne, and I abused the power which I had not learnt to exercise. My hod-boy was the worst treated in the work-yard. Maurice warned me of this two or three times.

"Take care, child," said he to me with his usual freedom ; "you have yet only your milk-teeth : if you bite too hard, you will break them." His prophecy was fulfilled to the letter ; for one fine day, my work-boy, tired of my ill-treatment, broke out in earnest, and treated me as he did the mortar he was in the habit of making. I carried for more than a month the marks of this punishment, which I too well deserved, and which did me good.

But though set straight on this side, I fell wrong on another.

Some of the journeymen of the work-yard kept the feast of *Saint Monday* most devoutly, and had often tried to make me do the same. I refused at first without much trouble. The recollections of the Barrier wine-shops were not too inviting ; but they attacked me by bantering me : they declared that I was afraid of being whipped by my mother ; that I was not yet weaned ; and that brandy would burn my throat. These jokes piqued me. I wished to prove that I was no longer a child, by acting badly as a man. On a day following that of payment, when I still had my fortnight's money, they dragged me beyond the Barrier, and I stayed there until every thing had passed out of my pocket into the till of the wine-seller. Sunday and Monday were spent in this long debauch. I came back the evening of the second day, without a hat, covered with mud, and staggering along the walls of the faubourg. My mother did not know what had become of me, and thought I was hurt, or dead ; she had looked for me at first at the Morgue, and then at the hospital. I found her with Maurice, who was trying to comfort her. At the sight of me her uneasiness vanished, but not her trouble. To the first delight of finding me again, followed the

grief of seeing me in such a state. To lamentations succeeded reproaches. I was so drunk that I could hardly hear, and I could not understand any thing. The tone of her voice alone showed me she was reproving me. Like most drunkards, I was vain-glorious when intoxicated ; and I considered myself, for the time, one of the kings of the earth. I replied by enjoining silence to the good woman, and declaring that I would henceforth live according to my own fancy, and no longer be tied to her apron-strings. My mother raised her voice ; I exclaimed louder ; and the quarrel was growing worse, when father Maurice parted the fray. He declared that this was not the time to talk, and made me go to bed without a word. I slept without moving until the next morning.

When I opened my eyes very early, I recollected all that had happened, and I felt a little shame, mixed with much perplexity. Self-love, however, hindered my repenting. Surely I was master of the money gained by my industry ; I might spend my time as I liked ; nobody had a right to find fault with me ; and I resolved to cut short all remarks.

My mother alone made me uneasy. I got up softly, wishing to avoid her reproaches, and set off without seeing her.

When I arrived at the work-yard, I found the others already at work ; but they did not seem to notice me. I began to rough-wall carelessly, and in a bad humour. The two days of debauch had taken the spirit for work out of me. Besides, I felt an inward shame which I hid beneath a bravado air. I listened to what the journeymen were saying, constantly fearing to hear some joke, or some vexatious remark at my expense. When the master came, I pretended not to see him, for fear he should ask me the reason of my absence the evening before. I had lost the good conscience which formerly could make me look the world in the face. I now felt that I had something in my life to hide.

Those who had carried me off to the Barrier were not yet

returned ; the master noticed this. "It is a sort of weakness they have," said the wag of the work-yard ; "when they chance to work, they swallow so much mortar that they require at least three days of Argenteuil wine to rince their throats."

All the journeymen began to laugh ; but it seemed to me that there was a sort of contempt in their laughter. I blushed involuntarily, as if the joke had been meant for me. All new as I was in irregularities, I still felt shame at them.

The day passed thus sadly enough. The sort of uneasiness I felt all over my body, extended to my mind ; I was tired inside and outside. Whilst we had been working, father Maurice had not said a word to me ; but when it was time to go, he came to me, and said that we would walk together. As he lodged at the other end of Paris, I asked him if he had any business in our quarter.

"You will see," he replied, "shortly."

I was going my usual road, but he made me take other streets, without telling me why, until we arrived before a house in the faubourg St. Martin. There he stopped.

"Do you see in this building," said he, "the high chimney which rises near the gable-end, and which I call *Jerome's chimney* ? It was there that your father was killed !"

I shuddered deeply, and looked at the fatal chimney with a sort of horror mixed with anger.

"Ah ! it is there," repeated I, in a trembling voice ; "you were there, were you not, father Maurice ?"

"I was."

"And how did it happen ?"

"It was neither the fault of the building nor of the work," replied Maurice. "The scaffolding was well fixed—the work without danger ; but your father came there on returning from the Barrier—his sight was confused—he no longer knew where to place his steps ; he took empty space for a plank, and was killed without a plea for excuse."

I felt the blood mount into my face, and my heart beat quicker.

"Father Jerome was a valiant workman," continued Maurice, "if *drunkenness* had not ruined him. By long sittings at table at the wine-seller's he left there his strength, his skill, and his mind. But, bah! one lives but once, as the saying is; one may then be allowed to amuse one's-self before one's burial. If at some future time one's widow and orphans are cold and hungry, they may go to the poor-house and blow their fingers. Is not this your opinion, tell me?"

And he began to sing a drinking song, then well known—

"Serve your time to the drinking trade;
When you've learnt that, your fortune's made."

I was humbled and confused, and did not know what to reply. I knew well that Maurice did not speak seriously; but to approve, would have shamed me; to contradict him, was to condemn myself. I hung my head, without saying a word. In the mean time, he continued to look at the cursed gable-end.

"Poor Jerome!" continued Maurice, changing his voice as with emotion; "if he had not followed bad examples when he was young, we should have had him now with us—Madeleine would have had some rest for her old limbs, and you would have had some one to direct you. But, no; now there remains nothing of him—not even a good memory; for we regret only the true workman. When the unhappy man was crushed there, on the stones, do you know what the foreman said?—'A drunkard the less!—take him away, and sweep this up!'"

I could not restrain a movement of indignation. "Well! he was a hard fellow," continued Maurice; "he only valued men for what they were worth. If death had taken a good workman, he would have said, 'It's a pity!' At bottom, every body thought as he did, and the proof is, that Jerome was followed to the grave by his friends only. Even those with whom he drank,

turned their backs upon him as soon as he was in his coffin ; for, you see, scamps are companions, but never friends."

I listened all the while without a reply. We had begun again to walk ; at the first cross-way Maurice stopped, and showing me the chimney, which, far away, rose above the roofs—

"When you wish to begin again your yesterday's life," said he, "first look there, and the wine that you drink *will taste of blood.*"

He departed, leaving me quite overwhelmed.

Maurice had a manner of his own, which I noticed afterwards, and which prevented one forgetting what he had said. He was an uneducated man, but he always struck home. His words came to your mind like objects to your eye ; you saw them under a shape and with a colour. It was not the words only that were the cause of this : it was the action, look, accent—in short, I do not know what—which went out from him to come to you. Since I have read and thought a little more, I have said to myself, that there must have been the thing which makes men eloquent.

I returned to my mother's much disturbed, but not willing to appear so. I strove against the lesson I had just heard ; I was angry with myself for feeling troubled ; I secretly resolved not to yield, and to live merrily ; I tried the more to strengthen myself in my impatience, as I expected reproaches from Madeleine ; I entered our poor dwelling boldly, and with a firm step, prepared to cut them short by declaring myself independent.

The old woman had just laid the cloth, and received me as usual. This kindness disconcerted all my plans. I felt myself so conscious of my fault, that without an effort I should have cried. My mother seemed not to notice me (I afterwards learnt that Maurice had given her her lesson ;) she talked as cheerfully as usual, did not speak of my fortnight's wages, of which I had disappointed her for the first time, and did not seem the least uneasy. I went to bed quite disarmed, and my

heart torn with remorse. All night I thought I saw my father reeling on the scaffolding, or dashed on the pavement. I fancied myself drunken on the top of a roof, suspended over space, and ready to fall. When I got up the next morning, my head was heavy and all my limbs ached.

However, I went to work at the usual hour; it was again a wretched day. I was not so confounded, but sadder. Confusion was followed by sorrow. It took more than a week to recover my spirits and my usual feelings. The first time Maurice heard me sing, he passed close by me, and clapping me on the shoulder—

“Content is come home again,” said he; “well, be it so—take good care of that bird.”

“Do not fear,” replied I, laughing; “we will make him a fine cage, with plenty to eat.”

“But take care not to give him too much to drink!” answered Maurice.

We exchanged looks, and he passed on whistling.

Thirty-three years have gone since that day, and I have never forgotten the promise I then made to myself. I have been exposed to all the temptations of intemperance; and at last I have not even had to be on my guard against them; it is the first steps which determine the road in good as well as in evil. It is sometimes impossible to conquer a habit, but it is almost always easy to avoid it.

CHAPTER V.

A Domestic Calamity.—I am put to the Proof.—My Mother departs.—Story of the Little Glass of Brandy.—What a Bachelor's Life is to a Workman.—The Meeting.—The Good Man Marcille, and Faroumont, nicknamed the "Jail Bird."—A Difficult Position.

OUR home had become rather more comfortable again, ever since I got journeyman's wages. We had been able to leave our cellar, and take our old lodging again. The furniture that it had been necessary to sell after the death of my father, had been replaced; we were decidedly rising above water, and the neighbours treated us already as rich people.

All went on well until the moment my mother began to complain of her sight, which had failed by little and little without the dear woman noticing it, or rather without her being willing to own it. She always had some excuse for it—to-day it was the smoke, to-morrow the fog, the next day a cold in her head; it was not until after ten years that she thought of laying the blame on her eyes. She no longer distinguished little things: she was obliged to give up sewing, and the care of the old geographer's house. I began to be uneasy. Maurice, whose advice I asked, proposed to me to consult an oculist for whom he had worked, and whom he knew.

We had great trouble to persuade my mother, who, never having been ill, was not willing to believe in doctors. At last, however, she let us take her.

The oculist was a middle-aged man, tall, thin, and imperturbably calm. He looked at my mother's eyes, did not say a

word, and wrote a prescription, which he gave me. I should have been very glad for one word of encouragement; but others were waiting their turn, and it was necessary to go as we came. When at the door, however, I noticed that Maurice had not followed us. More courageous than I, he had doubtless stopped to question the oculist. We waited for him for some minutes, at the bottom of the staircase, where he at last joined us.

"Well, what does your quack say?" asked my mother, who could not forgive the cold silence of the doctor.

"He orders you to eat as much roast meat as you please, and to sleep soundly," replied Maurice.

"But is he certain of cure?" asked I.

"Has he not given you a paper?" replied the mason.

"Here it is."

"Then do what he has written there, and let the river run its own course under the bridge."

I noticed something short in Maurice's tone; but I did not like to say any thing at the moment. He took the dear woman's arm, and told her a hundred stories on our road; I had never heard him run on so before. However, once at home, I drew him on one side to tell him I wished to speak to him.

"And I, too," replied he in a low voice; "when I go away, come with me."

My mother had already returned to her domestic concerns: Maurice soon took leave, and I followed him.

As we went down-stairs, I asked him uneasily what he had to say to me.

"Wait till we are in the street," replied he.

When we got there, he still walked on a dozen steps without speaking—I could wait no longer.

"In the name of God, Maurice, what did the oculist say to you?" asked I, in an agony.

He turned to me.

"What did he say to me? You may well suspect," replied he

bluntly; "he thinks that your mother, Madeleine, is in the way to go blind."

I uttered an exclamation, but he went on almost in a passion.

"Come! thunder!—there is no use crying and lamenting; let us talk quietly like men."

"Blind!" I repeated; and what will become of her? how find her society, who will take care of her?"

"Ah! there it is," said Maurice; "it is clear something must be done, and that is why I have spoken to you of it. A blind old woman will be a troublesome charge for a young lad; it is for you to see if you find it too much."

I gave him a look, which showed that I did not understand him.

"Well, yes—yes!" continued he as if answering my looks; "you can get rid of it, if your heart tells you to do so. There are asylums for those poor people who are incurable."

"Where are they?"

"At the hospital."

"Do you wish that I should place my mother with beggars?" cried I.

"Holloa! are you going to turn lord?" said Maurice, without looking at me; "there are some there of much greater consequence than Madeleine—real ladies, who have had footmen and carriages."

"Ah! they have never had sons," replied I.

"That remains to be seen," continued the mason, shrugging his shoulders; "sons are not more under an obligation than mothers, and some of those, who are not so bad, take their children to the Foundling."

"But not mine!" quickly interrupted I; "mine has nursed me in her arms when I was little, she has nourished me with her milk and her bread; I have grown as a young tree against the wall of her love, and now, that the wall is giving way, shall I leave others to prop it up? No, no, no! father Maurice; you could not

have believed that. If my poor mother really loses her sight—well, mine will remain for her; that will be only an eye apiece, but for want of more we shall content ourselves with that.”

“You say that on the spur of the moment,” observed Maurice; “but it is necessary to reflect upon it coolly. Think well that you are riveting a log to your foot. Good-bye liberty, savings, even marriage; because for a great while you will not earn enough to support a family with such a clog.”

“A clog!” repeated I, offended, “you mistake, Maurice; the old woman will give me content and courage. When I was born, I too was a clog upon her, poor creature!—and yet she received me willingly. I am sure I know what I undertake, and that I do not speak from impulse, as you seem to think. I find the trial hard, and I could have wished not to have to bear it; but, as it is come, may God punish me if I do not do my duty to the end!

Here Maurice, who had not yet looked at me, turned quickly towards me, and took both my hands.

“You are a right good working-man!” cried he, opening out all at once. “I wanted to see of what you were made, and if the foundations were solid; now I am satisfied. To the devil with shamming! Let us open our hearts and talk.”

“But does the oculist really think there is no cure?” asked I.

“It is his opinion,” replied Maurice; “nevertheless, as I was going away, he said that perhaps there might be some hope of lessening the evil, if the good woman could live in the country, with plenty of fresh air, and green under her eyes.”

I interrupted him, crying out that I would send her there.

“That will be difficult,” objected Maurice; “by living separated you will spend almost double, and I am afraid that the strings of your purse are not so long as your good wishes.”

But the uncertain hope held out by the doctor occupied my mind before every thing; I began to think with Maurice for some expedient for trying this last remedy. He at last recollected a countrywoman, dame Riviou, living near Longjumeau, and with

whom, perhaps, Madeleine might live, and find the care of which she had need, without much expense.

It only remained for the invalid herself to consent to it. For that, it was necessary that Maurice should press my entreaties upon her with all his eloquence. The dear woman looked upon her abode in the country as an exile; she did not like my even having thought of it. However, she yielded at last, and I took her there myself. Dame Riviou received us as old acquaintances—an honest woman had never eaten God's bread;—she understood at once the character of her new boarder, and promised me to make her contented.

"We spend our lives in the fields," said she, "so that the house will be your mother's; she may manage it as one does one's ass, by bridle and halter. We have too much to do to quarrel with any one's fancies; here every one loves peace, so that we do not meddle with that of others. In a month's time I shall have a god-daughter, who will keep the good woman company, and will help her to take care of the house; she is a true shepherd's dog, whom your mother will be able to guide by hand and eye; so she must be happy amongst us, unless the devil meddles."

I went away quite satisfied.

On returning, I had taken a place in one of the errand-carts, at that time still common in the neighbourhood of Paris, and which carried passengers and goods indiscriminately. The little open cart was drawn by one horse, which went at a foot's pace; the motion was jolting, the seat made of a rough plank, so that half-way I lost patience, got down, and, like the driver, followed on foot. This driver was a man still young and good-looking, and whose face showed the vigorous health which is the wages of a good conscience. At all the villages where we stopped, I saw him give or receive commissions, without ever hearing any complaints. If he had to give change for a piece of silver, they always took the money without counting it; the women asked him news of their children; the men gave him commissions in

the town; in a word, the conduct of all to him proved their friendship and confidence.

As far as I had been able to judge by my conversation with the carrier, he seemed to me to deserve them. All he said expressed good sense, and a benevolence to which I had not been accustomed among the carmen of Paris; he knew all the improvements that were going on in the country; he named the owners of every field we passed, and interested himself in the good or bad crops. I soon found that he himself had some acres of land that he cultivated between his journeys, and for which he turned to account all the observations he made on the road. He was relating to me the history of his *domain*, as he jestingly called it, when there passed us a shabby-dressed man, who stooped, and whose grey hair hung in disorder over his pimpled face. Just as he passed us, I noticed that he was staggering. He greeted the carrier with all the ardent warmth of drunkenness, and the latter replied in a tone of familiarity which surprised me.

"Is that one of your friends?" asked I, when he had passed on.

"That man?" repeated he; "he is my benefactor, and my teacher!"

I looked at him, as if I had not rightly understood him.

"You are surprised," replied the carrier, laughing; "it is the truth, for all that: though the unhappy man has never suspected it. I must tell you first, that Jean Picou (that is his name)—Jean Picou, then, is an old playfellow of mine. Our parents lived next door to one another, and we took our first communion at the same time. But Picou was then already a little frolicsome, and, as he got older, he soon gave himself up to the habits of jovialty. I did not at first keep much company with him, but chance threw us together as workmen at the same place. The first day, just as we were setting out to work, Picou and some others stopped at the public-house to drink their morning glass of

brandy. I stayed at the door, not well knowing what I ought to do ; but they all called me.

“ ‘Isn’t he afraid that it will ruin him?’ cried Picou, scoffingly;
• “ ‘two sous saved ! perhaps he thinks that will make him a millionaire !’

“ They all began to laugh, which made me ashamed, and I went in to drink with them. However, when we got to our work, and whilst I was working, I began to think upon what Picou had said.

“ The price of this little morning-glass of brandy was, in fact, but a trifle ; but repeated every day, it would come to *thirty-six francs, ten sous*.* I began to reckon all that could be done with this sum.

“ *Thirty-six francs, ten sous*, said I to myself, is, when one keeps house, the rent of another room ; that is, comfort for the wife, health for the children, and good-humour for the husband. It is wood for winter ; that is, the means of having sun in the house when there is only snow without. It is the price of a goat, whose milk would increase the welfare of the family. It is wherewithal to pay the school, when the boy learns to read or write.

“ Then, turning my mind to another point of view, I added : *Thirty-six francs, ten sous !* Our neighbour Pierre does not pay more for the rent of the ground he cultivates, and which feeds his family ! It is just the interest of the sum that I must borrow to pay for the horse and cart that the agent in the town wishes to sell ! With this money, spent every morning to the detriment of my health, I could set up for myself, bring up a family, and lay by the savings that are necessary for my old age.

“ These calculations and reflections decided me. I threw off the shame that had made me once yield to Picou’s importunities. I saved from my first wages what he would have made me spend at the public-house, and soon I was able to make a bargain with

* About thirty shillings.

the carrier to whom I have succeeded. I have gone on ever since calculating each expense, and neglecting no saving, while Picou perseveres, on his side, in what he calls *the life of good fellows* ! You see to what we have both come : the rags of the poor man, his premature old age, the contempt of honest people, and my comforts, my health, my good name ; all comes of forming a habit ! The little glass of brandy that he drinks when he rises makes his misery ; and my happiness are the two sous saved every morning."

So spoke the carrier : I have often since recalled the story of the little glass of brandy, and told it to many as a lesson.

In the mean time, my mother's absence was a great change to me. Now I was single, and obliged to have my meals at the wine-shop, and sleep in the common room of a lodging-house. As my habits were not the same as those of the other journey-men, I did not know what to do with my Sundays and my evenings. Maurice noticed that I was falling melancholy.

" Take care," he said ; " one ought to get some good from every situation. I have gone through that, my boy, and know what it is to camp out with these make-shifts, and to carry one's life in one's hand, like one's breakfast on a journey. At first it will vex and disgust you—one would rather sleep on straw, than on sheets which serve for every body ; but it is an apprenticeship, you see : there is no evil in finding yourself left alone, and obliged to water your own corn. We are never weaned while we stay with our mothers ! When we are little, and the goodness of God gives them to us, he grants us a blessing ; but when we become men, and he takes them from us for a time, it is to do us a service. If Madeleine had not gone away, you would never have learnt to put on your own brace buttons."

I felt the truth of what he said ; but I found this new apprenticeship harder than that to which I had been obliged to submit in my trade. I began to understand that it was more difficult to be a man than to become a workman.

In the room where I slept were a dozen beds, occupied by the journeymen belonging to the various parts of the building ; such as masons, carpenters, painters, or locksmiths. Among them was a man from Auvergne, named Marcotte ; he was growing old, and had formerly been a rough-waller in our work-yard. He was a quiet man, fond of work without being a great workman, and only spoke when he could not help it.

This worthy man, Marcotte, lived on nuts or radishes, according to the season, and sent all his earnings into the country to buy land. He already possessed about ten acres, and only waited until he should have a dozen to retire to his own estate. He hoped to build himself a cottage, to have two cows, a horse, and to live by cultivating his own ground.

This project, which he had followed since he was fifteen, was almost fulfilled ; in a few more months he would attain his end.

Sometimes we laughed at the good man, whom they had nicknamed the *landed proprietor* ; but jokes glided off from him as lightly as rain from off the roofs. With but one idea, every thing else was mere noise to him. When I looked at him, I thought for the first time how much strength there is in a firm and ever-active will. Before I saw him, I did not know what perseverance in the most feeble can do against the strongest obstacles. The man who slept next the worthy Marcotte completed the lesson.

He was a young and clever journeyman locksmith, but who only worked at the prescribed hours, amused himself as he pleased, and never remained in a workshop for more than a month, for fear of *getting mouldy*.

Every restraint he treated as *superstition*. Did they speak to him of regularity at work—*superstition* ! of honesty to the tradesmen—*superstition* ! of obligingness to his companions—*superstition* ! of what he owed to his family—*superstition* ! Faroumont declared loudly that every one should live for himself, and ought to consider other men as capital game for roasting

when you can catch them. They laughed at his notions, but there were rumours about him which savoured of the house of correction, and steady workmen contented themselves with only wishing him good morning and good-night.

As for me, I avoided him as much as possible, less from prudence than from dislike. Thus, from the first he had called me, "Miss Rosebud,"* in jest about some scruples which he had observed in me, and I had retaliated by nicknaming him the "Jail Bird," in allusion to the prison, to which it seemed to me that his principles ought to bring him. We ever afterwards went by those names in the sleeping-room. Though Faroumont seemed to take it as a joke, he had a spite against me, and he tried many times to pick a quarrel with me, knowing well that I had not the strength to oppose him; but I was prudent enough to baffle his designs. Maurice, who saw him provoke me, encouraged me in this.

"Distrust the *Jail Bird* as you would the devil!" he said gravely to me; "you know that I am no chicken, but I had rather be ill for six months, than have any thing to do with this man."

I thought so, too. Faroumont's intelligence and wickedness caused his superior strength to be truly formidable; for one of the misfortunes in the condition of us people in trade, is the blind respect we have for mere force. A sort of point of honour restricts the workman to his own personal means of defence; he takes a pride in not calling in others to help him; so that he who can give an account of each in detail, is in a fair way of tyrannizing over them all. If the race of duellists with the sword disappears in other ranks, that of duellists with the fists is always numerous enough among us. How many of these savage rascals have I not seen, who have crippled good working men for life, or even made widows, and whose villainy caused them to be treated

* La Rosière, a name given to a young girl who has obtained the rose, given annually in some villages of France to the best behaved.

with consideration! No one dared show them his contempt, for fear of increasing the list of victims. All said,—

“We must take care; he is a wicked beggar.”

And so they had consideration for him. Yet what would have become of him against them all, since they all agreed in their judgment of him? and why did they not set about executing that judgment? Would it then be so difficult for honest working-men to combine together to drive these mad brutes from among them? But we still have the ideas of savages, in more than one respect; like them, we mistake the spirit of brutality and fighting for courage, and make a virtue of it, which redeems every vice.

From always meeting honest Marcotte in the sleeping room, I had become intimate with him, at least so much as the difference of age and tastes would allow. He confided to me his plan of soon returning into the country; he only waited for an opportunity of completing the purchase of his little estate.

Two or three days after he had told me this, he came in later than usual; some of his companions were already in bed. I had sat up to write to Longjumeau, and I was going to put out my candle, when I heard the good man coming up-stairs singing. He opened the door with a noisy boldness which surprised me. Contrary to his usual habits, his voice was loud, his eye sparkling, and his hat cocked on one side. At the first look I saw that the *landed proprietor* had derogated from his usual sobriety. Drink made him talkative, and he sat down on the edge of his bed to tell me how he had spent his evening: he had just left the carrier, who was doing country commissions. He had learnt from him, that the piece of ground he had so long coveted, and which would complete his wishes, was at last to be sold: the attorney only waited for his money.

“Have you the sum?” asked I.

“As you say, old boy,” replied Marcotte, lowering his voice,

and with the mysterious laugh of one not accustomed to it, "pounds and pence—all is ready."

He looked round to be certain that every body slept, and then, thrusting his arm up to the shoulder in his mattress, he drew from it a bag, which he boastfully showed me.

"Here it is," said he ; "there is in that a good bit of land, and something to build me a kennel."

He had untied the string which bound up the linen bag, and thrust his hand into it, to touch the money ; but at the sound of the silver he started, looked around, made me a sign to be silent, and closed the bag again, which he hid under his bolster. He was soon in bed, and asleep.

I undressed myself for the same purpose, but just at the moment of putting out the candle, my eyes fell upon Faroumont's bed. The journeyman locksmith had his eyes wide open ; he shut them quickly, as I looked at him. I took no more notice of him, and went to bed.

I do not know what disturbed me in the middle of the night, but I almost started out of my sleep. The moon shone through the uncurtained windows, and shed a clear light on our side. On turning round, I found myself just opposite the Jail Bird's bed ; it was empty ! I raised myself on my elbow, to see better ; there was no doubt of it. Faroumont had got up. Just then, I heard a creaking of the boards to my right ; I turned my head ; a shadow quickly sank down, and seemed to lose itself under father Marcotte's bed. I rubbed my eyes, to assure myself I did not dream, and I looked again. There was nothing to be seen ; all had become silent again.

I lay down once more, keeping my eyes half open. A quarter of an hour passed ; and my eyelids were closing in earnest, when again a creaking of the boards made me open them. I had only time to see Faroumont pass me, get into bed again, and disappear under the bed-clothes.

No particular thought crossed me at the moment, and I went to sleep again.

Cries, mixed with tears and groans, interrupted my sleep. I started up; the day was beginning to dawn, and I perceived Marcotte, his bed in confusion, and wringing his hands. All the journeyman in the room were sitting up.

"What is it, then? what is it?" asked several voices.

"They have stolen his money," replied some of them.

"Yes, stolen, this very night!" repeated Marcotte, despair almost depriving him of reason. "Yesterday it was there—I touched it; it was under my head when I went to sleep. The robber who has taken it is here!"

A thought suddenly struck me; I turned towards the *Jail Bird*, he was the only one who appeared to sleep in the middle of the noise and exclamations.

I quickly considered my position; I was probably the only one who knew of the theft; if I kept silence, the poor man would lose the sum scraped together with such toil, and which was to realize the hopes of forty years! If I spoke, on the other hand, I should make the *Jail Bird* restore it, but I should expose myself to all his vengeance.

Notwithstanding the danger of the choice, my hesitation did not last long. I stretched out my hand towards Marcotte, and drew him towards me.

"Compose yourself, father Marcotte," cried I; "your money is not lost."

"What is it you say?" cried the old workman, looking at me wildly. "You know where the bag is. Unhappy man! Is it you who have taken it?"

"Come, you are a fool," said I, angrily.

"Where is it, then?—where is it?" he began to cry, still looking at me.

I turned towards Faroumout.

"Come, *Jail Bird*," said I to him, "there has been jesting enough. You must not give the *landed proprietor* the jaundice by a joke; give him back his money quickly."

Although he kept his eyes shut, he changed colour, which proved that he heard me.

Marcotte had thrown himself upon him like a hungry dog, and, shaking him, demanded back his money. Faroumont acted the part of a man just roused from sleep well enough, and asked what he wished for; but Marcotte's exclamations told it him too soon to give him time for evasion. Besides, I resolutely insisted upon it; but all the while representing the carrying off the bag as a trick played to father Marcotte, with the intention of frightening him. The *Jail Bird* was obliged to give back the money, repeating that it was a joke; however, he easily saw on every countenance that they knew what to think of it. Each dressed hastily, and went out without speaking to him. He alone pretended not to be in a hurry, and whistled as he finished dressing; but when I passed by his bed, he gave me a look of livid rage, which made a shudder run through me. From henceforth I was sure of a mortal enemy.

CHAPTER VI.

My Mother Blind.—Genevieve and Robert.—I again encounter Faroumont.—
The Rope of the Scaffolding.—My Abode at the Hospital.—Life and Death
of the Good man *Number Twelve*.

ONE day Maurice said to me, "I have a sort of creditor near Berny, who made a dive last year, and who has just reappeared above water; I must go there to see the sight, and, if possible, fish up my fifty crowns. Take a place with me on Saturday evening; you can go on to Longjumeau to see Madeleine, and I will rejoin you the next day at *Riant Wood*."

The plan was agreed upon. I had visited my mother but twice since her departure, and the last time I had found her almost blind, but otherwise in better health than ever, and altogether in good spirits. But that was nearly three months ago, and since then my work had always kept me in the work-yard.

When I arrived at Longjumeau, the day was already gone. I took the road which led to Dame Riviou's, but they had felled the trees, and thrown down the enclosures; I no longer knew my way. After confusing myself in two or three paths, I looked around me for some one to put me in the right road. The nearest houses were at a distance, and I could see no labourers in the fields; but all of a sudden, a voice singing reached my ears, and I recognised the burden of an old song which, when a child, I had often heard my mother sing. I stopped, quite surprised and pleased. It was the first time I had heard the air for fifteen years; it seemed to me that I was again a child, and that I heard Madeleine grown young again. In fact the voice, though

strong and fresh, recalled to me that of my mother ; it had the same way of throwing out the sounds gracefully and sadly, as I have since heard the shepherd girls of Burgundy and Champagne sing. I went towards the singer, who was employed in taking linen down from the drying-lines.

She was a tall, good-looking girl, who looked me in the face when I asked her the road to Riant Wood, and began to laugh.

"I'll wager that you are Madeleine's son," said she.

I looked at her, laughing in my turn.

"And I'll wager that you are the young girl that Dame Riviou expected," replied I.

"They call you Pierre Henry?"

"And you Genevieve?"

"Well, see how people meet!"

"And see how they know each other at first sight!"

We burst out laughing again, and began to explain.

I learnt that my mother had quite lost her sight, but would not admit it. Otherwise, Genevieve declared, that she was stronger than all the girls of the house, and was always singing like a lark.

"Did she not teach you the song you were singing just now?" asked I.

"Ah! you heard me?" replied she; "yes, yes, good Madeleine teaches me all her old songs: she says they will be of use to me, to sing my babies, or other people's, to sleep."

While she was talking, she made haste to collect her linen. I helped her to make a bundle of it, and took it on my shoulders.

"Well, see if I have not got a servant," said she, gaily.

And when I told her that it was right for the son to pay back what she had done for the mother, she began talking to me of Madeleine in so friendly a manner, that when we came to Riant Wood, I had already, in my own heart, declared myself her devoted.

My mother, who was at the door, knew my voice, and did not

fail to say that she had *seen* me! Ever since every thing had been dark night to her, all her vanity was not to seem blind. Genevieve helped her without showing it. She had put a thick cord all round the house, and this made a sort of hand-railing to direct the blind woman; a knot served to give notice when she came near a door, a piece of furniture, or a step; a clapper moved by the wind told her ears the place where the well was; signs by which to know the different paths in the garden had also been placed there—thanks to Genevieve; in short, Riant Wood was a regular map of the kind they read by the fingers; thus the dear mother was always active, finding every thing, because every thing was put under her hands, and each time boasting of it as a proof of her good sight.

Then every body in the house respected her little failing, and indulged her in it by innocent jokes; she was to them like the spoilt child, whose every act causes a smile, and seems welcome.

Maurice, who had joined me, according to his promise, saw directly the position given to Madeleine by the kindness of her hosts.

“You have not always had your due, as to ease and happiness,” said he to her; “but it seems to me they are just now paying up your arrears, my old woman.”

“It’s true that the country is pleasant,” said the good woman, who did not wish to express her content too openly.

“Yes,” replied Maurice; “but it is good people who make good countries, and you are fallen here into a colony of Christians, of a sort not too common.”

“Well, I do not complain,” observed Madeleine.

“And you are right,” continued the master-mason; “these kind-hearted people have given you more than fate had taken from you; that is why I advise you to thank the complaint which has been worth so many servants and friends to you. If you still had your eyes——”

“What—what! my eyes!” impatiently interrupted my old mother; “does he actually imagine that I am blind?”

"True, you are cured," replied Maurice, smiling.

"And the proof of it is, that I see you," continued Madeleine, who heard the noise of forks; "you are at supper with Pierre Henry. Ah! ah! and just now you have asked for the bread, and you have cut a bit. Ah! ah! ah! nothing escapes me; even now there are some, with eyes of only fifteen years old, who could not do what I get through here."

Mother Riviou confirmed what Madeleine said, by telling all that was left under her charge in the house. The excellent woman understood that the hardest trial to a person of feeling, is the sense of their uselessness; Genevieve even improved upon her.

When we had set out on our return, Maurice pointed out to me the kind desire of all the family to please Madeleine.

"And yet they say that the world is wicked!" added he, warnly—"that the good are become a sort of white crow, impossible to find; but, do you see, those who say so do not look for them, and, for the most part, scarcely wish for them. For my part, I have never passed a day without receiving a good word or good turn from some one. Unfortunately, there are people who only keep account of the evil that is done them, and who receive the good as a set-off against that; when we are too well satisfied with ourselves, we are almost always discontented with every one else."

Some months passed without any thing new happening. I made many journeys to Riant Wood, and several times Genevieve brought me news of my old mother. The good girl also came to Paris, as often as she could get leave, to see her nephew, Robert, whom she had bound apprentice.

Robert was then seventeen years old, and worked in mock jewellery; but he wished to appear a fine gentleman. His master, whom I once went to see for Genevieve, declared to me that he would never get beyond the bunglers, who made threepenny settings for the shops.

"He tries to be a dandy," said he ; "but has neither the wish or the talent for work."

To say the truth, *Mr. Robert* was more like the son of a lord than a jeweller's apprentice. Genevieve used to give him her last penny ; and, when she was blamed for it, she always began relating how her brother had commended the child to her on his deathbed—how she had promised to be every thing to him ; and then such great tears filled her eyes, and rolled down her cheeks, that one had not the heart to say any thing more.

Mr. Robert knew her weakness, and did not fail to make a bad use of it. He had a pretty little ruddy face, white hands, and a voice as soft as a young girl's. One would have said he was one of the lambs that can be led with a ribbon ; but, in reality, no strength was sufficient against his will : it would have been easier to manage a mad bulldog. I knew this well, in the end, to my great cost.

Just now, all that passed between us was confined to "Good-morning," and "Good-night." It even seemed to me that the little nephew was not over-pleased with this acquaintance of his aunt's, and that he was afraid of soiling his coat by touching a vulgar workman.

In fact, our associates and our occupations kept us away from one another. *Mr. Robert* gave himself up to the society of shop girls, and merchants' clerks ; he sang songs, played tricks on cards, and frequented balls at night ; as for me, I lived more retired than ever.

I had become disgusted with the public bedroom, from what had happened to me with Faroumont, and I had hired a little garret. A chair, a trunk, a bed of straw, were all my furniture ; but, at least, I was alone. The space comprised between the four walls belonged to me only ; people did not come, as in the public room, to consume my air, to trouble my silence, to interrupt my song, or my sleep. I was master of all that surrounded me, which is the only way to be master of one's-self.

This at first seemed so pleasant to me, that I only thought of enjoying it ; I was like a chilly person, who, once buried under the bedclothes, cannot come out of them again. I hugged myself in my new freedom, and after my working hours I did not leave my attic again. Maurice complained two or three times of never seeing me.

"Don't accustom yourself to live so close," said he ; "yousee that in the world, as in the army, it is a good thing sometimes to feel one's neighbour's elbow. You are too young to play the snail, and to shut yourself up in your shell in this way ; come, and see your friends : it is healthy for the mind, and makes you take the air."

I had nothing to reply ; but I continued to stay at home. I could have made this sort of retirement of use, by beginning my learning again ; but there was nobody to urge me to it, and I did not feel the wish for it. I cannot tell what was then the matter with me ; I was, as it were, stupefied with indifference ; I remained for hours together, not exactly without thinking at all, but passing from one thing to another, as when one walks without an object. I had need of a shake to get out of this waking sleep ; Faroumont's spite had prepared one for me, on which I had not reckoned.

We had not seen one another for several months, when I met him at a building we were finishing in Cherche-Midi Street. He had just fixed the great iron fastenings of the roof. When he saw me, he stopped working with a malicious smile.

"Hallo! missing dog, you are prowling here, are you?" asked he, with his usual insolence.

I answered shortly, pointing to a window half opened in the wall, and which I was going to finish.

"Ah! the stage is for you, then?" said he.

And he turned his looks towards the plank which was swinging from the gable-end. I put down my coat and basket on the ground, and then went towards the new window. The stage was firmly suspended by two ropes, which I had myself fixed to

the timber work of the roof; but hardly had I placed my feet on it, than the evil face of the "*Jail Bird*" showed itself above, between the rafters; at the same time the rope was loosened, the plank shook, and I was thrown on the rubbish beneath, from a height of forty feet.

I cannot say how long I remained senseless. As soon as they tried to move me, the pain restored me to consciousness. I cried out in an agony, begging them to leave me. It seemed to me that the ground on which I was stretched was part of myself, and that they could not drag me from it, without tearing me in pieces. Some of the men went to fetch a surgeon and a stretcher, whilst the others, among whom was Faroumont, remained around me. I suffered dreadfully, but it seemed certain to me that my hurts were not mortal.

The doctor, who came soon after, said nothing; he only did what was necessary at the moment—had me placed upon the stretcher, and taken to the hospital.

I can only recall confusedly what happened there for some days. My first distinct recollection is a visit from Maurice. He it was who told me I had been there a week—that all hopes of my cure had been given up, but that now the head doctor answered for it. The honest mason was at once rejoiced at the news, and yet a little angry with me. When he had inquired the cause of the accident, they had spoken of a badly tied rope, and he severely reproached me for my carelessness. I easily justified myself by telling him what had happened. He stepped back, and striking his hands one against the other—

"Ah! that explains the riddle," cried he. "I ought to have suspected it! From the time the *Jail Bird* went there, I might have wagered that the devil would have a hand. Have you yet told any one?"

"Nobody."

"And there were no witnesses?"

"We were alone at the top of the building."

"Then, *hush!*" said he, after a moment's reflection; "to accuse an enemy without proof will not help you to get rid of him, and will exasperate him! If you say nothing, perhaps the *Jail Bird* will consider your account settled, and will think no more of it; whereas, if you speak of it, it will make him begin again. What has happened to you, has happened to many others in our condition—the *way is known*, as they say. I myself, who speak to you, have made a false step from two stories, owing to the wickedness of a journeyman who owed me forty crowns, and of which he hoped in this way to be quit of! We only knew it. I have never breathed a word of it. I left it to time to do justice upon the robber; and six months afterwards two of his own sort killed him like a dog, to rob him of thirty sous."

I understood the prudence of Maurice's advice, and yet I did not submit to it without repugnance. I inwardly revolted at the criminal being thus safe from punishment. I have since seen many other instances, and I have been obliged to own, that among us working men, strength and impudence are too often a protection for the wicked. Time, money, and information are wanting to enable us to claim justice formally. So much so, that when we cannot give it to ourselves, we resign ourselves to go without it. Thus, much oppression, injustice, and even crime, are encouraged. If working men understood one another—if they comprehended in what their security and their glory consists—they would always have umpires among them to decide those points which the law cannot decide for them, and to give that protection which it fails of affording. Many bodies of the state have these sort of private juries, who keep the bad in order, and who protect the good.

The effects of my fall kept me more than two months at the hospital. Sometimes the slowness of my cure made me despair; but I had a neighbour who gave me courage.

He was a poor old man, bent double by suffering, and whose

name I think was Pariset, but they generally called him by the number of his bed, which was *twelve*. This bed had already received him three times during three long illnesses, and had thus become in a manner his property ; thus, *Mr. Number Twelve* was well known to the head physician, the pupils, and the nurses. A gentler creature never walked under heaven. When I say walked, it was, alas ! but a distant recollection to the good man. For nearly two years he had almost lost the use of his legs. However, as he gained his livelihood by copying manuscripts for the lawyers, *he was not very much put out*, as he expressed it, and he had continued to write off his briefs on stamped paper. A short time after, paralysis attacked his right arm ; he then took to writing with his left hand, but, the complaint increasing, it was found necessary to send him to the hospital, where he had the *happiness* to find his own bed disengaged, which almost consoled him.

“Bad luck has but its day,” said he on this occasion ; “*every day has a morrow.*”

The good man, *Number Twelve*, was affected when he took possession of his bed. An abode in the hospital, which to some people is so hard to endure, was an enjoyment to him. He found there every thing he wished. His admiration at the least comforts, proved what privations he had suffered until then. He was rapturous on the cleanliness of the linen, the whiteness of the bread, and the strength of the broth ! But I was no longer astonished when I learnt, that for twenty years he had lived upon ration bread, herb tea, and white cheese ; nor could he extol enough the magnificence of the nation which had opened such asylums for the sick poor.

Then his thankfulness did not stop there—it embraced all. According to him, God had granted special favours to him : men had been particularly benevolent to him, and every thing always turned to his advantage ; so that it might have been suggested,

that *Number Twelve* enjoyed a "fool's happiness !" But this folly only inspired one with esteem for the good man, and encouragement for one's self.

I think I see him now, sitting up in his bed, in his little black silk cap, his spectacles, and the old book of verses, which he was always reading over and over again. In the morning the first rays of light fell on his bed, and he never saw them without rejoicing and thanking God. To see his thankfulness, one would have said that the sun was rising for him.

He regularly inquired about the progress of my cure, and always found something to say to give me patience. He himself was a living example, which said more than words. When I saw that poor inactive body, those crippled limbs, and over them that cheerful, smiling face, I had not the heart to be angry, or pity myself.

"It is a painful moment to endure," said he in each fit of pain ; "relief will come very soon ; *every day has a morrow.*"

This was the watchword of *Number Twelve* ; and he was always repeating it. Maurice, in his visits to see me, had come to know him, and never passed his bed without speaking to him.

"He is a saint !" said he to me ; "he will not only reach paradise himself, but he makes others attain it. Such men ought to be placed at the top of a pillar, to be seen by every body. When one looks at them, it makes one ashamed of one's happiness, and gives one the desire to merit it. What can I do for this good father *Number Twelve*, to show him how I esteem him ?

"Try," said I, "if you can find on the quay the second volume of Jean Baptiste Rousseau's poetry ; he lost it six years ago, and reads the first over and over again."

"What ! he likes books !" replied Maurice, a little angrily ; "in truth, one may well say every one has his weakness. Never mind ; write me down on a bit of paper the name you said, and I will look for it for him."

He actually came back a week afterwards with a bound book,

which he presented in triumph to the sick old man, who, when he opened it, seemed at first astonished ; but Maurice having told him that it was by my advice that he had procured him this second volume of Jean Baptiste Rousseau, father *Number Twelve* thanked him most gratefully.

However, I had my doubts, and when the master-mason was gone, I asked to see the volume. My old neighbour coloured, stammered, and tried to turn the conversation ; but at last, quite against his will, he held out the book to me—it was an old royal almanac ! The bookseller, taking advantage of Maurice's ignorance, had given it to him instead of the volume he had asked for.

I burst out laughing, but *Number Twelve* quickly bid me be silent.

“Do you wish Mr. Maurice to hear you ?” cried he. “I would rather lose my last arm than deprive him of the pleasure of his gift. Yesterday I had no wish for the royal almanac, but I might have wanted it by and by ; *every day has a morrow*. Besides, it is a very instructive book ; I have seen the names and titles of a crowd of princes whom I had never before heard of.”

The almanac was carefully kept by the side of the book of poetry, and the sick old man never failed to turn over the leaves whenever he saw Maurice, who was quite proud and pleased about it.

“I seem to have made him a famous present,” he said to me every time.

Towards the end of my abode at the hospital, the strength of father *Number Twelve* rapidly diminished. At first he lost all power of moving, then his speech failed him. His eyes alone still smiled upon us. One morning, however, it seemed to me that his look was duller than usual. I therefore got up and went to him, to ask him if he wished to drink ; he made a movement of his eyelids to thank me, and, at the same moment, the first rays of the sun shone upon his bed. Then his eye brightened,

like a light that sparkles up before it goes out ; he seemed to acknowledge this last favour from the goodness of God ; then I saw his head fall on one side ; his honest heart had ceased to beat, and there were no more days for him. He had entered on the *eternal morrow !*

CHAPTER VII.

Days of Indifference.—A Visit to the Contractor.—The Old Portrait in the Black Frame.—I receive a Lesson.—New Studies.

WHEN I left the hospital I began to work again, but very moderately. I had neither as much strength as before, nor, above all, had I as much spirit. My long rest seemed to have mixed water with my blood. I was, moreover, so well cured of ambition by the example of the old copyist, that I quietly awaited each day's bread, without caring to know if it would be white or black. Maurice at last grew impatient at my apathy.

"One ought not to carry things to extremes either," said he. "Good children eat the soup as it is, when it is once ready; but, while it is being made, they try to make it richer. Come, come! we are not at nurse still; it is not the business of Providence to cook our dinners for us; every one must put his own hand to it. There's no wisdom in a brisk youth, with all his legs and arms, living like a man with the palsy, but he should use them the best way he can."

I disputed nothing with him; but my hands in vain went on building and roughcasting—my heart was no longer there! I could not myself have said why. There was nothing in my condition that displeased me, nor did any other please me more; it was simply my energy which slept. An opportunity was wanting to wake it.

One day I went with Maurice to one of the chief Paris contractors, for information required by the head-mason, and which I had put down in writing from his dictation. The contractor

was not in his office, so they made us go through several rooms to join him in the garden. The carpets were of a thousand colours, the furniture gilt, all the hangings silk, and the curtains velvet. I had never seen the like; therefore I stared with astonishment, and walked on tip-toes, for fear of crushing the flowers on the carpets. Maurice watched me.

"Well, how do you find the house?" asked he mischievously. "Does it seem rich and stylish enough to you?"

I replied, "That the house looked like that of a prince."

"The prince of the trowel and of the rule," replied my companion. "Know that this man is an honour to our trade! He has three other great houses in Paris, not to speak of a fine country place."

I did not answer immediately; all this wealth stirred up something bad within me.

When I saw so much velvet and silk, I looked at myself, and, without knowing why, I felt ashamed at being so shabbily dressed. But with the shame there was also mixed some discontent. I felt disposed to hate the master of all these riches, for making me notice my own poverty. Maurice, who suspected nothing, went on pointing out the beauties of the house to me. I listened impatiently; my heart beat, the blood mounted to my face; there was so much to see, my eyes could not leave off looking, and the more I saw, the more envious I grew. Ambition, which for some time had slept within me, began to awake, but it was through envy!

We had stopped in the last saloon, while a servant went to look for his master. All of a sudden Maurice showed me a common little portrait in a black frame, hanging in the middle of great richly-framed pictures. It represented a workman in his shirt sleeves, holding his pipe in one hand and a pair of compasses in the other. It was one of those six shilling pictures, of which you see specimens hanging at shop-doors, together with patterns of stays, and models of false teeth. I asked who it was.

"Why, it's the master, to be sure!" said the mason.

"Has he been a workman, then?" asked I.

"Just like you and me," replied Maurice; "and you see he is not ashamed of it."

I looked at the frame of black wood, and then at the rich furniture, as if to seek for the connection between them.

"Ah! reasoning upon it discomposes you," replied the mason, laughing; "you are trying to find the ladder, by which he has come down here from the top of his scaffolding. But it is not every body who knows how to make use of it, you see; more than one has tried, and missed his footing. You must have both strong wrists and cleverness."

I observed that good-luck was more necessary than all; that chance does every thing; and that we have not the power to make success.

"For example: Father Maurice," added I, bitterly, "why have not you as grand a house as he who lives here? Are you less worthy, or less honest? If he has succeeded better than you, is it not a downright game of chance?"

Maurice looked at me; and, winking his eye, he said maliciously—

"You say that for me; but it is for yourself you think it, my boy."

"It's all the same," replied I, rather vexed at being thus discovered. "I am not thought a bad workman, and I am not better off than any other; if it is enough merely to do one's duty to become rich, I, too, might ride in my carriage."

"And would that way of going along suit you?" asked my companion ironically.

"Why not? Every body had rather save his own legs than those of his horses. But do not be afraid of its happening to me; it's among us, you see, as it used to be in the families of the nobility—all for the eldest, and nothing for the younger ones; and we are the younger ones—we are."

"True, indeed!" murmured our head mason, becoming thoughtful.

"And there is nothing more to say about it," resumed I; "it is right because it is so ordered. The world must not be put into confusion. Only, do you see, it makes my blood boil when I see the different lots of people. Why is it that this one lives in a palace, while others roost in a pigeon-house? Why are these carpets, this silk, this velvet—his, more than ours?—"

"Because he has earned them," suddenly interrupted some one.

I started; the contractor was behind us, dressed in embroidered pantaloons, and a fine dimity dressing-gown.

He was a little greyhaired man, but strongly built, and with an authoritative voice.

"Ah! it seems that you are a reasoner," resumed he, looking me full in the face; "you are jealous of me; you ask by what right my house belongs to me, rather than to you. Well, you shall know—come this way."

He had moved towards an inner door; I hesitated to follow him. He turned again towards me.

"Are you afraid?" asked he, in a tone which made the colour mount to my eyes.

"Let the gentleman show me the way," answered I, almost impudently.

He showed us into a study, in the middle of which was a long table covered with colour-saucers, pencils, rulers, and compasses. Coloured plans, representing the sections of a building, were hanging on the walls. Here and there on shelves, we saw little models of staircases or roofs; mariners' compasses and graphometers, with other instruments, of the use of which I was ignorant. At the end of the room, was an immense paper-rack with labelled divisions; and statements and estimates of buildings were heaped up on a writing-table. The contractor stopped before the great table, and showing me a drawing—

"Here is a plan to be altered," said he; "they wish to lessen

the building by ten feet, but without diminishing the number of rooms, and a place must be found for the staircase. Sit down there, and make me a rough sketch of it."

I looked at him quite surprised, and observed that I did not know how to draw.

"Then examine this surveyor's estimate for me," resumed he, taking a bundle of papers from his writing-table; "there are three hundred and twelve articles to examine there."

I replied, "That I was not sufficiently used to such work to be able to discuss the prices, or verify the quantities."

"At least you will be able to tell me," continued the contractor, "what are the legal formalities to go through for three houses I am going to build; you are acquainted with the rules of conveyance, the rights and obligations of the neighbours——"

I interrupted him hastily by saying "that I was no lawyer."

"And as you are not a banker either," went on the contractor, "you are doubtless ignorant on what terms one ought to arrange one's payments—what is the average time at which one must sell—what interest one should draw from one's capital, not to end in bankruptcy? And as you are not a merchant, you would be much puzzled to name to me the markets for the best materials—to point out the right time for purchasing, and the cheapest means of carriage. As you are not a mechanist, it would be useless to ask you if the crane, the model of which you see, will make a saving of power. As you are not a mathematician, you would in vain attempt to judge of this new project of a bridge, that I mean to employ on the Lower Seine. In short, as you know nothing but what a hundred thousand other journeymen know, you are only fit, like them, to handle the trowel and the hammer."

I was completely abashed, and twirled my hat without answering.

"Do you understand now, why I dwell in a mansion, whilst you live in a garret?" resumed the contractor raising his voice;

"it is, that I have taken trouble—it is, that I have learnt all that you have neglected to know—it is, that by force of study and hearty will, I have become a general, while you remain among the recruits. By what right, then, do you ask for the same advantages as your superiors? Ought not society to reward every one according to the services he renders? If you wish that it would treat you like me—do what I have done: save from your bread to buy books; give the day to work, and the night to learning. Watch always for instruction, as a merchant watches for profit; and when you have shown that nothing can discourage you, when you shall be acquainted with things and men—then, if you are still in your garret, come and complain, and we will see about listening to you."

The contractor had become excited by speaking, and he finished by being rather angry; however, I did not answer: his arguments prevented my saying any thing.

Maurice saw my confusion, and attempted a few words in my justification: then he went on to the subject of our visit. The contractor examined the paper that I had drawn up, asked for some explanations, and then dismissed us. But, just as I was going out of the door, he called me back—

"Remember what I have said to you, friend," said he good-naturedly, "and, instead of envy, try to have a little honest ambition: do not waste your time in swearing at those above you, but try to work your way up to them. If I can ever help you, you have only to say so; I can easily put you in the right way."

I thanked him very shortly, and hurried away.

When we were in the street, Maurice burst out laughing.

"Well, here is humiliation for a learned man like you!" cried he; "was he not proud of having put you to a *nonplus*?"

And when he saw that I showed signs of impatience—

"Come, do you mean to be sulky about such a joke?" added he in a friendly way; "the contractor has argued his own cause,

but has made it too good; he cannot take us in. A millionaire, look you, is not *made* either with compasses or with rules."

"And with what, then?" asked I.

"With money!"

This time I was of the same opinion as the head mason; but, in spite of my vexation, the lesson from the contractor had struck home. When I was cool again, I came to the conclusion, that very likely he was right.

This gave my mind a shake; I recovered my former activity: being convinced of the necessity of learning, my taste for study again returned.

The difficulty was to procure the means. Although it would cost me much to return to the contractor, on whom I must necessarily have made a bad impression; I decided to remind him of his offer to help me. He received me well, informed himself of what I knew, and referred me to a surveyor in his employment. This surveyor admitted me gratuitously into an evening class of young people, to whom he taught geometry and the rudiments of drawing.

I was at first only noticed for my stupidity and awkwardness; it was necessary always to explain twice to me, what others understood at once. My hand, accustomed to deal with stone, tore the paper, or broke the pencils; I was much behind the most backward pupil. However, by little and little, and by dint of perseverance, the distance became less, and I gradually arrived at an equality with the others.

CHAPTER VIII.

My Mother grows Worse.—A Warning from Maurice.—A Farewell.—I marry Genevieve.

My days passed quietly between the labours of the work-yard and of the school. From time to time I went to Longjumeau to see my mother, and Genevieve brought me news of her. For some months past, the strength of the poor blind woman had sensibly failed. She now hardly ever left her arm-chair, and her mind was no longer as clear as before. Maurice was struck with it as well as I.

"The threads are getting entangled," said he, with his usual bluntness; "mind the end of the skein!"

I repelled this gloomy prediction with a sort of anger.

"What! what!" replied the head mason, "do you think that it is more agreeable to me than to you? But the future is like a man; you must always look it in the face. It's a pretty thing to shut your eyes to the coming evil! In vain we may love one another, my poor boy; we must part one day or other: so much the better for those who go first."

"And why think of these cruel separations beforehand?" asked I.

"Why?" repeated Maurice; "why, not to be caught unawares, my boy; to be able to strengthen one's heart, and behave like a man when the time comes! In life, you see, it does not do to play at hide-and-seek with truth; honest people neither lie to others nor themselves. Besides," added he, with feeling, "it is

always wholesome to think of death. Whether we depart, or see others depart, we should wish to leave a good impression on him who goes, or on him who remains. And this makes one better. Now that you are prepared, I wager that you will attend more to Madeleine, and that you will wish to give her a fine evening after so bad a day."

Maurice was right; the result of his warning was to make me go oftener to the farm, and to remind me of my duty more constantly.

Every journey, I used to take my mother something I knew she liked, and she thanked me, embracing me as she had never embraced me before. Perhaps she, too, felt her life was passing away, and she thus took to her heart those she was so soon to leave.

"You make me thank God that I am old!" said she, every time I took any care of her.

Then she would begin talking to me of her youth, of the first years of her marriage, of my childhood. She recalled all that I had done, and all that I had said, since the day of my birth: to her it was the history of the world. Genevieve, too, listened as attentively as if they were relating the life of Napoleon to her! Always lively, always singing, she brought cheerfulness with her. The poor old blind woman was always scolding her, but with that tone which seemed to say, "it is only to shew my interest in you;" and, when we were alone, she used to repeat—

"She is God's own daughter!"

Genevieve sometimes pretended not to hear her, that the good woman might have the pleasure of scolding. However, she had seemed to me uneasy during my last visit.

"Your mother Madeleine, is not going on well," said she to me, just as I was going.

"Alas, good God! I have seen it for some time," replied I; "but she does not like to appear to suffer, and refuses to see a doctor."

"Perhaps she is right," said the young girl; "it might only grieve her."

We both sighed, and I went away with a full heart.

The next day, I was on the highest scaffolding of the new building, when I heard some one call me. I looked down, and all my blood stood still: it was Genevieve.

"How is my mother?" cried I.

"Bad!" replied she, in a broken voice.

I was down in a moment.

"She wishes to see you," resumed Genevieve, hastily. "Come at once. The doctor said that we must hurry."

We set off immediately. Never had the road seemed so long. It appeared to me that the horses went slower, that the driver stopped oftener. I wished much to know the exact state of my old mother, but I dared not question Genevieve.

At last we arrived at Longjumeau. I almost ran along the road to the farm. Dame Riviou was not in the fields, as usual; I perceived her waiting at the door, which seemed a bad sign to me. When she saw me, she uttered an exclamation. She understood the look I gave her, for she hastened to say—

"Come in—she asks for you!"

I found my mother at the worst; however, she recognised me, and held out both her hands to me. I cannot tell what I felt then; but when I saw her thus—her face livid, her eye glazed, and her lips trembling with the shivers of death—the thoughts of all she had done for me passed all at once through my mind. The idea that I was going to lose her without having acknowledged so much kindness, struck me like a knife. I uttered a loud cry, and threw myself into her arms.

"Come, Pierre, do not grieve so," said she, in a very low tone; "I die content, now I have seen you."

I felt that it was necessary to master my grief, and I seated myself by the bed, and tried to give her hope; but she would not listen to me.

"Let us not lose time in deceiving ourselves," said she, in a still weaker voice ; "I will tell you my last wishes. Call Genevieve."

The young girl came near. The invalid gave her the keys of her closet, and asked for many things which she named : there was a watch that had belonged to my father, her marriage earrings, a little silver cup, and a few trinkets. She had them all placed on her bed, sent for the people of the house, one after the other, and gave something to each. Dame Riviou had the silver cup ; she gave me the watch, and wished that Genevieve should wear the earrings. Afterwards she chose the sheet for her shroud, said in what way she wished to be buried, and begged that there should be a stone cut by myself over her grave.

We listened, and could hardly restrain our tears while we promised every thing she asked. Just then the priest arrived. My heart was so full, I went out to weep behind the house.

I think I must have stayed there a long time, for it was night when I went in again. The priest was gone. I heard Genevieve answering my mother. At once I understood it was concerning myself. The dying woman, who was uneasy at leaving me alone in the world, had told her wishes to the young girl, who seemed gently to oppose them.

"Pierre Henry is too wise, and has too good a heart, not to know what he ought to do," said she, in rather an agitated voice.

"But, then, why do you not wish to marry him ?" asked the sick woman.

"I did not say that, mother Madeleine," replied Genevieve.

"Then let me speak to him."

"No," she went on quickly ; "to-day he would refuse you nothing, and afterwards he might repent. It is not right that he should decide for your sake, nor for mine, good mother ; he ought to choose according to his own will and pleasure. Whatever he does, you know well that I shall be always ready to serve him."

"Jesus!" murmured my mother, plaintively. "I still had hoped for this happiness on earth."

"And you shall have it, if it only depends upon me," cried I, approaching the bed. "Nobody need fear that I shall repent, for your choice is my choice."

This is how I married Genevieve, and I can say that this was the best, as well as last, gift of her who had brought me into the world.

She died the next day, just as it struck twelve, holding my hand and Genevieve's in hers. May God reward her for all she has suffered, and make amends to her for what I have not been able to give her back! A mother is too great a creditor for her children ever to be able to repay her here below.

CHAPTER IX.

The Workman's Household—An Honest Woman—The Weakness of a Good Heart—Robert's Notes—M. Dumanoir—Ruin.

MY studies came to an end with my marriage. I had worked until then to qualify myself; now become the head of a family, I hoped to reap the advantage of my qualifications.

He who has already led a life of order and industry, finds a great enjoyment and a great motive to new energy in beginning to keep house. The thought that he no longer toils for himself alone, puts more courage into his heart; he begins to think of the future, when he knows he may reach it in company. The feeling that henceforth there are two, makes him tie the cords of the scaffolding more firmly, and add a prop for greater security. I have had many cares and trials of temper since the first day of my marriage. More than once I have felt the weight of a family press heavily upon my shoulders; but when I have come to my right senses, I have always found that marriage is a good and holy thing, the best shield against the evil blows of fate; and, in short, the true strength of all good men.

Therefore, it is necessary to know how to choose well. Before you thus bring into your own life a second self, who will become your living shadow, you should look well at the head and heart, to be sure that you will always have a second conscience with you, and not a tempter. If, before engaging a partner in business, you hesitate, for fear he may take your credit or your money, how much more when it is a partner for life, who may rob you of your peace and honour?

To say the truth, there are very few women who would thus

turn against you ; almost all bring at least as much honesty, good conduct, and devotion into the house as the husband. They may have more minor faults, but they have much fewer vices ; it is rare to find them hardened in evil ; even if that happens, it is for the most part owing to our own fault.

Those who are above us—living in the comfort that they have inherited, or that work has gained for them at little cost—do not know all the worth of the true wife of the working man. She not only takes care of our food, but she is the keeper of our energy and our honesty. How many temptations would come into the house, if she were not there to shut the door against them ! how many bad thoughts are there which dare not be born, because her eye will see through them ! The difficulty of confessing a bad intention to another, often makes us keep honest ; for it is not so easy a thing as one would believe, to confess one's wickedness to another—and so to enter into evil together. Whatever may be said, boldness is never the same in two people : one is always uneasy, and holds back ; and it is oftenest the woman. Generally, when one listens to her, all goes right.

As for me, I had been very happy in my choice. I found all I had hoped for in Genevieve, and more too. Such as I saw her the first day—such I saw her after marriage—such she has always remained. I confided all my schemes to her ; I told her of all my troubles ; and she gave me advice without seeming to do so too much. To my mind, the chief happiness of marriage is this trust which makes the heart—like the purse—to be always in common. If you are sad, angry, or hopeful, at least you find some one to share it with you ; you do not let all the little streams swell within you, till at last they make a flood, and carry away the road. The daily accessions to the current of life pass off by the channel of this mutual sympathy, and thus the mind preserves its own level.

Since my marriage, I had followed Maurice's example, and had undertaken small contracts, which had succeeded ; but, like

all beginners, I was obliged to submit to an abatement of price, and to execute the work with small means : so that the gain was less in the profits than in getting the employment. I had made but little ; but I began to make myself known. I was soon engaged in a pretty good business. My punctuality and activity gave people confidence in me, and in fault of capital I got credit. It was necessary to have one's heart and hand in every thing ; to act with energy, decision, and punctuality, under penalty of failure. The task was difficult, but every thing went on well in the end ; the receipts and the payments were balanced without loss to me, and I hoped that my exertions would end by giving me a little more relaxation. Once master of a sufficient capital, things would go well of themselves. It was only necessary just at present to climb to the roof without a ladder, while waiting for it to be made step by step.

Robert often came to see us ; and I noticed more than once, that the little savings meant for some rare party of pleasure, or for Genevieve's dress, invariably passed from the aunt's drawer into the nephew's pocket. I said nothing ; for, after all, it was easier for me to sacrifice these small sums than cause this good creature sorrow. She provided for these little extravagances by so much work, frugality, and economy, that I pretended to see nothing. But in this I was thinking more of my own ease than her good ; and if I had had more sense, I should have known that my duty was to tell her of them. For we must not shut our eyes to the weaknesses of those who are always with us, because as yet they are small matters, and cause us no inconvenience ; but on the contrary, we should notice them, attend to them, and cure them.

I had gone into Burgundy, to look at a piece of work which was soon to be contracted for ; I was to be absent a fortnight. Genevieve was alone with our boy Marcel, who was then but three years old. It was, therefore, only from herself that I learnt all that then happened, and which I am about to relate.

The day after I went away, Robert came to see her. He seemed uneasy, and in low spirits. He answered every question only by broken words or sighs. She kept him to dinner; but he ate nothing, and grew more and more sad. She was vexed, and pressed him to tell her more; then he began saying, that he had taken a dislike to life, and that some day or other he should throw it away like a pair of worn-out shoes. Genevieve was distressed, and tried in vain to reason him out of his despondency; the more she spoke, the more Robert maintained his determination, till he had made her understand that nothing else remained for him to do. His aunt begged him to explain himself; but he persisted in that obstinate silence which guilty people keep who will not confess their faults. Feeling alarmed, she went to put little Marcel—who was sleeping in her arms—into the cradle again, and returned to Robert, determined to force him to tell her his secret.

She found him with both his elbows on his knees, and his head between his hands, like one desperate. Genevieve said every thing her affection could suggest; she spoke to him of his father, of the promise she had made to fill his place; she mentioned all the faults she could even suppose, one after the other, and asked him to answer only by a word, or by a sign; but Robert only continued to hang down his head. At last, out of patience, she was going to stop, when he suddenly got up, and cried out that he was lost if he had not a hundred louis the next day.

Genevieve started back, as if she had been asked for the crown of France.

“A hundred louis!” repeated she; “and who do you think will give them to you? Why do you want them? What do you wish to do with them?”

“I owe them,” replied Robert.

And, as his aunt looked doubtingly at him, he began to unfold to her the list of his excesses for the last three years. He had

with him letters from creditors, unpaid bills, and even stamped notes of hand ; but, as he went on explaining all this to Genevieve, she grew angry, and felt all pity vanish.

" Well, since you have spent so much, you will have to get it again," said she, resolutely. " If I had it here in my apron, my own, and no use for it, you should not have a single crown of it. Ah ! we may well say that God loves us better than we love ourselves ! When He took my poor brother, I inwardly reproached Him ; but now I see that I ought to have thanked Him ; for He has spared him both grief and shame."

" Yes," interrupted Robert, with a sort of desperate assurance, " more shame than you yourself think ; for I have not yet told all."

" And what remains for you to tell, then, unhappy boy ?" cried Genevieve.

Her nephew had got up, pale, and as if out of his senses.

" Well," said he, showing her his creditors' accounts, " it was necessary to pay all that, or to go to prison—and I have paid it."

" You ! how ?"

" With a bill."

She looked at him, not understanding him.

" What bill ?" asked she.

" A bill signed with your husband's name."

" What do you say, unhappy boy ?—a forgery ?"

He hung his head. Genevieve clasped her hands, and uttered a cry.

Both remained silent for a moment. At last the aunt recovered herself, took Robert by the shoulders, and shook him.

" You have deceived me !" cried she ; " you do not owe a hundred louis—you have not committed a forgery ; you only want to get money from me."

The youth coloured, and raised his head.

" Ah ! I have deceived you," stammered he ; " well, be it so ; then let us say no more about it."

He took up his hat, and hastily went away.

Genevieve let him go, but she passed a dreadful night. She started at every noise, thinking they were coming to tell her of Robert's arrest or death. She accused herself of cruelty. Twice she put on her shawl to hasten to her nephew's, and twice a suspicion she could not repress stopped her.

A part of the next day was spent in the same way ; at last, towards noon, a stranger, with large mustaches, and covered with rings and trinkets, presented himself with three notes-of-hand, signed with my name. They were the forgeries of which Robert had told her !

When she saw them, Genevieve grew pale—so pale, that the stranger, who was called M. Dumanoir, asked her what was the matter with her. But the poor woman still held the bills in her trembling hands, and could not answer. M. Dumanoir frowned ; at last, not knowing what to say, she asked him from whom he received these bills.

" You can see," replied the stranger, showing her on the other side the signatures of three or four indorsers.

" And you have need—immediately—of the money?" said my wife, becoming more and more agitated.

" Yes, indeed," replied he ; " I have two payments to make to-morrow, and I have reckoned on my receipts. They told me that your husband was *good* ; I hope, in the devil's name, they have not deceived me !"

Thus saying, he looked at Genevieve full in the face ; she could no longer contain herself, and began crying.

" What!" said M. Dumanoir, " tears! Is this actually all you are going to give me? You are not solvent, then—you have not the hundred louis? Ah! a thousand devils!—I am a ruined man!"

He got up then, uttering so many curses and menaces against me, that my poor frightened wife confessed all.

When she told him that the notes were forged, M. Dumanoir gave a start.

"So, I am robbed," cried he, "and by whom? You know the forger; you are implicated with him, as you did not declare the fraud at once. You must either tell me who he is, or I shall inform against you, and have you condemned as his accomplice."

Genevieve was about to reply, when the door opened suddenly—it was Robert.

At the cry she gave, M. Dumanoir turned towards the young man, who, seeing the notes in his hands, fell on his knees.

A scene then followed which my wife has never been able to relate; for grief prevents her speaking when ever she thinks of it. All that I know is, that after many tears and prayers, perceiving that the man with the notes was determined to have Robert arrested, and seeing him clinging to the window, from which he threatened to throw himself into the court below, her heart could no longer resist: she ran to the desk where I kept my money, took thirteen hundred and fifty francs out of it, which were all my savings, and offered them to redeem the bills. The creditor seemed to hesitate at first; but hearing that Robert was without any means, and that he would lose all if he refused to agree to this, the exchange was made, and M. Dumanoir went away.

Robert followed him, after hastily thanking his aunt.

Genevieve was struck by the sudden change in his tone and manner. When she was alone and had recovered herself, she turned over in her mind all that had just happened, and thought there was something strange in it. The more she reflected upon it, the more Robert's words and actions left her in doubt. She could not say what it was she suspected, but she felt there was deceit somewhere.

She hoped that the young man's next visit would clear up every thing. Two days passed without his reappearing. Genevieve's uneasiness increased; she left Marcel in charge of a neighbour, and ran to Bertin-Poirée street, to look for him.

When she got there, and had reached the landing-place, near the little room which he inhabited, she saw the door open, and a suspicious-looking man come out carrying a parcel. Although he had altered his dress, and no longer wore mustaches, she recognised M. Dumanoir ! He took advantage of the surprise which kept her silent for a moment, passed her quickly, and went down stairs. Genevieve pushed open Robert's door—nobody was there ; but all the drawers were turned out, and the closets open and empty, only some old clothes were thrown about the floor.

Surprised at this confusion, she went down again to the porter, to ask for an explanation. The porter knew nothing, and had seen nothing. All that he could say was, that Robert had come in the evening before, with the man she had just passed on the stairs ; that both seemed very merry, and jingled crown-pieces in their pockets.

Genevieve could doubt no longer ; the scene of the bills was a farce got up between Robert and his pretended creditor ; they had reckoned upon her fright and her weakness—she was the victim of a cheat, the contriver of which was her brother's son ! This thought went like a knife to her heart. She tried to get rid of it. She waited for Robert all the evening and the next day. She could not doubt, and yet she could not believe it. Grief, anger, and uneasiness tormented her by turns. When I came home, she had for five days past lost both sleep and appetite. I found her so much altered that I was quite frightened, and asked her if she were ill ?

“Much worse,” replied she in a broken voice ; and, as if to relieve her mind, without waiting for any questions from me, she began to relate in broken sentences all that had passed since my departure. When she came to the thirteen hundred and fifty francs given to Robert, I interrupted her with an exclamation of horror ; I thought I might have misunderstood her ; I rushed to the desk—it contained nothing but the empty purse !

My throat became parched, my legs shook, and I was obliged to lean against the wall.

Genevieve looked at me in astonishment; her hands dropped, and her lips trembled, as if she was in a fever.

On seeing her thus, I felt the anger which disturbed me pass away, and I said very gently—

“You have given the money—I cannot pay what I owe. There, you know the whole—we are ruined!”

In fact, I had three payments which fell due the next day, and the sum in question had been intended to meet them. The loss of it deranged all my calculations, and destroyed my credit. I made Genevieve understand this, by explaining my situation to her. The poor woman was so cast down, that I tried to conceal my own misery from her.

This effort restored me to peace of mind, and gave me heart. The cheerfulness I had shown at first, out of love for Genevieve, increased upon me by degrees. I was young and healthy; I had wronged no one; and I felt I was quite able to begin life again. What was important just now was, that I should fulfil my engagements. I spoke to Genevieve calmly, tenderly, and manfully. I told her that things were not desperate, but that just now we must give up all our little comforts, content ourselves only with what was just necessary, and live the hard life of the poorest labourers. She only answered by crying, and pressing my hands. When I had done—

“Ah! you are still better than I thought,” said she; “I only ask one thing of God, to let me live long enough to repay your goodness.”

God has heard her prayer, and she has fulfilled her promise; for what she called my goodness has been repaid me in happiness—interest and principal.

That very evening, I went at once to some other contractors, with whom I agreed, on low terms, for a little ready money—they finding me my materials. In the meanwhile, Genevieve

fetched a broker, and sold the best of our furniture. The whole together made up the sum that I wanted, and my bills were paid at the appointed time.

But my fall was quite apparent; people saw that I had re-entered the ranks of the beggars, and the respect they had shown me was withdrawn. It was in vain that I applied for new contracts; no one was willing to advance me money, or give me credit: they saw my ruin, but did not consider my honesty.

As a last misfortune, Maurice was away; want pressed upon us; I was obliged to take the trowel again, and become a day-labourer.

Robert did not reappear. In spite of every thing, Genevieve did not lose her affection for him, and I saw that she was grieved at not hearing any thing of him. Two months passed, and I was trying to forget her nephew, when a policeman made his appearance in my hovel. I was luckily alone. He showed me a scrap of paper, on which was my name and direction, half rubbed out; it had been found on a murdered man!

Feeling rather uneasy, I followed the policeman to the Morgue, and there recognized the body of Robert.

The cord and stone which had been used to drown him, were still tied round his neck. The accomplices of his theft had wished to have all the profits of it themselves, and, as so often happens, one crime had been followed by another!

Genevieve did not know it till long after.

The murderers have never been found; perhaps they have undergone the same fate they made others suffer; for in evil as in good, we almost always reap what we have sown.

As for us, the remembrance of the wretched youth, who had come across our happiness with his vices, was soon lost in harder trials; evil days drew near, and we were about to be forced *to weather the storm, without cape and without umbrella*, as friend Maurice used to say.

CHAPTER X.

The Walnut Feast.—Our True Stay.—Maurice Coins Money.—A Lawsuit.—
The Pot of Gillyflowers.

It is a hard thing to come down again in life, when we have risen happily; and it is hard to eat black bread, when one's teeth have begun to grow tender on white. I put a good face on my bad luck; but, in reality, I felt such vexation that I became discontented, and, as the saying is, I took a disgust to life.

Genevieve was not more resigned, although she also seemed to be so. Both of us would sing, not from gaiety, but to set fate at defiance. We were silent for fear of showing our feelings; we made our pride a cloak for our sorrow, and thus our hearts were slowly becoming hardened. I perceived this well enough, but without being able to do otherwise. I was like a staggering man, and required help to stand steady.

One evening I was returning from my work, with my bag over my shoulder, and whistling as I came along the suburb where we lived. I did not hurry; for the sight of my home no longer rejoiced my eyes, as in former times. I could not accustom myself to the empty spaces left among the furniture, the bare walls, and, above all, to Genevieve's anxious looks. Formerly, every thing was neat and cheerful; every thing seemed to welcome me home; continual sunshine was in our house; but since our ruin, the points of the compass appeared changed—we found ourselves passed from south to north.

I walked, then, slowly along the street, without much heeding

the fine snow which was falling, as if through a sieve, and powdering the sheet of ice which covered the road.

When I had nearly reached the top of the street, I saw an old woman using all her strength to push on one of the little hand-carts, which are the moving shops of the poor people of Paris. The slipperiness of the streets made her labour double. The woollen shawl in which she was wrapped, and the folds of the handkerchief on her head, were thickly covered with snow. She panted loudly, stopped every minute quite exhausted, and then renewed her efforts.

I could not help pitying her. Thoughts of my mother came over me, and going up to her just as she stopped—

“Halloa! old woman,” said I, smiling, “that work is too heavy for you.”

“True, my son,” replied she, wiping her forehead, on which the sweat was mingled with frost; “my strength goes with my years, whilst my walnuts always keep their weight. But what God does, He does well. He does not forsake the poor.”

I asked her where she was going; she pointed to the Barrier, and was setting off again, when I put my hand on one of her cart-handles—

“Stay,” said I, gently, “that is my road too; it will not be much trouble to me to travel with your barrow.”

And, without waiting for her answer, I pushed the cart on before me.

The old woman made no opposition; she simply thanked me, and walked on by my side.

I then learnt that she had just bought a supply at the market, which she was going to sell again. Whatever the season or weather might be, she would still go over Paris until she had disposed of all! For thirty years she had lived by this trade, which had given her the means of bringing up three sons.

“But when they were grown tall and strong they took them from me,” said the poor woman. “Two died in the army, and the last was taken prisoner.”

"So that now you are alone," cried I, "with no other help than your own heart!"

"And the Protector of those who have no other," added she. "The good God must have something to do in heaven; and how else does He pass His time but in taking care of creatures like me? Well, well—if we are old and miserable, the thoughts that the King of all looks on us, that He judges us, and will repay us, that supports us. When I am so weary that my feet will no longer carry me, ah! well, I kneel down, and silently tell *Him* of my grief, and when I get up my heart is always lighter. You are too young to feel this yet; but a day will come when you will understand why they teach little children to say—*Our Father which art in Heaven.*"

I did not answer; but I felt that light had broken upon me! The old woman went on talking in the same way until we had got to the end of the suburb. In all her great trials she had looked higher than on earth for consolation, to a world where nothing can change.

My heart beat when I heard her speak. I looked at this tottering old woman, her head shaking, and already bowed down as if to gather up her winding-sheet, and I was astonished to find her stronger than I, and than Genevieve. It was then true that man has need of another stay than that of his fellow-men, and that to keep himself steady on the scaffolding of which his life is composed, he must have a cord tied in heaven!

The old woman thanked me when I left her at the Barrier; but to say the truth, it was I who owed her my thanks, for she had wakened thoughts in me, which had hitherto slept at the bottom of my soul.

When I got home, I was quite taken up with my adventure; but this evening Genevieve was sadder than usual, without my knowing why: it even seemed to me that her eyes were red.

We supped in silence; the baby went to sleep, and afterwards we stayed near the fire, which was just going out. It was only

when the clock struck that Genevieve rose with a sigh. It was bed-time. Then I got up also ; I took my dear wife's hand, and drawing her to my side—

“ We have borne our griefs too long alone,” said I in a low voice ; “ let us ask God to help us.”

And I fell on my knees ; Genevieve silently did the same. Then I repeated all the prayers I had learnt in my childhood, and which had remained ever since in a corner of my heart, as if in a storehouse. It seemed to me that I found a sense for the words as they came back to my memory, that I had never put to them before, like a language that I understood for the first time. I cannot say if it was the same with Genevieve, but very soon I heard her crying gently. When I got up, she embraced me with sobs.

“ Your prayer has saved us,” said she. “ Now, that you have made me think of God again, I feel that I shall recover my heart !”

And in fact, from that day, every thing went better at home. Our hearts unbent, we again began to tell our thoughts, and our evening prayer always softened, while it calmed, our feelings.

Poor old woman ! when she was telling me her story, she little thought of the good she was doing me. I have never seen her since, but Genevieve and I have blessed her more than once.

“ You see that the times of good fairies are not quite gone,” Genevieve used to say ; “ since you have found one who, to repay a slight service, has given you a talisman of resignation.”

Although forced to take to the trowel again, I had not altogether lost the hope of working again on my own account ; and it was often heart-breaking to me, to see business the advantages of which I knew, passing into the hands of others.

I was tempted by one contract in particular ; but unfortunately it was necessary to have in hand some hundred francs to be able to undertake it. I returned to the work-yard sad enough not to have it in my power to seize such a lucky chance, when two

large hands were placed heavily on my shoulders. I turned round quickly; it was Maurice.

The master mason had been kept for some months in Burgundy, and had come back on business to Paris, which he was to leave again that very evening.

He made me come into a wine shop, and, in spite of all I could say, would have me breakfast again with him.

Prosperity had made Maurice fat, and he was dressed in a splendid Elbœuf waiscoat, a fine beaver hat, and a neckcloth of cherry-coloured silk. His heart was always the same, but his tone was a peg higher.

Maurice no longer doubted his own importance, since he had found himself at the head of fifty workmen. I had always seen him so rational, that his independent manner only seemed to be the consciousness of his prosperity.

He had heard of my misfortunes in a vague way, as soon as he arrived in Paris, and he wished to know every thing. When I had acquainted him with them, he struck the table with the bottle of old Bordeaux, which he had called for in spite of my objections.

"A thousand devils! Why did you not write to me about it?" cried he; "I could have found enough crown-pieces to set you up again. What are you doing now? Where are you? Cannot we put a little lime into your mortar?"

I explained my position to him, and gave him a hint of the business which was offering itself.

"And you will only want five hundred francs?" asked Maurice.

I replied that this sum would be more than enough. He called out—a waiter came.

"A pen and ink!" cried the master mason.

I looked at him with surprise.

"You cannot think what I mean to do with these things, can you?" said he laughing; "in fact, I am not much more a friend

to *white and black* than in old times, but we must bray with the donkeys. When I saw that business cannot be brewed without feather-stumps and an inkstand, faith! I said, Forward, rear-guard; and now I use them just like any one else."

"You have learnt to write?" cried I.

"You shall see!" said Maurice, winking his eye.

He had taken a stamped paper from a pocket-book, on which he made me write a cheque for five hundred francs. When I had finished, he signed his name in uneven letters, made like print.

"Now," said he, when the painful operation was over, "present me that at Perigeux's, and you will have your cash in a trice; father Maurice's signature is known in their shop, and I can coin as much money as I please."

In fact, they gave me the sum without any difficulty, and the next day I had taken the contract for which it was intended.

At first all went on as well as I could wish. The works were carried on briskly, and finished before the time. I was able to repay Maurice from the first receipts, and new bargains brought me back again into my old building business. I again held the float, and began to feel myself rising, when a lawsuit brought against our principal contractor stopped every thing. My interests, and those of ten others, were unavoidably bound up with his, and we found ourselves with our hands tied, and no means of going backwards or forwards. Meanwhile, each was responsible for his own engagements—the time came for paying for the unemployed materials—the demands followed each other without mercy—it was necessary to face every attack sword in hand, as they say, to find some new expedient every day, to obtain terms, to make out accounts, to balance debts and credits! My days were spent in this unprofitable work. I earned nothing, and my means were wasting more and more: while I was employing my time in working to escape from bankruptcy, Genevieve and the child were in want of common necessities.

I racked my brains without being able to improve things. The lawsuit was always just about to come on—and always put off. One day some document had been forgotten; another day the lawyer was absent; the court was taking its holidays, or the defendant had demanded a postponement. Weeks and months went by in this way. Our poor home was like the crew of a ship surprised by a dead calm in the middle of the sea; every day they see their daily allowance reduced, and they look in vain at the horizon for clouds foretelling the return of the wind. I have had hard trials in my life, but none to be compared to this. In general, our misfortunes leave us the power of action; we are able to seek for consolation or safety—but here all our efforts were useless. There was nothing to do but to fold one's arms and wait.

At last, this trouble of mind and inability to act made me gloomy and irritable. Not knowing whom to accuse, I found fault with Genevieve. I did not give the poor creature credit for her efforts to hide our misery from me, or her exertions to lessen it. One would have said, that I wished her to have the privations she endured. But my irritability was really the effect of love; it proceeded from grief at seeing her suffer. To procure her relief and peace of mind, I would have given my blood drop by drop; but, my good intentions having been thwarted, turned to ill-temper—just as if I was tearing her with a hedge of thorns, out of anger at not being able to make it into a shelter for her.

One day especially, I came home worse than usual. I had been three hours at the solicitor's—whom I heard talking and laughing with his friends, while my mind was in a state of torment. I had been obliged to wait for the end of their fine stories—then, when my turn came, I had found a man who listened to me, yawned, knew nothing of my business, and had referred me to his head clerk, who was then away. I came back, therefore, swelling with rage against the lawyers, who have our fortune—our peace—our honour—stored up in their paper boxes,

and generally do not even know what has been given them to keep. For a finish—I had seen my last bill dishonoured!

As if every thing combined to increase my irritation, I found Genevieve looking quite joyful. She was singing as she put the room in order, and received me with an exclamation of delight.

I asked her roughly, what good fortune had happened since I went out, and if an inheritance in America had come to us? She answered merrily, took me round the neck, and led me in front of the almanac, hanging over the chimney-piece.

“Well?” asked I.

“Well! you don’t see the date, sir!” said she, gaily; “to-day is the twenty-fifth.”

“Yes,” replied I, ill-humouredly disengaging myself from her, “and it will soon be the thirtieth; the pay-day. The devil take bills and almanacs!”

She looked at me in sorrowful amazement.

“What is the matter, Pierre Henry?” said she, uneasily. “Have you learnt any bad news?”

“I have learnt nothing; as usual.”

“Then,” resumed she, passing her arm through mine, “let us leave our cares for to-morrow, and keep this day for happiness.”

I looked at her in a way which showed her I did not understand her.

“Come, wicked man,” said she, affecting a tone of displeasure; “don’t you know that this is the anniversary of our wedding?”

I had, in fact, forgotten it. In former years this anniversary used to be a time of joy and tenderness for me; but this time it was quite different. The remembrance of past happiness made present suffering more bitter to me. The comparison I made in my own mind between the two caused me a sort of despair, and, with low imprecations, I threw myself into a chair.

Genevieve was frightened, and asked, “What was the matter with me?”

“What is the matter!” cried I; “God forgive me—but one

would think that you had never heard me speak of it. What is the matter—well, then, I have debts I cannot pay—money due I cannot get in—I have a lawsuit which is ruining me, even though I should gain it—I have three mouths to feed every day, with no other means than two arms, which are prevented working. Ah! what is the matter, do you ask? The matter is, that I wish I had broken my neck the day that I fell from a third story; for then I was but a workman, without debts, and without wife and child, and a four franc coffin would have settled my accounts with the world.”

All this was said in a transport of passion, which made my dear wife tremble; she looked at me, and tears came into her eyes.

“In the name of God, do not speak so, Pierre Henry!” said she; “never tell me you regret to live unless you wish to make me die, too. Poor man! you have been tormented all day, and you come back to me quite put out; but forget business for to-day, and only think of those who love you.

Perhaps I should have done what she asked, for her voice had touched my heart, when there was a knock at the door, and a policeman entered.

“Your pardon,” said he, civilly; “I am come in on account of the flower-pot in your window. You are infringing the law, and I must lay an information against you.”

I was about to reply that he was mistaken, when Genevieve ran to the window, and hastily took in a gillyflower, with a sheet of white paper still round it. She declared she had just bought it, and put it in a place where it could not fall for the bars. The policeman listened patiently to all her explanations; but after having verified what he called *the fact of the offence*, he took down our names and surnames, gave us notice that we should have to appear before the magistrate to pay the fine, and went away with a bow.

This unexpected interruption, and the prospect of the new

expense to which we were to be condemned, was a rude check to the return of my good humour. When Genevieve was going to speak, I got up, out of patience, cursing the caprice which had so suddenly increased our misery. I strode up and down the room—I raised my voice—I became excited by my own words; while my wife, pale and trembling, looked at me without saying a word. When she had tried to speak, I had broken out against her—and now her silence increased my anger! Out of my senses, I seized the flower, and ran to the window to throw it into the street, when a cry from Genevieve stopped me.

She, poor woman, was near the child's cradle; I had just awakened it. She pressed it in one of her arms against her bosom, her other hand was stretched towards me.

"Do not kill it, Pierre Henry," said she, in a voice I shall never forget; it is the flower of our wedding-day!"

I held the gillyflower in my hands, hesitating what to do. I then recollected that every year, at this time, Genevieve had celebrated the date of our marriage, by the purchase of one of these flowers, which my mother used to plant in Riant Wood. At this thought I felt a sudden shock—all my anger gave way at a stroke; a fountain was opened in my heart, and I burst into tears.

Genevieve ran directly to me, and threw herself and the child into my arms.

When all was forgiven and forgotten, we placed ourselves at the table for our evening meal. What had just happened, had prevented my wife from preparing any thing, and I would not let her go out to get what we wanted; we supped cheerfully on bread and radishes, with the gillyflower in the middle of the table perfuming our feast.

CHAPTER XI.

**Misfortunes Continue—A Domestic Calamity—Dejection—Maurice's Return—
The Chatelet Bridge—A Duty Fulfilled.**

WE had obtained a verdict which recognised our rights, and declared the contractor's securities responsible for a part of the money due to us ; but the forms to be first gone through were still protracted. Genevieve and I still were put to continual shifts, living from hand to mouth, and never having to-morrow's loaf in the cupboard. My days were spent in working at odd jobs, going to those interested with me in the lawsuit, and calling upon the lawyers. I have since thought that my wisest way would have been to sing the burial-chant over my precious property, and then begin again fairly, like the babe just born ; but I was enticed onwards by these certain thousands of francs, which I always saw before me, and I could not give up my hopes of them.

Months passed by in this way. I had lost the habit of regular occupation, and my life was disordered. Instead of making my way with the workers, I found myself stopped among those poor devils, who eat their dry bread in the smoke of the roast meat, which is always being promised to them, and is always roasting. I spent the present time in dancing attendance at the door of the future.

To add to our troubles the child fell ill ; I was obliged to go on with my business, and to leave all the care of him to Genevieve ; but the first moment I could spare I ran back to him.

His illness was not abated, but the contrary, and I listened to the moans and the oppressed breathing of the poor little creature. When his mother or I leant over his bed, he held out his little hands to us, and looked at us imploringly; he seemed to ask us to have pity on him. Accustomed to receive every thing from us, he thought we could make him well again. Our voices and caresses pleased him for a moment, then pain again got the better, and he pushed us away; he seemed to reproach us. His little limbs were convulsed, and his cries went through our hearts.

At first I combated his mother's fears, but at length I no longer felt able to say any thing to her. I stayed there with my hands crossed, uneasy at seeing her despair, which increased mine, and unable to give her hope.

Besides, the doctor gave no opinion; he came to the child's cradle, examined him hastily, ordered what was to be done, and then disappeared without a word of comfort; he might as well have been an architect, looking at brick and mortar. Sometimes I felt a wish to take him by the two arms, and call out to him to speak, to take away all hope or all fear, but I had not even the time for it: what to us was the source of so much anguish, was to him only a matter of daily work.

O God! the sad hours spent by the side of that little bed! the long cold nights! How often have I wished to hasten time on, that I might come at once to the end of my misery! Since then, I remember having read that these things, too, are mercies from God. By making us go through so much misery, He makes us less susceptible to the last stroke; the painful expectation of its arrival makes it even desirable; we hasten in thought to meet it, and, when it reaches us, we accept it as a relief.

After a fortnight's illness the child died.

I was prepared for this, but it did not seem that Genevieve was. Mothers can never renounce the being they have brought

into the world; they cannot believe in the possibility of a separation!

It was the hardest part of the trial. In vain the days went by; nothing consoled my poor wife. I used to find her sitting by the empty cradle, or even mending the little clothes of the dead baby, adding a kiss or a tear to each stitch. It was in vain I reasoned or was angry with her; she listened patiently to all I said, as though the spring of her poor heart was broken.

This dejection at last extended to me. I gave myself up to it in my turn; I took no interest in any thing. I was for hours standing at the window, drumming on the panes of glass, and looking out into empty space. We were both stupefied with grief.

We had not seen Maurice for the two years he had lived in Burgundy. I had only heard that our old head mason was engaged in extensive contracts. Two or three times I had thought of informing him of my troubles, and asking him to give me a help; but a certain pride had prevented me. I was less at my ease with him now, that I supposed him among the great builders, and I was afraid he might suspect me of wishing to make something out of our old friendship.

It seemed, therefore, that we had rather lost sight of one another; when one evening the new contractor made his appearance—not in a carriage, as I should have expected, but on foot; with a travelling blouse over his coat. He had arrived by the coach, and came to ask us for a dinner.

I saw an alteration in him at first sight. He talked as freely and as loudly as ever; he laughed at every thing—could not keep quiet, and asked questions without waiting for the answers. But all this stir and bustle seemed forced—his gaiety was fever; he hardly spoke a word to us on the death of our child; and, when I wished to speak to him about my affairs, he interrupted me to talk of his own.

He brought some notes and memorandums with him, which he explained to me, begging me to put them in order.

Although his manners had rather chilled me, I did as he desired. Whilst I was thus occupied, Maurice walked up and down the room, his hands in his pockets, and whistling in a low tone. Every now and then he stopped before the sheet of paper that I was covering with figures, as if he wished to guess the result—then he returned to his music and his walk.

It took long to prove the sum; when I had finished it, I told it to the head mason: the debts were almost double the credits.

On my naming the figures, Maurice could not restrain an exclamation.

I explained to him the causes which had necessarily occasioned this result. The chief of these was the multiplicity of the loans, and the accumulations of interest, to which he seemed to have taken no heed. He had been deceived from the want of written and regular accounts. He listened to my explanations with both his hands resting on the table, and his eyes fixed on my face.

"I understand—I understand," said he when I had done; "I have put all the horses they were willing to lend me into my stable, without thinking that they would ruin me in forage. A hundred thousand devils! see to what one is brought by not knowing how to make your scribblements, or to understand your conjuring figures! Those who have only their own pates for account-book, should keep every thing straight with ready money, and not get themselves into nasty papers. It's like a river, you see; one always ends by being drowned in it."

I asked him uneasily, "If he had not other resources than those which I had just noted down, and if that was really his balance-sheet."

"No, no!" replied he hastily; "do you tell me that twenty-three thousand francs are deficient? well, they will be found—they are elsewhere."

And when I insisted more urgently upon knowing, he impatiently interrupted me—

"Why, I've told you that it will all come right. I only

wanted to see to the bottom of the well, as they say; now it is done. Twenty-three thousand francs deficient! Well, good—the rest will go of itself. In the mean time let's have dinner, my old boy—I am as hungry as thirty wolves.”

Notwithstanding this last assertion, Maurice eat hardly any thing, but then he drank much, and talked still more; he seemed to be endeavouring to forget himself.

When dinner was over, the day had begun to close; Maurice collected his papers, put them in order, and looked for some time at the account that I had made out, as if he had been able to read it. He said nothing, but his hand seemed to me to tremble.

Then he put them all upon the chest of drawers—began again to walk up and down the room, and at last asked us after our child.

Genevieve turned to him with a cry, and I looked in his face quite astounded. We had written to him on the death of the child, and when he had arrived he had himself spoken to us of our loss; he perceived his own absence of mind, and put his two hands to his head.

“Thunder! there are no brains here!” murmured he in a sort of fury; “forgive—excuse—my friends; it is Pierre Henry's fault—he made me drink too much; but it does not signify, I ought not to have forgotten your grief.”

He sat down, and for some time seemed overcome. I asked him again if his affairs made him uneasy.

“Why do you ask?” said he quickly; “have I complained? have I asked for any thing?”

Suddenly softening—

“Hold! do not let us speak any more of business,” continued he; “let us talk of you—of Genevieve. Is it not true that we are always happy when we are beloved, when we are young, and owe nothing! Ah! if I were your age. But we cannot be and have been; every one has his turn. I have already seen a number of those of my time file off. Your father Jerome,

Madeleine, and many more still ! To the devil with sorrow ! let us live till we die."

I was astonished at this unconnected talk ; Maurice had not drunk enough to affect him in this way ; his high spirits did not satisfy me, and I saw a wild look in him which made me uneasy. He soon stopped laughing, as we did not join him. Genevieve spoke gently to him of his children, who were getting on well in the country. Then he became quieter, and praised them long and tenderly. At last, suddenly stopping with a great effort, he got up, and said in a broken voice—

"Come, my friends, enough talk ; the time is come for me to go to my business."

He looked for some time for his hat, which was close by him, put it on awkwardly, as if he could not find his head, went slowly towards the door, and then stopped to take out his watch, which he put on the papers.

"I had rather leave all with you," stammered he. "I might lose them ; they are safer here."

We tried to keep him, but he refused to stay, and when I wished to go with him, he was angry, and went out abruptly ; but, before he had got half-way down the stairs, he returned.

"Come, come, a thousand devils !" said he ; "do not let us part in a quarrel."

He kissed my wife, pressed my hand, and disappeared.

We remained on the landing-place much excited and disturbed. When we could no longer hear the sound of his footsteps on the stairs, Genevieve turned quickly towards me—

"Good God ! Pierre Henry, there is something the matter," said she.

"I think so, too," replied I.

"Maurice must not be left alone."

"But he will be angry if I follow him."

"Let us go together," said she, tying on her bonnet, and putting on her little woollen shawl.

I ran for my hat, and we went down stairs.

It was night, and we could not perceive Maurice, but we went to the first turning in the street.

There, fortunately, we recognised the head mason going along close by the houses. Sometimes he walked quickly, sometimes slowly, gesticulating and talking aloud ; but we could not hear what he said.

He went down several streets at random, sometimes coming back, like a man who does not care where he is going. At last he reached the market, and from thence he went towards the quay.

Arrived at the Chatelet Bridge he stopped again, then suddenly turned towards one of the flights of stairs which go down to the river.

Genevieve pressed my arm with a stifled cry. The same thought struck us both, and we ran on together.

The night was already dark ; Maurice glided before us like a shadow, and disappeared under one of the arches of the bridge. When I came up he had just taken off his coat, and was approaching the water, which flowed past the foot of the pier with a strong current. He heard somebody coming, and was throwing himself forward ; I had but just time to seize him round the body.

He turned with an imprecation ; the darkness prevented him seeing me, but he knew my voice.

"What are you doing here ? what do you want ?" cried he ; "Have I not told you to leave me alone ? Take away your hands, Pierre Henry ! A thousand devils ! let me go, I tell you !"

"No ; I will not leave you any more," cried I, trying to drag him up the bank.

He struggled to disengage himself.

"Then you do not understand, unhappy man, that I am ruined !" cried he. "I can no long honour my signature ; cursed be the day when I learnt to put it on paper ! As long as I did not know how to write, I preserved my reputation blameless. I did not then pledge it on these bills, which God confound ! but now the thing is done—there is no way of drawing back ; it must

be bankruptcy or death : I have chosen ! Do not hinder me, Pierre Henry ; in a moment, do you see, I am where nothing can arrest me. I am a match for every thing. In the name of God, or the devil, leave me—leave me !”

He struggled furiously, and, in spite of my opposition, would have escaped me, when Genevieve threw her arms round his neck, crying out—

“Maurice, think of your children !”

It was like the blow of a club. The unhappy man groaned aloud ; I felt him reel, and he sank down on the shore.

We heard him sobbing. Genevieve, on her knees on one side, and I on the other, began to console him by weeping with him ; but I could not think of any thing to the purpose to say to him, while Genevieve's every word went to his heart. It is only woman who understand this science. The head mason, just before so terrible, was now no better than a child, incapable of resistance.

He related to us, with sobs, all that he had suffered for the last week, when he had begun to see clearly into his affairs. I then understood that his inability to keep accounts had been the true cause of his ruin. Carried away by the current of business, nothing had warned him of his danger, until he learnt it by being wrecked.

I took advantage of this same ignorance to persuade Maurice that all was not desperate, that his position offered resources that he was not himself aware of, and that it only required to be freed from its entanglements. The head mason was like all who affect to despise writing and ciphering ; in reality, he attached a secret power to them, before which every thing would give way. We succeeded then in bringing him back with us, if not consoled, at least encouraged.

In truth, the danger was only delayed. I knew that bad thoughts would return the next day. Above all, I feared the sort of shame that follows abortive attempts at suicide. A man

returns to his first purpose from fear of letting it be thought that he has been a coward ; he looks upon death as the only means of proving his courage, and he makes it a point of honour to kill himself.

I warned Genevieve of this, who promised to keep a vigilant watch. To say the truth, she alone could do it without irritating Maurice ; honest hearts have no strength against either women or children.

As for me, I had to see what could be done to prevent a crash. I spent part of the night in verifying the head mason's balance-sheet, with the help of his documents and memorandums ; but it was in vain I turned the figures and calculated them over again—the deficit always remained nearly the same. By continuing the business in which he was engaged, there was a chance of retrieving every thing, and, in the slang of the trade, of *cutting a figure* ; but for that it was necessary to have money or credit, and where could they be found ?

In vain I racked my brain ; no way could I think of. I tried, however, the next day ; but all my attempts were useless : I was sent from one to another with harsh rebuffs. People thought me implicated in Maurice's affairs, as I took them so much to heart, and I injured myself without serving him.

Nevertheless I persisted ; for I was determined to do my duty to the end. Silent despondency had come over the head mason, and I could not hope for any help or exertion from him. When I tried to put him in good spirits again, he simply said to me—

“My hamstrings are cut ; leave me alone !”

And nothing more could I get. I had come to my wits' end ; when I recollected the rich contractor who had formerly encouraged me to educate myself. I had often thought of him in my own difficulties, but would not ask help of him. I always remembered our first interview, in which he had proved to me that success was the reward of energy and talent. To go to him and confess that I had failed, was to own that I had been either

careless or incapable ; right or wrong, I had always avoided this on my own account : I had fewer scruples with regard to Maurice.

I feared that the millionaire had forgotten my face, but he recognised me at first sight. That was something ; however I hesitated when I had to explain the cause of my visit. I had well prepared what I had to say, but at the moment of telling it I became confused ; the contractor understood that I was in difficulties, and that I came to ask him for money. I saw him frown and compress his lips, like a man who begins to distrust ; this suddenly restored my courage.

"Pray, observe that I do not come for myself," cried I ; "but for an honest friend, who has been almost a father to me, and whom you know—father Maurice. He does not ask you either to advance him money or to give it to him, but only to save him from the shame of bankruptcy, without injuring yourself. It will be a good action, which perhaps may bring you nothing, but which will neither cost you any thing."

"Let us see about it," said the contractor, continuing to look at me.

I then explained shortly the whole business to him, without making a speech, but without losing the thread of my discourse, and like a capitalist who discusses affairs with an equal. The force of my spirit had raised me above myself. He heard every thing, made several questions, demanded the vouchers, and told me to return the next day.

I went away quite hopeless. The thing seemed to me too clear for him to put off his answer, if he had meant to accept it. The delay could certainly have no other object than to give his refusal a semblance of consideration. However, I returned at the appointed hour.

"I have examined every thing," said the contractor. "Your calculations are right ; I take the business on myself. You may tell Maurice to come and see me ; he is an honest man, and we will find him an employment that will satisfy him."

CHAPTER XII.

We leave Paris.—A new Abode.—The Head Mason of Montmorency.—An Honest Man's Revenge.—The Good that may be gathered from an Infirmary.—All Goes Well.

AFTER the departure of friend Maurice, I busied myself about finishing my own affairs. Judgment had at last been pronounced, and I was able to clear myself.

When all my debts were paid, nothing was left but stamped paper! I had fulfilled all my contracts; but I was ruined for the second time.

I was going to take up the trowel again, when an architect under whom I had worked, proposed to me to leave Paris, and settle myself at Montmorency. He answered for plenty of work for me during the season, and promised to push me on.

"It is a good place," said he; "there is only one head mason, who is a clever workman, but churlish, and he is only employed for want of a better. With a little exertion, the better part of the work will come to you. Here you will always vegetate among the great contractors, who overwhelm you; it is better to be a tree among the bushes, than a bush in the forest."

I understood this reasoning too well to hesitate, and soon all was settled. The architect took me to the works at Montmorency, showed me what I ought to do; and I returned to Paris for Genevieve.

The moment of departure was painful to me; it was the first time I had left the great city! I was as used to its mud and its pavements, as the peasant to green grass or the perfume of hay. I had my accustomed streets where I passed the day; my eye was used to the people and the houses; by long habit, every

thing had become a part of myself; to leave Paris, was to break up my pleasures, my associations, my whole life, at once!

Those of the neighbours who had known us for long, came to their doors to wish us good-bye; some of them pitied us! This made me put on a good face, and I smiled when I parted from them. I would not for the world have let them see my sorrow; I felt much the humiliation of this necessary departure; it proved that bad luck had the mastery of me, and I protested against my defeat by seeming not to be aware of it.

As for Genevieve, who regretted it less, she did not dream of hiding her tears. The poor woman, loaded with baskets and parcels, replied to all the parting greetings and good wishes by thanks, mixed with sighs. She stopped at every door to give the children a last kiss! I grew impatient at the delay, and I walked on whistling, that I might look unconcerned. At last, at the turn of the street, and when the last house in our suburb had disappeared, I breathed more freely. Genevieve had rejoined me; we both got into the cart which held our humble furniture, and took the road to Montmorency.

During our journey, God knows how many silent imprecations I directed against the slowness of the horse, and the frequent haltings of the driver! My blood boiled in my veins; however I held my tongue, for I was afraid, if I spoke, to say too much. Genevieve did the same; at last, at the close of day, we arrived at Montmorency.

The little lodging I had taken was at the end of the village, in a narrow lane, where the cart could hardly pass. I opened the door sorrowfully, and signed to Genevieve to come in; then I went back to help the driver to take out the things, for I could not see the poor woman's disappointment at our miserable habitation.

Without doubt she understood what I felt; for she soon appeared again at the doorway smiling, and declaring that we should be settled there as well as we could wish. She herself helped to carry and put every thing in order. Night had closed in when we had done. The driver set off again, and we were left alone.

Our lodging consisted of the ground floor, which was lower than the road. It had once been paved with square tiles; but, broken as they were then, they formed a sort of uneven and muddy macadamized floor. A small window, looking on the neighbouring court, let in the smell of a dunghill; and a high chimney, nearly as wide as the end of the house, sent down clouds of smoke.

I contemplated this miserable little room in a sort of stupor. Whether it was that I had formed a wrong opinion of it at first sight, or that I was in a different humour, I know not; but I now noticed an unwholesome and ruinous appearance, which had not struck me so much at first.

Our furniture, which was now brought in, and even Genevieve's presence, instead of enlivening it, seemed to have made it more gloomy. Our lodging had now received all the embellishment which was possible, but it still showed itself with a distinct ugliness, about which there could be no possible doubt.

Genevieve felt an uneasy sensation, which she could not hide, in spite of her efforts to appear satisfied. She was sitting by the fire, her two elbows on her knees, and looking straight before her. I was standing at the other end of the room with my arms crossed. A little candle flickering in a tin candlestick, only gave us light enough to perceive our melancholy state. Genevieve was the first to shake off this dejection; she got up with a sigh, looked for the basket of provisions she had brought from Paris, and began to lay the cloth, but there was not bread enough. I went out to buy some.

The baker's shop was at some distance; when I went in, there were several of the neighbours collected round the door: they seemed to be listening to a portly man, who was speaking very loud and angrily. I did not pay much attention to him at first, and I was waiting for the loaf they had gone to get for me in the back shop, when I heard my name pronounced by the big man,

"His name is Pierre Henry, and he is called *The Strict*," cried he; "but the devil wring my neck if I don't change his name into

The Starved! If I have to sell my last shirt, I will serve him tricks enough to settle him!"

"Yes, indeed, if we let the Parisians settle themselves in the country, they will come and take the bread out of our very mouths," observed a neighbour, who, by his black hands, I saw was an ironsmith.

"Without reckoning that they always end by being bankrupt," added the grocer, "as you may see by the watchmaker in the great square, who is gone off without paying me."

"And you need not expect the new builder will have a better memory," resumed the big man; "it's my idea that he is some sharper come here to hide himself from the police."

I had heard every thing till then, without knowing whether I should seem to have heard it; but at these last words the blood rushed to my face, and I turned again towards the door.

"Pierre Henry has no need to hide himself from any one!" cried I; "and, to prove it, it is he who speaks to you."

There was a general movement among the spectators. The big man advanced nearer from the doorway.

"Ah! ah! see, here's the bird then!" said he insolently, looking me in the face; "well, by his feathers I should not have taken him for a town-bred builder; he looks rather like a simpleton!"

"You shall see by his work what he can do," replied I quickly; "insults only show jealousy or spite: the workman must be judged by his work."

"It remains to be proved if your work is wanted," said the master mason rudely; "you have taken one customer from me, but if you take a second, as sure as my name is Jean Ferou, I will break your back the first opportunity."

I felt myself growing pale, not from fear, but from anger. His great face flushed with rage, and his little grey eyes flashing forth threats, made my blood boil; I looked the master-builder full in the face.

"We shall see that! Master Ferou," said I; "people are not always so willing to have their backs broken. I have already

defended my hide against more than one quarrelsome fellow, and I hope I shall not leave it at Montmorency."

"Well, all in good time!" cried the mason, taking up his cap; "we shall see what you can do with your fists! The devil take me if I will not have satisfaction; it shall not be said that Jean Ferou let a Paris mud-mason cut the ground from under his feet!"

I did not answer; anger overpowered me, and I felt ready to burst. I hastily took the bread I had come for, and I was going away when the baker called out for his money. I replied that I had put it on the counter, but the shopman declared he had taken nothing. Then a dispute followed, which the master mason did not fail to exasperate by his interference. As my honour was implicated, I persisted firmly in my assertion. At the height of the quarrel, a little girl who was present declared, in an under tone, that I had the money hid in my hand. I opened my hand directly,—it was the truth! I had in my agitation taken the twelve sous piece from the counter, and was unconsciously carrying it away with me.

The sensation which followed among the spectators made me giddy. I tried to stammer forth an explanation; but I became confused by perceiving that I was suspected. I was unknown, surrounded by people ill-disposed towards me, without any way of proving my fault to have been involuntary: I knew that all self-defence would be useless; so, suddenly cutting the matter short, I paid the shopman, and was going away.

The master mason was standing in the opening of the door, one shoulder against the sill, and his feet stretched out to the opposite side; he eyed me with a sneer—

"Lost the trick!" said he ironically; "for to-day we must pay the regular price for our bread!"

"Let me pass!" cried I, losing all patience.

"What! what!" said he, in a still more provoking tone. "They will say that the Paris gentleman seems to be putting himself in a passion!"

"The Paris gentleman has had enough of your insults," replied I, trembling with rage; "and you must make room for 'him.'"

"Indeed! and what if I will not?"

"Then he will make you."

"Oh yes! we will see that!"

I went resolutely up to him; he still remained leaning against the wall with his arms folded.

"Jean Ferou, will you let me go by?" cried I, clenching my fists.

"No!" said he, with a sneer.

I seized him by the arm, and pushed him violently, to force him to let me pass.

Doubtless he did not expect such presumption, for he was on the point of losing his balance; but he recovered himself immediately, with an oath, turned to me with his arm raised, and struck me a blow on the forehead which nearly stunned me.

I tried, however, to defend myself, and the fight went on, until I fell against the threshold, dragging the master mason down with me.

As I fell beneath him, I soon felt both his knees on my breast, while with his fists he struck me in the face. The spectators had let us alone till then; but they now determined to separate us. They tore me with difficulty from Master Ferou, put the bread that I had bought into my hand, showed me my way, and mechanically I took the road to my lodgings.

I went on like a drunken man; I was aching in all my limbs, and grieved to the bottom of my heart. I slackened my pace when I got in sight of the house, for fear of being questioned by Genevieve, when she saw my bruised and bloody face. I could not endure the idea of telling her of the mortifications I had just received. Happily she had given way to the fatigues of the day, and I found her in bed, and asleep.

I made haste to extinguish the candle, which was still burning, and to go to bed. But in vain I tried to sleep; I was consumed by a sullen rage. Hatred towards the head mason had taken possession of me. I wished him now all the evil that he had

wished to do me; I tried to think of some way in which I could harm him, and revenge myself; there was nothing else that I cared for: I silently prayed for the help of God against my enemy. Reflection, instead of calming me, excited my evil thoughts more and more; my anger was like a pit, which becomes deeper the more it is worked.

If at intervals I slept, it was only to dream of my anger. Sometimes I saw Master Ferou ruined, with a beggar's wallet on his back; sometimes I held him under me, as he had himself held me, and I forced him to cry to me for mercy; at other times I saw him handcuffed, and between four policemen, who were taking him to prison for theft, and I gave him back all his insolent abuse.

In the middle of one of these broken dreams, Genevieve suddenly awoke me. I started up in bed. A bright light illuminated our room; we heard without an uproar of voices, and the noise of people running; then the cry of Fire!

I jumped out of bed, hastily dressed myself, and went out.

Two men were running across the street.

"Where is the fire?" asked I.

"In Jean Ferou's workyard," they answered both together.

I stopped, struck with wonder. It seemed as if God had heard my prayers, and had taken upon Himself to avenge me.

I must now confess that my first feeling was of satisfaction, but it only lasted an instant; immediately afterwards I blushed for myself.

When my good feelings returned, I thought that it was more incumbent on me, than on any one else, to bring help to the master mason, and to make up by my acts for my evil wishes. This thought went through my heart like a flash of fire; I rushed into the crowd of people who were passing, and arrived at Ferou's work-yard.

The fire had first begun in an outhouse, and had soon spread to all the rest. At the moment of my arrival, the accumulation of timber and wood-work round the house formed an enclosure

of flames, which prevented any one reaching it. Workmen were running through the smoke, removing the things on fire. I joined them, and we succeeded in opening a passage to the house. When we got up to it, we found it closed. Some voices called out that Jean Ferou might be at his brother's at Andilly, but many others replied that they had met him that very evening in the village; one of them had even seen him go home half tipsy, with a bottle in his hand. Without doubt he had heard nothing, being drunk and fast asleep.

In the mean time the danger became more and more pressing. The fire, which had spread behind, had already caught the roof of the porch. We knocked in vain at the fastened door, and called the master mason with all the strength of our lungs; there was no reply.

At this moment a frightful crackling was heard over our heads, and the loose tiles began to fall amidst a shower of charcoal; the roof had caught fire. Every body took to their heels. I rushed with the others towards the other end of the work-yard, when a loud cry behind me stopped me short. I turned round; Jean Ferou was at last awake, and had just appeared at one of the windows.

He was still only half roused out of his drunken sleep, and he looked around with exclamations of terror, but without appearing properly to understand what was going on. Every voice called out to him at the same time to come down and escape; but the unhappy man, apparently out of his senses, continued to look at the flames, which were blazing across the work-yard, repeating in a doleful voice: "The fire! the fire!"

Two or three of us decided to go back to the house. The fire was already beginning to catch the floor. We warned the master mason that the least delay might cost him his life. He seemed at last to comprehend it; for he quickly went in, as if he were resolved to reach the door, and we came nearer to help him. By the sparks of fire which burst out through the window-shutters on the ground floor, we knew that the flames had

caught the lower story, as well as the top. Jean Ferou soon reappeared at the window, crying out that the staircase was on fire, and asking for a ladder. Some of the people ran to look for one; but in the middle of all the confusion and destruction, it was doubtful if they would find one in time. The fire rapidly increased on the ground floor; instead of crackling, the flames began to roar within like a furnace. Jean Ferou was astride on the window-sill, with a load of papers and bags of money, and crying out for some one to help him to get down; but those who were there, either from inability or fear, did not move. I felt all of a sudden seized with resolute courage; the thought of danger vanished: I only saw a man to save.

I ran to one of the windows on the ground floor, and, with the help of the shutters, I reached the flooring of the first story. There, my shoulders were nearly on a level with the master mason's feet; I called out to him to step upon them. Jean Ferou, who was now sobered by fright, did not make me say it twice; he threw his feet over the window-sill, and slid down to me. At first I lost my balance with his weight, and I tottered; but, catching to the wall again, I dug my nails into the joints of the stones, to which I clung by a great effort of strength, and the mason, using my body as a ladder, reached the ground without accident.

It was only when I joined him again that he recognised me. He drew back three steps, lifted his hand to his forehead, and, after having stammered out some words which I could not understand, he sat down on the end of a beam which was still smoking. He was overcome by so many events, one upon another—he had not strength for explanation or thanks.

Perhaps he wanted the will, too. Jean Ferou's was a heart into which it was as difficult for a good feeling to enter, as a wedge into stone. He had even need of an effort not to behave to you as an enemy. His wife had been obliged to leave him, after eighteen years of torment and patience; his children had been driven from home to get their bread among strangers; and of all

those with whom he had lived and worked, not one was his friend.

He had become indebted to me since the fire in the work-yard, and gave up doing me harm, but that was all. Whenever I met him, he passed straight on as if he had never seen me. If they spoke of me to him, he either said nothing, or went quickly away: the bear had only left off biting without being tamed.

Happily those who were witnesses of the service I had done him, made me amends for his coldness. They made known how I had behaved to the master mason, and they liked me so much the more, when they learnt at the same time what I had suffered from him that evening. Only to have done my duty seemed generosity to them, and each paid me in esteem, what Jean Ferou refused me in gratitude.

A chance meeting also gave me courage, and taught me a lesson.

At that time there was, on the roadside leading from the town of Sarcelles to Ecouen, a small thatched house, with a little garden in front, where fruit, vegetables, and flowers were planted without any order, but not without taste. There lived a poor working-man, whose acquaintance I made by chance, and who was a pattern for me.

He was a foundling, first brought up in a charitable convent, and afterwards, having nothing else to depend upon, obliged to live by the coarsest work. Though deformed, wretched, and forsaken, he had been able to make up, by a hearty good-will, for all these deficiencies. At first he was employed for his energy, but gradually his energy turned into ability. His perseverance served instead of strength; his application instead of skill; and, like the tortoise in the fable, he always arrived at the end before the hares, who had reckoned too much upon their nimbleness.

But God had laid an infirmity upon him, which seemed to fill up the measure of his misfortunes. Francis was afflicted with a confused stuttering, which one could not hear without laughing. As a child, he had been a constant butt for the jokes of his companions, and, when he grew older, he became the amusement

of the lads and young girls. To avoid their jokes, he forbid himself to speak unless it was indispensable; and in parties of pleasure he submitted to fill the part of a mute, so mortifying to our vanity.

But as he required an excuse for silence, he learnt to make coarse baskets of a basket-maker, and used to take his work to the winter parties round the fire, and the summer gossiping outside the doors. While the other young people were smoking, laughing, and talking, with their elbows on their knees, he plaited his osiers in silence. At first they had joked him on what they called his mania, but afterwards custom prevented them from noticing it.

Francis's affliction had thus induced him to employ those hours usefully which were lost to his companions. He profited from it in another way. His half-tied tongue was spared all useless action; he only spoke when he had something to say, so for the most part he remained silent. But in this state of forced contemplation, his mind slowly ripened; he followed each of his thoughts attentively and without distraction, he recollected and meditated upon those which he heard pass between other people.

The sale of his baskets in the country increased his savings by little and little. His infirmity kept him apart from the lads of the village, and he thus escaped temptations to spend what he had thus saved. After some years he was rich enough to buy a bit of land which he cultivated in his leisure moments, and the produce of which was even more profitable to him than his packets. He then thought of building himself a house.

The little cottage rose slowly but surely; at last it was covered in, and the new owner could sleep under a roof of his own.

All this had taken ten years! Francis took ten more to complete his work, and round off his domain. He dug a well, planted fruit-trees, collected bees, which multiplied their swarms, and bought two other fields, which he made his meadow and his orchard. When I saw him, he had cleared the difficult ditch which separates poverty from ease, he could afford to sacrifice a

few fruit-trees for the sake of a grass plat, and some ears of corn for rose-trees. His cottage, shaded by acacias, looked from the road, like a hive in a bed of flowers.

It was then he told me what I have just related, not in a breath, but in short and often interrupted answers. Although Francis was no longer in want, he went on weaving his baskets as an occupation, and that he might have the right of not speaking. One day as I was going over his domain, and I was expressing my admiration at so much order, perseverance, and activity—

“The merit is not mine, but God’s, who has taken the liberty of speech from me,” replied Francis, with a smile. “As I was not able to lose my time in talking, I have employed it in working. Our life depends much more on our will than on our advantages; and you yourself see here *what profit may be gathered from an infirmity.*”

I profited from Francis’s example, and accustomed myself not to waste a moment. As for Genevieve, she took in washing for some neighbouring families. Every thing succeeded. Work crowded in upon me, as the architect had foreseen. After a contest of two years, the master mason suddenly left the place without saying any thing, and I have never heard of him since.

A son and a daughter soon consoled us for the loss of our first child. Our home was filled with love, joy, comfort, and health. Genevieve was singing all day; the children throve and prattled; money came of itself into our money-box, and good fortune shone upon us as brightly as the sun. I may say that this time was the happiest of all my life; for it was that in which I felt most the goodness of God. In general, we accustom ourselves to happiness, and we look for it as our due, instead of receiving it as a gift; but at that time I was not spoilt by Providence: I had still in my mouth the bitter taste of the bread of poverty, and that made the sweet flavour of the bread of prosperity the more perceptible to me.

CHAPTER XIII.

Maurice Re-appears.—The Choice of a Godfather.—Our daughter Marianne.—
The Architect.

I HAVE scarcely any reminiscences left of the first five years of our life at Montmorency. I only recollect that my work increased more and more, and that those who looked upon me with contempt when I first came, now did not pass me without touching their hats. From henceforth I was a considerable person in the place.

I rented my old rival's work-yard, and went to live there with Genevieve. We furnished the house, repainted the old ceilings, provided the windows with white curtains, and planted china rose-trees on both sides of the door. A bit of ground had been turned into a garden; my wife planted flowers, and hung the linen to dry in it. She even collected a stray swarm of bees there, from which by degrees we had several hives.

Our son and daughter were growing up like poplars, running about among my mouldings and chips, and chattering enough to put the birds to silence. Peace and plenty had taken up their abode in our home. I am only reminded of this time by a trouble which soon became a pleasure.

It was at the birth of little Marianne. We had for a neighbour a Paris lady, worth a hundred thousand francs, and as good as she was rich; a true friend to all who came near her. I had built her some greenhouses in her pleasure-ground, much to her satisfaction, and she had, moreover, taken a fancy to Genevieve, who washed for her; therefore, two or three months before the birth of the little one, she had proposed to be its godmother, to which its mother and I gratefully consented.

The child was born, seemed likely to live, and I was enjoying the first happy moments, when Maurice arrived.

I had not seen the master mason since his misfortunes in business; but I knew he had an easy place with the contractor who had engaged him, and that he had taken to life again with good heart.

In fact, I found him as talkative, as jovial, and as active as in better days; age had only made him fatter. He embraced us three times, and could not restrain his tears.

"I saw your work-yard as I came in," said he, resting his two hands on my shoulders, and with his eyes, still wet, close to mine; "it seems that all goes well, my boy—you are laying up stores for your old age.—Well done, my brave boy! The success of my friends does me good!"

I replied, "That in fact every thing was going on as well as we could wish," and I rapidly described my situation to him. He listened to me, sitting by Genevieve's bed, our little Frederic on his knee, and looking at the *little stranger*, which was sleeping in its cradle.

"Come, bravo!" cried he, when I had done; "honest people must prosper to do honour to the all-good God! I have wished much to know how you were, and that is why I have asked my master for a few days' holiday."

"Then you will stay with us!" said Genevieve with visible gratification.

"If you approve," replied Maurice. "In the first place, I am come to see you. After so many weeks' separation, I hungered and thirsted after this neighbour here!"

He took my hands again.

"And then," said he, turning towards my wife, "I knew the family was about to increase, and I got a scheme into my head which has gladdened me for the last three months!"

"What scheme?" asked Genevieve.

"To bring you a godfather for the baby."

"A godfather?"

"And here he is!" added he, striking his breast; "you will never find one more willing, or one who loves you better."

Genevieve could not avoid starting; we exchanged looks, which Maurice perceived.

"Am I come too late?" asked he, "perhaps you have already chosen?"

"A godfather—no!" stammered the mother; "we have only a godmother."

"Then it's all right," resumed the master mason; "you will introduce me to her. Don't you see that finding myself with you again, gives me an appetite for mirth. We must amuse ourselves to death! I must have a pattern christening, with sugar plums, as much Bordeaux as we please, and fricasseed rabbits! Come! I hope she is tolerably good-looking, this godmother."

I replied with a little hesitation, "That she was Madame Lefort, our rich neighbour."

"A lady!" repeated Maurice. "Oh, indeed! I beg your pardon! Here's an honour! then we must be on our P's and Q's. But never fear; one knows how to behave when it is required. I shall buy a pair of cotton gloves."

Before we had time to reply, our neighbour herself came in.

For a moment I was quite disconcerted. Genevieve raised herself up in bed. Our situation was truly embarrassing.

It became much more so when Madame Lefort reminded us of the promise she had made us, and said she came to settle with us about a godfather.

"What!" cried Maurice, getting up. "A godfather? here he is!—I am just come from Burgundy on purpose. By what I see, it is madame who is to be my gossip. Delighted with the honour! We must settle together about the sugar plums."

Madame Lefort looked at us in astonishment, Genevieve became very red, and pulled out the down of her cotton counterpane, without daring to raise her eyes;—there was a long silence, during which Maurice, who did not perceive any thing amiss, danced Frederic on his knee to the old song:—

Ride to Paris away
On a horse of grey:
From Paris ride back,
On a horse of black.

"This changes every thing," said our neighbour at last, rather dryly; "I came to propose to name the child with my brother, the town-counsellor. I was not aware that you had made your choice without my knowledge."

"Will madame excuse us," replied I; "we had not thought of it; but the master mason, who is just arrived, has proposed it to us."

"And we meant to speak to you about it, madam," added Genevieve.

"Stay!" interrupted Maurice, who at last perceived our embarrassment; "I don't wish to stand in any one's way! What I said was from affection: I should have liked to name the little one, seeing that a god-daughter is almost a daughter; but my good wishes must not do her harm, and, if Pierre Henry thinks it better, don't let him trouble himself with me."

He had got up to go; the jovial expression on his kind face had disappeared. Genevieve and I signed to him together to remain; we had at once taken the same resolution.

"Stay!" cried I, "we can never find any better than an old friend like you."

"Madame Lefort will say the same when she knows you," added Genevieve.

And, turning to our neighbour with a beseeching smile—

"This is honest Maurice," continued she, "Pierre Henry's old protector, of whom I have so often spoken to you, madam; he who has helped him, after God, to be an honest man. When our mother Madeleine died, he conducted the funeral; and when we were married, he took me to church. He has always been with us, in happiness as well as in sorrow. Madame will understand that he has a right to continue his office of protector to our children."

"You are right," said Madame Lefort, "whose countenance had

regained its serenity: new friends must not take the place of old ones. Mr. Maurice, we will name the child together."

"Well!" cried the master mason, affected to tears, "I said that you were a good woman! But you will not have to regret what you do; for we are not in the rough, like a plank before it is planed: we know what is due to people of breeding. Do not fear, madam; you will be satisfied with me."

Our neighbour smiled, and changed the conversation. She was very civil to Maurice, who, after she was gone, declared she was the *Queen of the great folk*. As for us, he squeezed our hands in his, with an expression of such gratitude that it quite affected me.

"Thanks, my friends," said he in a voice of emotion; "if I live a hundred years, d'ye see, I shall never forget this hour! You have not been ashamed of your old comrade, and for him you have risked the loss of a rich protector. That is honest and right: God will reward you for it!"

The christening went off to the satisfaction of every body. Maurice with the manners of a lord, and Madame Lefort not seeming the less at her ease with such a godfather.

After he had spent some days with us, the master mason left us, well pleased with every body. We shed tears when we wished him good-bye, for Maurice never expected to see us again.

"Here we take leave till the judgment-day," said he; "but it does not signify—our last meeting will have been happy. It is not so common a thing, you know, to meet again after a long absence, and to part without either having any thing to reproach the other with. You, my children, are on the high-road of fortune; do not overwork the horses, but go quietly on your way, taking care of the ruts. I leave you a little Christian there, who will recall me to your remembrance. And you, Pierre Henry, who write like talking, don't be an idle fellow any more, but every now and then picture to me in a letter the state of your household; since the devil has invented writing, we are bound to make use of it."

He embraced us again, returned to the cradle of his god-daughter to look at her sleeping, and then set off.

The sort of presentiment he had at leaving us was fulfilled. I never saw him again, though, thank God! he lived yet many years. But every now and then workmen brought us verbal news of him, with little presents for Marianne. As the good mason grew older, he still remained as brave a workman, and as warm a friend. The contractor, who saw with whom he had to do, left him to manage his own department his own way.

Maurice grew old thus happily and usefully, without ever thinking that he might have been worthy of a better state in life; we may say that his was a simple heart, which never thought to alter the lot apportioned to him by the goodness of God. It is only a year ago that I suddenly heard of his illness and death. He had come to the work-yard less vigorous than usual; he had got wet through in a storm of rain, but would not leave work; he was seized with fever at night, and breathed his last the next day but one. A soldier of labour, he had fallen, so to speak, on the field of battle!

This was painful news to us. Genevieve loved him especially; she put little Marianne into mourning for him. The last friend of our youth was gone; the last of his generation on whom we looked as a kinsman, was laid in the earth! From henceforth, our family began with ourselves; our children were coming on by degrees to fill our places; we were beginning the downhill of life, at the bottom of which opens the door of the tomb.

Happily one does not dwell upon these thoughts. Men live as the world goes, by the will of God! It is for Him to think, and for us to submit.

Frederic and Marianne grew up without giving us care, or having any themselves; they were the joy of the house. The boy already went among the workmen, and learnt as he looked on; the little girl followed her mother every where, as if she could not live without seeing her, laughing with her, and kissing her.

Meanwhile Madame Lefort sometimes took her away from us.

She herself had a daughter who had taken a great fancy for Marianne, and would only play or work with her. She shared every thing with Marianne. Our house insensibly became a sort of dependency upon that of our neighbour. A door, which formerly led from the park into my work-yard, was opened again. When Miss Caroline was not with us, Marianne was with her. The child came home every day with some new present, fruit, toys, even jewels. For all that, we both feared this generosity. As for me, I was grateful for it, but only on account of the friendship it showed; I preferred the caresses of our little neighbour to her gifts.

To say the truth, there was no arrogance in Madame Lefort. Our child was always treated as her daughter's equal, and often even held forth to her as an example. All went on as well as possible until M. Lefort accepted an office which obliged him to return to Paris. When his daughter learnt that she must leave Marianne, she cried aloud; it was in vain to make her promises: nothing could console her. At last, the evening before they went, when we were at supper, Madame Lefort came in; she was followed by a servant, who went away after putting a bandbox on the table.

Our neighbour gave some pretence for the children to leave us, and when we were alone—

“I am come to speak seriously to you,” said she; “do not begin exclaiming, but listen to me with all your heart, and all your judgment.”

We promised to do so.

“I need not speak to you of Caroline's love for Marianne,” continued she; “you have seen it, and can judge of it. My daughter is accustomed to spend half her life with yours: she requires her as much for learning as for happiness; she has enjoyed nothing since she has feared being separated from her; she refuses every occupation and every amusement; one might say she had lost a part of her own life.”

Genevieve interrupted her to express her gratitude for such affection.

"If it is true that you are thankful for it," replied Madame Lefort, "you can prove it to her; your daughter is like an adopted sister to Caroline, let her become a sister in reality."

"How so?" asked I.

"By entrusting her to us," replied she.

And, on seeing us both give a start, she exclaimed—

"Ah! remember your promise; you agreed to listen to the end. I am not come to propose to tear Marianne away from your love, but only to let her accept ours. There is no question of taking her away from her own family; we would give her a second, too. I shall have a child more, without your having one less; for you shall keep all your rights, and your daughter shall return to you as often as you wish."

Genevieve and I began at the same time to raise objections.

"Stop again," interrupted Madame Lefort; "let me finish. Is it not true that you desire the happiness of your child above every thing? Your dearest wish is to secure her future happiness. Well! I will see to it. Not only shall Marianne receive the same education as my daughter, and shall share all her amusements; but I will engage to secure her position, to portion her! I have but one daughter, and I am rich enough to give myself this pleasure."

Her proposal was so extraordinary, so unexpected, that we remained quite overcome; she perceived it, and rose to go.

"Reflect upon it," said she; "I do not wish to take you by surprise; to-morrow you shall give me your answer, and I will then take measures to put my promises into a written and formal engagement."

Genevieve seized her hand, and wished to express how much she felt such great kindness.

"Do not thank me," continued Madame Lefort; "what I do is for my daughter's sake much more than for yours. I make her rich by bringing her an affectionate companion. You will find one of Caroline's dresses in this bandbox; it is meant for her adopted sister. I feel that what I have said must agitate you; I myself, you see, can hardly restrain my tears; therefore I should wish to

avoid a second interview on this subject. If you decide to accept my proposal, bring Marianne to me to-morrow in her new dress ; that will be a proof that Caroline may look upon her as her sister ; if not—spare my poor child and myself the grief of parting.

With these words she kissed her hand to us, and departed.

I did not move, but remained by the door, with my head drooping, and my arms hanging down. Genevieve threw herself into a chair, covered her face with her apron, and began to sob.

We remained thus for a long time without speaking, but in silence we understood each other. The same conflict was going on in our hearts. In spite of what Madame Lefort could say, we felt very well that, by entrusting Marianne to her, we were renouncing the best part of our parental rights ; that the child was leaving her family ; and that we could not hope for more than the second place in her affections ; but the proposed advantages were important. However prosperous my situation was at present, I knew by experience that at any moment all might change. A failure in business had but to bring my credit into question ; an illness, to put my affairs out of order ; my death, to expose those who survived me to poverty. What Madame Lefort offered us was painful to Genevieve and to me, but advantageous to Marianne. If it was quite obvious to refuse with regard to ourselves, perhaps it was prudent to consent when thinking of our daughter.

This last thought decided us. After all, parents live for their children, and not for themselves.

We had each made these reflections in silence ; and when we were able to speak, we had both arrived at the same conclusion.

Genevieve was crying ; and, although I was hardly more courageous, I tried to encourage her.

“Come, be calm,” said I, speaking in a low tone, for fear of being as much overcome as she was ; “we must not make it a question of feeling, but of duty. Why should we grieve ourselves if our

child is to be happy? Rather let us thank God for giving us an opportunity of sacrificing ourselves for her good; it is a proof that He thinks of us, and loves us."

However, I hardly slept all night, and I rose the next morning at break of day. Genevieve was already about, and getting ready the clothes which Madame Lefort had brought the evening before. She did not complain, or express any regret. She was a brave soul, who never raised questions about that she believed to be necessary.

When Marianne awoke, she began silently to dress her in her new clothes. The little girl seemed surprised at first. She wished to know why they gave her such a fine dress, fit for a young lady; but her mother, who was stifling her sobs, could not answer. Marianne's astonishment very soon gave way to admiration; she cried out with joy at every fresh part of the dress. I hoped to moderate these transports of delight a little, by telling her she was about to leave us, and go away with Madame Lefort; but she remained almost indifferent to this news. Genevieve looked sadly at me. The child herself went on dressing, and talking loudly of her expectations:—she should have a place in Madame Lefort's open carriage; all the little village girls would see her in her new dress; she should be taken for a young lady! And when her mother had finished dressing her, and was going to press her in her arms for the last time, she drew back, warning her not to rumple her collar.

Genevieve uttered a faint cry, and burst into tears. I myself shuddered; a veil had just been torn from my eyes. I took the child by the hand, led her quickly into the next room, and returned to her mother, who was still weeping.

"Listen," said I in a half whisper; "we have decided to do what is best for the interest of our child; but it is necessary to ascertain if, when we wish to benefit her, we are not about to do her harm!"

"Ah! then, you have seen—as I have—" stammered Genevieve.

"I have seen," replied I, "that fine clothes make her forget that she is to live away from us; and that vanity is already stifling affection in her."

"She loves her dress better than my kisses!" said her mother, redoubling her tears.

"And this is only the beginning," added I. "We might by a great effort deprive ourselves of the child whom we love, but we may never consent to her corruption. I would not have Marianne become richer, if it is on condition of her becoming more selfish. Yesterday we only saw one side of the thing—that of interest; there is another more important—that of morality. When she is living like a lady, our child will very soon forget where she comes from; who knows if she will not get to be ashamed of it? That must not be—it shall not be! Go, and take off her fine clothes, Genevieve, and continue to be her mother, so that she may continue worthy to be your daughter."

The poor woman threw herself into my arms, and ran to undress the little girl.

We let Madame Lefort depart, as she had begged us, without wishing her good-bye; but I wrote, to explain to her as well as I could, what had happened to us. She did not answer me, and we heard no more of her; without doubt, she could not forgive us for our refusal.

Meanwhile, the architect to whom I owed my situation at Montmorency, continued my friend. He gave me all the work which he could dispose of, and neglected no opportunity of increasing my profits. I looked upon him as the true author of my success, and I wished for nothing so much as to see him prosper. Unfortunately, he was a man who was carried away by pleasure. Relying on his own skill and activity, he believed himself able to do any thing, and never put a check upon his own fancies. The summer residence he had built, had become the rendezvous of a brilliant company. There was nothing but fêtes and festivities, not to speak of his equipages and his play. I soon saw that his affairs were embarrassed; he put off the

payment of bills, demanded money in advance, and accepted every contract. At first his credit suffered, then his reputation. There were whispers of overcharges in accounts, and *douceurs* received; but these accusations I repulsed as calumnies. As for me, I had always found M. Dupré careless at business, but honest.

A Paris company had entrusted him for the last two years with the management of a brick-kiln and quarries, which had been very extensively worked, thanks to his energy. But the company, though apparently prosperous, had not yet realized any profits: the shareholders suspected fraud among the inferior clerks during M. Dupré's frequent absences on business; they decided that a resident superintendent was necessary, and offered me the place.

Before accepting it, I consulted M. Dupré himself; he appeared embarrassed, but after hesitating a few moments—

"If it is not Pierre Henry, it will be somebody else," said he, as if talking to himself. "I would much rather have to do with an acquaintance than a stranger."

He told me then to accept it; but at the same time advised me not to worry myself out of reason—to let things take their course; and, above all, to do nothing without first letting him know. I immediately entered on the duties of my office.

The works seemed to me in excellent order, well regulated, and briskly carried on. When I looked at the arrangements of the business, I could not understand why the results were not more satisfactory. Curiosity induced me at first to find the cause, and then honesty obliged me to go on with the search.

I discovered considerable defalcations in my first examination. I succeeded in making out a list of them, and ascertaining their amount; it came to a sum of about twenty thousand francs.

I went in much distress to M. Dupré, and told him of my painful discovery. At the first word he uttered an exclamation: I thought he doubted it, and I showed him all the proofs. When I had done, he asked me if I suspected any one. I replied, "I did not; the thing having happened before I had entered into the business."

"Then do not speak of it to any one," said he quickly; "act as if you were ignorant of it all; remember that you have not seen any thing."

I raised my eyes, thunderstruck. He was very pale, and his hands trembled. A terrible flash of light crossed my mind; I drew back as I looked at him. He raised his hand to his forehead in despair—I could not refrain from a cry.

"Peace! peace!" said he in a fearful voice. "It is but a momentary confusion. My affairs will recover themselves, and I shall make all right with the shareholders. But consider that a single word may ruin me!"

He then explained to me at length the embarrassments in which he found himself, told me all his plans, and gave me a list of his resources. I listened, but without understanding him. I was overwhelmed with astonishment.

I did not recover my presence of mind, until he asked me to continue *not to see* for some weeks. The sense of my responsibility then at once returned to me, and I felt how painfully I was situated.

"Excuse me," replied I, stammering. "I need not see what was entrusted to others, but I must what has been put under my charge. I give up my place of superintendent from to-day."

"So that they may give me another, who will make the same discoveries, and who will hold me at his mercy," cried the architect, bitterly. "I had hoped to find you more obliging, Pierre Henry; and, above all, that you had a better memory."

"Ah! do not think that I have forgotten any thing, sir," cried I, moved to the bottom of my heart; "I know that I owe you all, and that what I have belongs to you—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Do not take what I say for mere words," added I, more firmly; "by availing myself of all my resources, I can get together eleven thousand francs in a few days. Take them, in the name of God! try you to get the rest, and make yourself clear."

I had clasped my hands. M. Dupré remained for some time

without answering; he was himself much agitated. At last he said dejectedly—

“It is impossible! I thank you, Pierre Henry, but it is too late; I should ruin you without saving myself. You cannot know all.”

He stopped: I dared not look at him, and I could not speak; he resumed after a pause—

“Do what you will—give up your office—all I ask of you is, silence on what it was not your duty to know.”

He dismissed me by a sign, and I left him quite overcome.

It was about a month afterwards that I had the offer of a considerable contract, which would take me into Burgundy. I decided to accept it, owing to what had passed with M. Dupré. The sight of him made me unhappy, and the secret of which I was the keeper made me tremble; by going away, I seemed to leave it behind me. Unhappily others of necessity learnt it: I heard shortly afterwards that all had been discovered, and that, to escape from the disgrace, my old patron had presently committed suicide!

Here the memoir of Pierre Henry broke off. In the midst, however, of copies of deeds, memorandums of expenses, and notes of business, several more pages of writing turned up here and there, without any indication from whence they came; but at the top of them the master mason had written—*For my children!* They were moral reflections, or instructions relative to their education.

CHAPTER XIV.

**Last Chapter of the Confessions.—My son Frederic's Studies.—Temptations.—
A Literary Overseer.—Conclusion.**

It is long since I left off my journal of recollections. The lines written on the last page have had time to fade, and I have done the same without being conscious of it. The main walls are still firm, but the building has lost its look of youth. Genevieve herself is no longer what she was; the crow's-foot shows itself at the corner of her eyes. Happily that which makes her the charm of the house—good health and a good heart—are left.

And besides, if we are setting, those near us are rising: our children are there, and take our place; the sun shines now for them. Life resembles a ball; when we are too old to dance, we look at others, and our hearts are gladdened by their enjoyment.

It is a saying of Genevieve's. She consoles herself over every lost enjoyment, by those of her boy and girl. Their white teeth replace those she has lost, and their dark locks prevent her from seeing her own grey ones.

People who live alone never know this happiness. The whole world seems to grow old with themselves, and all here below ends at their graves. But to him who has a family, nothing comes to an end, for all is a constant revival; children continue it till the judgment-day!

I have sometimes asked myself, in my hours of bad humour, What profit is there in a good life? Now, I know of one at least; it is to be able to grow old with impunity. For example, when young it costs something to do one's duty: we find the task hard,

and the day tedious; but afterwards, when age has chilled our blood, we reap what we have sown. Our efforts are repaid us in a good name—in comfort, in peace; and our prosperity itself becomes, as it were, a testimonial of character.

Then there is our family profiting by what we have gone through, and receiving in enjoyment the fruit of all our old miseries; if there were no other reward, this would be sufficient, and whatever God had required of us, we must allow that He had paid us again.

For my part, I pretend to no such claim. Here are my children grown up without misfortune; they love us, they have good prospects; what more can I ask? Frederic was already the best journeyman of the place; he has just proved that he will not be the worst contractor. Yesterday the little viaduct was opened, the building of which was entrusted to him; and the engineer, who never gives praise if he can help it, declared that all was right.

As for Marianne, she has taken her mother's place in the laundry for many months. Genevieve says that all goes on better since she has been there. The laundry-maids sing louder, and do not work less. It is only the young who know how to season work with gaiety in this way.

Blessed be God for having put them both in a good course! For an instant I trembled; for they also have had their temptations—Frederic especially, who has just missed turning into another road, and thus slipping away from us.

His studies had given him a taste for books, and, though still so young, all the money he could save was kept for the hawkers of books. Every year he added another shelf to his library. His mother sometimes complained of the great expense, and I, of the time taken from work to read; but one scolded very faintly, and the other not loudly, so that the lad did not alter his habits.

In fact, I should hardly have had the power to blame him, I,

who have always felt a sort of veneration for paper and print. These dumb pages, which fix man's words, and so retain them to the end of the world, and which transmit to all the thoughts of each, seem to me to have something sacred in them. I cannot see the oldest almanac torn without impatience, and I handle with respect the bits of old newspaper in which the grocer wraps his wares.

Doubtless Frederic had inherited my fancies; for one never found him without a book in his pocket or his hand. His work did not go on the better for it! Whilst the lad read Racine, our workmen played the tipplers. However, I bore it patiently: after all, it was the least of the follies proper to his age. I let him spend his days behind the bushes, lying on the grass like the shepherds of old, revelling in prose or verse. I hoped he would lose the taste at last; but, far from it, he began to write himself, and very soon there were as many manuscripts as printed books in the house.

I still shut my eyes. Experience had taught me that authority had the same effect against a fancy as the wind against a sail, and that, instead of stopping it, it urged it forward. Frederic perceived that I was become his accomplice, and took advantage of it. At first he was content to steal odd hours, like the bad workmen, or to make *Book-Mondays*; but by degrees he left the work-yard, hung up his trowel, and buried himself in dusty papers.

Genevieve had always blamed me for my patience, repeating that the lad was going to ruin; and from fear, she soon passed to despair. I had tried many times to give Frederic a few friendly warnings, which at first he seemed to mind; but little by little he lost the habit of caring for them: he was no longer ashamed to leave all the work to me, and did not even seem to reproach himself for it. His conscience was evidently beginning to grow hard. I felt the necessity of coming to an explanation with him, but still I required a favourable opportunity.

For some weeks Frederic had appeared more absorbed than usual; he had written long letters, and seemed waiting for an answer. At last it came, with the Paris postmark upon it. When he received it, he could not refrain from uttering an exclamation; he opened it in haste, looked at the signature, and disappeared to read it.

I was coming in at that moment. Genevieve was still at the door, paying the postman; she took me aside to tell me, in a whisper, all that had just happened. The poor woman could make out nothing in all this mystery, and was frightened without knowing why. She showed me Frederic at the end of the garden, reading his letter half aloud with signs of joy, laughing to himself, and running like a madman across the vegetable beds. I was not less curious than Genevieve to know the solution of the riddle; but I had come with the new overseer, who had been placed over the works the evening before by the chief engineer, and it was necessary to put off the explanation to another time.

My companion was a young man with better manners than those in his line of life; but his cast-down look, and threadbare coat, showed how he was situated. He was evidently some gentleman's son, educated for better things, and who had been brought down by misfortune. I was affected by his mild and melancholy manner, had asked him to supper, and we entered the little parlour together.

It was here stood Frederic's bookcase of painted wood, with all his finest books in it. At the sight of them, M. Ducor showed some surprise, and began examining the volumes with the air of a connoisseur. The youth came in a moment afterwards. He looked as if he had grown six inches, and his face shone with delight. M. Ducor complimented him on his books, and the two began to talk about them.

The new overseer seemed quite in his element. He had lived in Paris, and we even saw that he was acquainted with several

authors there. This obtained him Frederic's friendship at once. Nothing was talked of during supper but romances or verses. M. Ducor contented himself with answers; but our boy's talk was inexhaustible: I had never seen him so carried away. Genevieve looked at me in astonishment and fear, as if to ask me if he had got a fever. I did not know what to think of it myself, and I waited impatiently for the moment when it should be all cleared up. Just as we had done, they came to ask me for a bill. I went into the light closet adjoining the parlour, Genevieve returned to her household concerns with Marianne, and the two young people remained alone.

At first, I turned over my accounts, without noticing their conversation; but by degrees their lowered voices attracted my attention: I raised a corner of the curtain to see into the little parlour.

Frederick and M. Ducor were leaning on their elbows across the table, in such confidential discourse that their faces seemed almost to touch. The former was very red, and his eyes sparkled like stars.

"There's an end," said he to the overseer; "I have been at this wearisome trade too long already: I mean to follow my proper vocation, and go to Paris."

"And write?" asked M. Ducor.

"And make my way, like so many others," replied the youth. "We no longer live in those times when the workman's hand was riveted to his tools; the door is open now to every one."

"A good many have to stay outside all the same," replied the overseer, with a melancholy smile.

"I know—I know," replied Frederic, a little impatiently; "but a man can tell what he is about, you see; and then I have some one to push me on. In fact, yesterday I was still in doubt; this evening I have decided."

The overseer did not reply directly; he crumbled a piece of

bread which was on the table, and appeared thoughtful: all at once he looked up.

"Then you mean to give up your business," said he slowly; "to leave your family; to begin, all alone, a life of which you know nothing, and for which you have had no preparation; and to go away yonder, to join the long train of those hungering after wealth and fame?"

"What is there to hinder me?" asked Frederic, resolutely.

"My example!" replied M. Ducor with more animation. "I, too, thought I had a vocation, and attempted to make it known. The play I wrote was acted, my book was printed; I was praised in several articles in the newspapers; I obtained what is called success, and you see what I am. For three years I paraded the Paris saloons, an unfortunate being in white gloves; I eat my bread dry, but seasoned with promises; so I remained till time had taken my last hope from me, with my last coat."

"And you have at last been obliged to begin life again?" said the youth.

"To become such as you see me," replied the overseer. "Ah! you are surprised! You can hardly believe me, but I can convince you. Stay, here is the announcement of my reception into the society of learned men; here are autographs of the great men of the present day, without counting those I have sold to get bread.—A note from the minister of public instruction, announcing a donation to me of fifty francs, granted to my literary merit. You see the phrase—it is at the same time a token of poverty, and a certificate of honour.—Ah! here is the letter to which I owe all my misfortunes. See, it is an answer to the receipt of my first manuscript."

Frederic read the signature aloud; it was that of ——. At this celebrated name he uttered an exclamation.

"You may read the letter," continued M. Ducor; "it will make you understand how, after having received it, I was induced to leave the little business in which I was engaged, and to believe

that my proper place was at Paris. I did not then know, that the promises of some of our great men are like the metal counters at a theatre, which none but fools take for gold.” ;

Whilst the young man spoke, Frederic ran over the paper that he had given him, and I saw him change countenance. He stopped at last with an exclamation, rummaged in his pockets, drew out the letter that he had himself received before supper, and in a low tone began to compare the two compositions. There were the same praises and the same offers of service, expressed with the same enthusiasm. The great poet to whom I afterwards learnt Frederic had sent one of his works, as M. Ducor had done formerly, replied to both in the same terms; his patents for immortality had but one formula, like the certificates of a good character. Frederic could not conceal his vexation, but the overseer smiled.

“ We have received the same passport,” said he ironically. “ I know where mine has taken me; we shall see where yours will take you. At a distance these gentlemen declare that we are stars; but when near, they behave to us as if we were only street lamps. The praises that we take for predictions of success, are but civility in their eyes; they pay us for our admiration, and flatter every one in return for the flattery they receive. They are simply like those lawyers who promise to gain a lawsuit that they may keep their clients. As for me, I have experienced it; now, it is your turn.”

Frederic remained silent. The two letters were open before him, and his eyes wandered from one to the other. He no longer looked triumphant, but gloomy, and inclined to be angry. After a pause, he began again questioning the overseer less confidently, and he related to him in detail his *three literary gipsy years*, as he called them. It was a long series of bankrupt hopes and concealed sufferings. The unfortunate man had lived on disappointment and mortification, buttoning his coat up to the throat over his misery, mounting from the third story to

the attics, from the attics to the garret in the roof; first flying from hunger, then from hunger and his creditors.

The story was so mournful, and told in such a truthful accent, that Frederic was visibly affected by it; notwithstanding, he still hesitated. If the overseer had not succeeded, perhaps he had only himself to blame. Did he merit the praises that had encouraged him forward in the same degree as our young lad? It is only after having examined the work, that we need trouble ourselves about the failure of the workman. Without doubt, M. Ducor guessed the difficulty, and promised at his next visit to bring the volume he had published: but by its title Frederic recognised it as one of his favourite books; that which he had last proposed to himself as a pattern, and the author of which had often excited his envy.

This discovery was a real stage-hit. His self-congratulations now fell from doubt to utter disappointment. Was the author of this admired work really he who was there before his eyes? Was it possible that talent, such as he hardly hoped to attain, had thus miserably failed? All his illusions were cut short, and all his plans overturned. He conversed still for a long time with the young poet, questioning him about the life of an author, which at a distance had seemed so charming. There, where he had only dreamt of celebrity, independence, riches, leisure, the poor overseer showed him persecution, slavery, poverty, and hard work. The remembrance of what he had suffered excited him to speak so eloquently, that I was myself affected. His eyes were wet, and his voice trembled! Just before his departure, he took Frederic's two hands, and pressing them in his—

"Reflect," said he with warmth and feeling, "and look well at all that is certain here, for the uncertain good you will follow yonder. Your family love you; you have grown up with your present habits; you have been brought up to a good trade from childhood: and you are willing to sacrifice all to strangers, of

whom you will be the dupe; to customs that will always gall you; to a profession for which you have not been educated? What do you go to Paris to look for?—happiness? you have it; gratified vanity?—pray that God may never grant it to you. It is the disease of our times, do you see; every one wishes for a name in print, and to be known to fame; they are ashamed of the work of their hands; every where we see fugitives from labour, endeavouring to fly to art, as in former times peasants tried to associate with courtiers. But do you know what I should do, if I had had, like you, the advantage of having acquired strength from labour? I should remain where Heaven had placed me, not only from prudence, but also from pride and choice; I should put my knowledge at the service of my working friends; I should show them how intelligence can be united with labour; I would teach them to find a reward for bodily fatigue in the pleasures of the mind; I would help as well as I could to raise their understandings, to give them a hunger for thought; I would devote my life to make them my equals, so that I might no longer be alone among them. That is your true vocation: do not make knowledge a back-door, by which you would escape from the midst of your brothers, but a ladder that you raise for them to mount to your level. Think of this, Mr. Frederic. At Paris you would only be a soldier in a well-officered army; here you can be the captain and the instructor of a battalion which has no chief. Be persuaded: instead of leaving your own class, try to elevate it. We cannot change our lives as we change our furniture; where the habits and affections are formed, there also is our true position. We should never lightly quit the place where we have been happy, or where we are loved; it should be sacred to us.”

The overseer pronounced these words in an agitated voice, took leave of Frederic, and went away. I would gladly have ran after and embraced him; for what he had just said, had affected me as much as the youth.

I passed the whole night without closing my eyes. I was

separated from Frederic by a single partition, and I heard him moving about and sighing. I, too, felt a weight on my mind. I saw that his fate was now being decided, and partly, also, ours; for what would become of Genevieve and me without our son? If Marianne was the joy of the house, he was the hope and support of it. We saw again in him what each day took from me. Now our house had two heads. When the old mother should grow feeble, the young daughter would be there to superintend every thing; but if he went, what would become of all my plans? What would become of himself in the midst of the dangers that the overseer had pointed out to him? Then I thought of what would be Genevieve's heartfelt grief; for Frederic was her best beloved, as Marianne was mine—and thus each of us had his or her own special portion in the general happiness. If our boy were away, this would all be broken up.

I pondered over all this with anguish of heart; and yet I knew that to influence Frederic's determination, would only occasion his afterwards regretting, and returning to, his old wishes! It was necessary to leave him to decide for himself, so that the decision should be without appeal.

I waited, then, in the torture of a man about to be sentenced.

At break of day I heard Frederic getting up; he whistled softly, as was his custom when he was thoughtful. I listened to all his movements. He went down-stairs noiselessly, and opened the front door. I drew back the curtain to look into the road. Ah! I thought my heart would have burst with joy.—He was in his working-dress, carrying his hammer and trowel over his shoulder. I ran to Genevieve, crying out—

“We are safe! our boy has discovered how the matter really stands!” * * * * *

From that time every thing has gone on well of itself. Frederic has discarded his vanity. He does not give up his books, but

only uses them as a recreation. He has his heart in his trade, and has become the best workman in the place. Nobody can estimate a piece of work at first sight as he can, and the best accountant could not be quicker at its calculation. At the same time he is a cheerful companion; always ready to laugh, but with a firm hand when necessary; he is a fit guide for others, and is content to be guided himself.

As for Marianne, she is still the same good girl, who sings, who laughs, who runs, who kisses you, and who can do every thing without seeming conscious of it. I think I see her mother, when I first knew her. Wherever she is, there is sunshine. Our clerk of the works, the great Nicholas, takes much notice of her; he is an honest workman, and we could easily find a place for him in the family—so I say nothing, and let all alone. He is gone this very day with all our people to a village-gathering—which is the reason that I am alone; and that is what led me to write these pages.

They will be the last, for the rest of the paper has been used for accounts. My pen has reached the end of the blank paper. I must then say adieu to the old events of past times, but not to the recollections they have left me. These recollections—I have them all around me, living, and therefore changed, while still present. First, there is Genevieve; then, our girl and boy then, comfort at home and a good name abroad. If I had writ nothing, all might be summed up as follows:—"The History of a Working Man is oftenest written in his own household, sad, joyful, comfortable or miserable, according as he has taken on the good or bad side; for old age, in every man, is what youth and manhood have made it."

THE END.

